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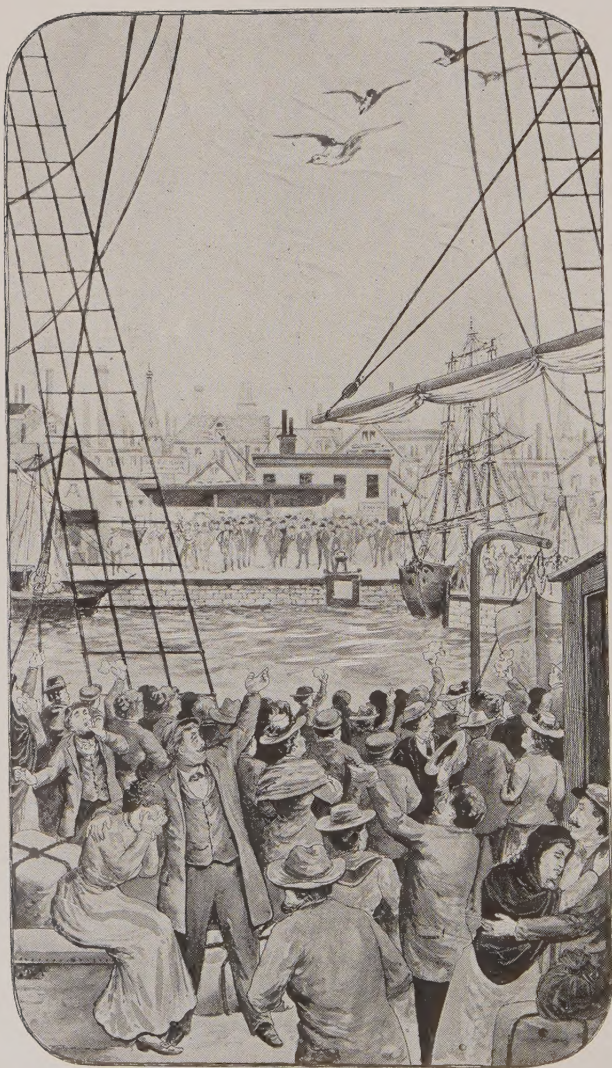
BEING A FAITHFUL
NARRATIVE OF THE
FORTUNES OF A
LITTLE "GREENHORN"
IN AMERICA

BY
GEORGE
GRIMM



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"Nun ade du mein lieb Heimathland!"

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Being a faithful narrative of the
fortunes of a little "Greenhorn"
in America.

BY

GEORGE GRIMM.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARK FORREST.



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BY
GEORGE GRIMM.

Dedicated
To My
German-American Friends.

PREFACE.

IN preparing this narrative, my constant earnest wish has been to awaken a slight pride of blood in the hearts of our foreign born citizens — particularly our German-Americans — which will cause them to cling to the good traits of their ancestors and engraft them on their “seedlings” sprouting on Freedom’s soil.

While to some the story may seem mere fiction, there are hundreds of thousands still living whom, if it should chance to meet their eye, it would be impossible to convince that it is other than a truthful narrative of facts—as indeed it is—the like of which they have themselves in part experienced or witnessed. And there are others, of different blood, — thoughtful, observing men who have keenly followed the evolution which has created from manifold elements a splendid whole — who will see in Phillip Bertram one typical of a people who have done much to stamp principles of economy, industry, perseverance and integrity upon

the American national character. I have endeavored to present him as he was; but it is quite possible that I may have overlooked some of his shortcomings—indeed for me none ever existed — and presented to the reader only his best side. If I have it is but natural, for we are all prone to forget the little faults and remember only the good traits of admirable men.

GEORGE GRIMM.

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CHAPTER I.

“THAT LITTLE GERMAN HOME ACROSS THE SEA.”



IT was early in the year 1844, before the revolutionary wave which culminated in the flight or exile from the Fatherland of so many of the freedom-loving Teutons had reached its climax, and many years before the great King Wilhelm and the iron Bismarck cemented into one grand, powerful empire the many petty German states or kingdoms.

In a little village, picturesquely situated at the edge of a valley in the midst of the famous “Fichtelgebirg” of upper Bavaria, there were sitting around a rude table on equally rude benches and chairs, Adam Bertram, his wife Barbara, and his five children, ranging from seventeen down to five years of age. The look of deep earnestness resting upon the faces of the parents and the older children hushed to seriousness even the youngest member of the family; and the deep emotion which had just vibrated in the father’s voice found its emphasis in the subdued sobs

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and tearful eyes of the mother. Little "Fritzie" did not know what it all meant; but the solemnity of the others oppressed him and he huddled up to his mother in quiet awe.

The room in which they were seated was cleanly, but small, and bore evidence of great poverty. Adjoining this were two others, one used as sleeping room by the older children; the other by their parents and the baby. Adjoining the house, and, in fact, built under the same roof, was a small stable accommodating a cow, a goat and some chickens. This little home with its contents comprised the worldly possessions of Herr Adam Bertram, the schoolmaster of the village.

Mr. Bertram was a man of fair education—fully equal to the requirements of his position—and possessed that happy combination of firmness of character and kindness of heart which always wins respect and love. His ready advice and quick solicitude in misfortune had long since endeared him to the villagers; and it was only dire present necessity that compelled them to cause their beloved schoolmaster the increased cares which now burdened him.

But Adam Bertram was not a man to succumb to adversity. The school of life in which he had been reared was one of constant struggle, and each victory had increased his confidence in ultimate success. Thrown upon his own resources in early childhood, losing his parents when he was but nine years of age, he stood alone in the world, dependent upon the scant and grudging charity of relatives. The burden of supporting him was shifted from one to

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another—the one having the most work on hand being usually the most willing to take temporary charge of the boy. Being looked upon as an intruder, he received no more than was absolutely necessary to protect his body with tolerable decency and to partially appease the healthy appetite of a sturdy, growing lad. But even at that time little Adam made friends, and the good minister of the village undertook to enlarge the boy's education, which had been interrupted by the death of his parents. Little time was left him for amusements, and the hours usually devoted by other children to recreation were given to study and instruction. This brought about the natural result of early maturing the strength and earnestness of character which afterwards distinguished him.

When he was twelve years of age, his relatives refused to further support him, and he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, a man of cruel disposition and rigid rules. He no longer had leisure time to study, and was often obliged to work beyond his physical ability. In less than a year after being apprenticed he quietly and secretly bade good-bye to the good old minister and a few confidential friends, and thereafter was seen no more in his native village. He drifted about from town to town, sometimes obtaining employment, more frequently, however, dependent on charity, and still oftener suffering from want of the ordinary necessities of life. When he was fifteen years of age he finally secured permanent employment from an old widowed lady whom he had asked for aid during his wanderings. She gave him to eat,

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and with kindness and open sympathy, gradually elicited from him the story of his life. When she found that he had a fairly good education, she employed him upon her farm, and long before he reached the age of twenty he was overseer, with sufficient income to enable him to lay aside a little for future wants.

It was during this period of his life that he first became acquainted with his present wife, Barbara, then a bright, cheerful girl, the daughter of a bookseller in a neighboring village. They learned to love one another, and many an instructive book was secured from her father's store for Adam's use, who strenuously labored during his leisure hours to perfect his neglected education.

For years he saved up his small earnings and long they looked forward to the happy time of their union when he would be able to provide a home. The death of his benefactress and the subsequent division of her estate threw him out of employment, and he was obliged to look about for other work. As yet he had not saved up sufficient to provide for a wife and family; but he courageously said good-bye to his sweetheart and started southward, finally drifting to this little village among the hills of Bavaria. Here he was offered the position of schoolmaster, and promptly accepted. The times then being good, he was able to save up some of his earnings, and within a year thereafter he sent for his bride, and they were married in the little home where we find them at the opening of this story.

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That they were happy it is needless to say, and their union was blessed with five children. Thus far there had been no extreme difficulty in supporting them, as the children were brought up to work and assist in their own support. But things had changed. The turbulent times referred to, which took their rise in the depressed social conditions and the poverty of the people, were beginning to be felt with increased intensity. Rigid economy became a necessity; wages and salaries had to be reduced; and Adam Bertram found himself in a position where his pay was insufficient to support his family at a time when his children were still too young to shift for themselves.

It had been the practice of Mr. Bertram always to take the whole family into his confidence and consult with them on all questions pertaining to their welfare; and the many moments of earnest consideration, advice and admonition had borne their fruit upon his young sons. Though some of them lived to a ripe old age, they never forgot the teachings instilled into their youthful minds, and ever blessed their father as the cause of their life's success. The broad charity and Christian faith, which he taught them, moulded their minds and shaped the course of their future lives. To-night's meeting was, however, the most serious consultation they had ever had, because it involved the breaking up of the family. The father had just told them of the action of the village trustees, which reduced his salary so that he would be unable to support them all in the future, and had concluded his remarks with the following words:

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"Many years have I served them faithfully, and they would do more for me if they could; but they cannot without starving their own families. I have foreseen this since last summer when the hail destroyed so much of the crop, but hoped that it could be put off until riper years and understanding would be a stronger safeguard to you, my children. I have no fear for your physical welfare; you are healthy and industrious; but your character is only half formed, and I can but pray God that my past teachings and your mother's prayers may have left a deeper imprint upon your hearts than temptation can efface. You, William, are the oldest and most prudent, and under the watchful eye of Uncle Hilgedorf will have little opportunity to go astray. He stands alone in the world, and his love for your mother, his only sister, will assure you a kindly reception. See that you do your duty and repay with gratitude the old man's kindness. Who knows, but some day you may have the opportunity to take charge of his business, and blessings result to you from that which now seems such misfortune.

"And you, Charles, shall finally have your wish to go as builder's apprentice to Master Arnold at Munich. You would have had an easier road to success had I been able to instruct you a few years longer; but who knows, the very obstacles you encounter and the laborious road you must travel, may spur you to greater effort to reach the summit. Let self-reliance, with trust in God, be your watchword. You know I have often told you that the oak stand-

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ing isolated and exposed to the whole force of the storms grows the toughest fibre.

"Eda, my little girl," and the voice of the school-master broke, while huge tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, "how can we let you go! And yet how grateful we must be to the kind lady who offers you so good a home. Yes, go to her, God bless her! She will watch over you like a mother, although your own mother's heart will nearly break. You will receive a good education, far better than we could have given you, and eventually stand elevated to a social sphere above your mother and me. Keep but pure your heart, and the sorrow of this separation will blossom into joy for your parents. For a time you can come to see us often; after that—well, we will not meet further trouble until it comes to us.

"Phillip and Fritzie we must keep; and with a little closer economy we will not starve, although we may sometimes go hungry."

This was but a typical scene of thousands of others occurring in the old Fatherland in those times. Dire necessity severed the warmest family ties, and scattered its members in search of subsistence. Thousands came to America, and finding here welcome and plenty, made it their home.

The separation in the Bertram family followed very shortly after the meeting above referred to. William went to his Uncle Hilgedorf in Dresden, who, as the only other child of Barbara's father, had become his successor in the book business. Charles went as apprentice to Master Arnold in Munich, and Eda was taken into the home of Mrs. Baldwin, the

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wife of U. S. consul Richard Baldwin, then stationed at Hof. Mrs. Baldwin was of German descent, in fact, her parents had been born in that very village. One day while searching out their native hearth, she met little Eda and was charmed by the sweet, earnest face and sensible answers of the child. Having no children of her own, and hearing of the Bertrams' trouble, she concluded to offer the little one a home and opportunity for education. This left the schoolmaster's family reduced to himself and wife, the little ten-year-old Phillip and five-year-old "Fritzie."

The summer came and passed, and the following winter brought added distress to many families. Adam Bertram toiled and starved himself in order that his wife and the little ones might not suffer too much. After his daily labors in school were concluded, he would often work into the still hours of the night at some drafting or copying he had secured from the neighboring town, while his eyes ached for want of proper light and his fingers grew stiff with the cold. He looked thin and careworn, but the compressed lips showed that his spirit did not flinch.

Thus the winter slowly passed, and with the dawn of spring new courage awoke. Many determined to exhaust their last means to purchase a passage to America, whence most cheerful news reached them from those who had gone before. Among others, a neighbor with his family were going, and the sons were daily exciting their comrades by glowing descriptions of this land of promise which they had never seen, but which their imagination, aided by

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letters from friends, caused them to believe to be like unto the "promised land." The long trip on the sailing boats and the fear of the great, unknown ocean caused many to hesitate; but the dread of military service, to which they were liable to be called, in a measure offset this; and, added to it all, was the spice of secretly evading the authorities—because military law would not permit the emigration of able-bodied youths after they had passed their fifteenth year.

Little Phillip listened eagerly to the older boys and men, and the pictures of the new world had an enchanting attraction for him. He knew that his father was hardly able to support him, because, although he had himself suffered little want, he had often seen his mother weep, and once in reply to his sympathetic question she had answered between her sobs: "Oh, Phillip! father is working and starving himself to death!" Since then he had eaten less, claiming he was not hungry, and had found he could really get on very well with much less than he was formerly wont to.

But his father's and mother's looks still worried him and he thought that with one less to feed they might have more to eat themselves. Phillip was a bright, sturdy little fellow, and, while never quarrelsome himself, was looked up to by his little school-mates as the quickest and strongest boy of his age in the village. Many a time had boyish injustice or cruelty in another brought a flash to his blue-gray eyes and caused a quick blow of a solid little fist to emphasize his disapproval.

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Then, too, he had often heard from his mother the adventures and hardship through which his father had passed when but a boy, and the fact that at that time his father was a few years older than he himself now was did not dampen his courage. Fear he had never known; not even when the angry eye of that father rested upon him for some boyish prank and he knew to a certainty that the strap would meet him in the evening. He had always taken his punishment with far less emotion than words of praise.

What wonder then that the little fellow, one evening, after hearing the plans of the others all arranged, rushed into the house and startled his parents with the statement: "I'm going to America!" His mother looked up in alarm, but the father only smiled and answered: "Well, Phillip, you can go after supper, but be sure to be back by bed-time." Phillip was not, however, to be so lightly put off. He was in dead earnest, and sturdily repeated his statement. Herr Bertram then thought best to treat the boy with more seriousness. "My son," said he, "do you know where America is?"

"Yes, father," was the quick response, "it is on the other side of the big water."

"And have you any idea how big this water is? Let me show you," and he reached for an old atlas that had seen many years' service in his school. "Look, here is a map of the world; here is Bavaria; right here on this spot is where we live; here is Munich, which looks as though you could reach it with one step, and yet you know how many days we had to walk to get there when you and I visited your

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brother last fall. You have heard of Berlin and Paris, and how far away they are from us; but, look, here on the map they seem close by. And England, which you know is still farther away, and that, to reach it, one must cross a part of the big water; see how close to us that looks on the map. And the holy land even, where our Saviour lived, does not seem so far away when you look at this map. But America! See this body of water, bigger than all Europe, lies between it and us. Why, roll this map to make it round like the world, thus, and you will see that America is on the opposite side. This great ocean one must cross in a ship which the storms will toss like an egg shell, and often those that set out upon it are engulfed with the ship, and never heard from again. Drive the thought from your mind, my son, until you are older and better able to face dangers."

Phillip had eagerly followed his father's explanation of the map, which, for the first time, became a representation of living realities to him; and that evening he studied it as never before. But not for a moment did its vast distances disturb him. Others had crossed the great ocean in safety, and their letters kept coming safely back; why could not he do the same?

The next morning he again went to his father with the request to let him go. The latter began to realize that the boy was in earnest, and sternly told him to think no more about it, because he would never consent. He knew the persistence of the little fellow, and thought best to crush the desire at once.

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But that evening Phillip began anew and begged that they should let him go with the neighbors who were to start in two weeks—while his mother wept and the father observed him in stern silence. Every boyish argument that his imagination suggested in support of his safety and future success be brought to bear, and finally, weeping, poured forth his grief at the suffering of his mother and father in order that he and his little brother might have enough to eat. The sternness faded from the father's looks, as he impulsively clasped his son to his breast, and for a moment all three silently wept.

"It cannot be, my child," he finally said, "it would break your mother's heart to let you go from her with so little chance of seeing you again in this world. And how could I ever again rest with easy conscience if I permitted a child, which God has given me to guide to maturity, to go out penniless into an unknown world with its dangers, its sufferings and temptations. No, no! It cannot be; give up the thought, my son. We have at least enough to live and in time a change for the better may come."

"Father, fear not for me. Have you not often told me 'Gott verlaesst die Seinen nie!' And I know He will care for me if I go with your and mother's blessings. Oh, consent, dear parents, and, although we will miss each other much, the day will come when you will bless the hour you let me go." The tears had not ceased to flow, but his voice had in it a prophetic ring and irresistible pleading.

"Go to bed now, my Phillip, and leave me alone with your mother," was his father's only response.

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Obediently the boy left them. His heart was heavy, and long he lay awake listening to the subdued sound of the voices of his parents in the adjoining room. Fritz had gone to bed, and father and mother were alone. Sometimes he could hear his mother sobbing, and again his father's deep voice in tones of encouragement. At last he heard a heavy step in his parents' bed room and knew they were retiring. A moment later he heard the door of his own room softly open and his mother gliding up to his bed, sink down upon her knees, weeping bitterly.

"Mother," he whispered.

"My son, my son, how can I bear it! You have won over your father to believe it best for you to go and that he can trust you. I, too, trust my little boy, and know God will protect him wherever he may be. But, oh! It breaks my heart to part with you, perhaps never to see you again!"

Almost was he won from his purpose, though he now knew his father no longer opposed. And often he was tempted to cry out: "Don't weep, mother, dear, I will not go." But an unknown influence seemed to seal his lips and cause him to bear his own grief as a necessity.

Long mother and child wept, clasped in each other's arms. Finally she kissed him again and bade him go to sleep, while she returned to her husband.

In the morning Phillip awoke late and found his parents and little brother sitting at their breakfast. It was not much—"coffee," made of browned rye and maize, and "black-bread," composed the fare. He greeted his father and brother and kissed his mother.

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Her eyes were swollen and she looked as though little slumber had visited her pillow. He said grace silently, as he had been taught, when late at table, and started at his frugal meal.

After a short time, his father, who had quietly continued his meal, said: "Phillip, if we consent to let you go, how do you expect to get the means to carry out your purpose?"

The memory of the midnight visit of his mother, and emotions of grief were still strong within him, and he answered timidly, "Father, if you will let me go to Mr. Baldwin, I know he can help me, and Winters will take care of me on the way if I need it."

Mr. Bertram's eyes brightened. He had not thought of Mr. Baldwin. He knew, of course, that Winters, who were soon to start, would do all they could to help his son and care for him on the trip; but Mr. Baldwin, whose home was in America, could do much to help him after he got there. It gave him more confidence, too, in the sagacity of Phillip, and he readily gave the requested permission. "Remember, however, I do not yet consent to your going to America. Go to Mr. Baldwin, go alone—it will be good experience for you—and we will determine when we hear the result of your visit."

There was no time to be lost. Winters were to start in two weeks, and Hof was at least a three days' tramp distant. One day Phillip would rest there, and it would take him three more days to return. Mother Bertram tied a small loaf of bread in a blue cotton handkerchief, while his father gave him directions as to the route; and, as soon as breakfast was

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finished, he started on his long tramp. Neither parent feared that harm could come to the boy on the way, or that he would suffer want. Though poverty prevailed throughout the land, the weary traveler was never refused sustenance or a place to rest. Warm hospitality, which no degree of poverty could chill, was one of the ruling traits in the character of these people.

Steadily Phillip trudged along, carrying his little bundle in one hand and a stout staff in the other. At night he obtained shelter and a warm bed from some kind heart in whatever village he would happen to be, and when in reply to the many questions that were put to him, he would tell them of his errand, the pluck of the boy made many a mother's heart throb with emotion, and her sympathy speed him on, well laden with food for the day.

Thus he arrived at Hof on the evening of the third day, and though weary and foot-sore, he had nearly all of his little loaf of bread left. He had no difficulty in finding the home of Mr. Baldwin and was received with warm welcome. Eda shed tears of joy, and Mrs. Baldwin gave him a cup of genuine coffee and a good supper.

During supper he told the reason of his coming, and great was the astonishment of the consul and his good wife! That was a case of *American* pluck! "Yes, sir, you are the boy for America. Such timber we want. Such spirit is building America and making it great. I'll help you, my boy, with all my heart." And the jovial face of Uncle Sam's representative fairly beamed with pleasure.

"Now have your visit out with your sister, and to-morrow I'll take you to my office and we'll arrange the whole business. I'm going out for a while, and maybe I can interest someone else who can do even more for you than I."

After Mr. Baldwin had left, the three sat and talked for a long time. Phillip had to tell his sister all about home and his parents and little Fritzie; and, when he told of the careworn looks of the former, she could not restrain her tears. Mrs. Baldwin talked much of America and endeavored to give him such insight into the life there as she thought he could comprehend. He listened eagerly and stored away many useful suggestions. And when Mrs. Baldwin informed him that they would probably return to America in three years and bring Eda with them, and that with the consent of her parents they expected to adopt her as their own, he was happy enough to cry for joy.

That night he slept in the finest and softest bed he had ever seen in his life. He awoke late, and was surprised that he was not too late for breakfast. Accustomed to arise at the break of day, city life showed him its first distinction. Mr. Baldwin was the last to appear, and he greeted him with a hearty, "Good morning, my little man; up bright and early, I see; well, when you get to be my age you'll think more of comfort and less of sunrise; good morning, Katie, I missed your soft arms, or I might have slept longer. And Eda, did you sleep well, are you glad to see your brother? Well, you see now you have got to go with us and adopt me for a papa. We can't let

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Phillip die of homesickness, or get into mischief in the strange world to which he is going. And going he is, ain't you, Phillip? I've got it all arranged. But let's have breakfast first, then I'll show you the city and tell you all about it," and with a happy smile he led the way to the breakfast table.

During breakfast he informed his wife that he intended to introduce Phillip to Dr. Lawrence, who was expected to return that day from Karlsbad, where he had been with his wife. If it should so chance that the doctor would take the same boat on his return trip to New York as the one the Winters were going to take, he could be of great help to Phillip. Besides this, on the following day he would hire a coach and take Phillip home, as he wanted to have a talk with Phillip's father and mother. He thought he could overcome their last scruples and make the parting less hard. He saw no reason why such a boy should not succeed in making his way in America; why, there were hundreds of little urchins swarming in the streets of New York City, who were earning a living and often helping a sick parent. All it required was pluck, and of that Phillip showed he had plenty.

With such hopeful words he spiced the meal, and when after breakfast he took Phillip to see the great sights of the little city, and rolled off an endless stock of information and advice, the boy was perfectly happy.

They did not see Dr. Lawrence; but a letter arrived that his party had engaged passage in the "Salier," which was to leave Bremen on the 29th,

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and that he would come to say good-bye before he sailed. This was joyful news, because it was the same boat Winters were to take.

During the day Mr. Baldwin bought the lad a good suit of clothes and a little wooden trunk. He said he would also give him some money before he started, which he could return when he had grown rich! This Phillip readily promised, never doubting, with the assurance of youth, his future ability to do so.

After another happy evening with the family and a tearful and affectionate farewell from his sister and Mrs. Baldwin in the morning, Phillip started with his new-found friend for his parents' home. The kindness of the Baldwins, what he had seen and heard, the trip he was now making, were like a revelation of a new life to him. Though years of trials and disappointments followed, in which he met many good and kind people, as well as ill-disposed ones, the vision of a better human existence than he had heretofore seen, which was now presented to his view, did much to form his ideal and nerve him to accomplishment. Many times in after years his heart beat with gratitude at the recollection of that kindly, jolly face; and the confidence in the protecting hand of Providence which the experience of these few days imperceptibly inspired, enabled him to bravely meet adversity when it came.

I will not dwell upon the visit of Mr. Baldwin at the schoolmaster's house, nor upon the preparations for the voyage, nor yet upon the parting! There are moments in life so sacredly sad and laden with grief, that every touch, of thought, even, seems like tearing

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the bandages from a half-healed wound. Anguish may open the fountain of tears at the deathbed of a beloved child, yet the consoling thought of its removal from the cares, dangers, temptations, and sorrows of human life to the bosom of the Heavenly Father, casts its balm into the wounded heart. But the loving parent who sends his little child, too young to be safe, yet old enough to be tied with every heart-string to his own, out into the dangers and temptations of life, without an earthly guiding hand, and under the belief never to meet it again in this world—because forsooth it is its only chance for a successful life—that parent is a hero at heart and has greater faith in Providence than he who intrusts to Him his dead.

Let it, therefore, suffice to briefly relate that Mr. Baldwin's visit resulted in convincing Phillip's parents that it was their duty to the boy, while the opportunity offered, to let him go; and he was so enthusiastic and spoke so encouragingly of the future, that they were almost cheerful while he remained. He did not deem it wise to say anything about his intentions as to Eda at present; but Phillip told his mother. While this added to her sorrow, it was still a consolation to know that at least two of her children would be near each other. The money for the trip was advanced by Mr. Baldwin, and Phillip was also provided with letters of introduction to friends in Detroit, who would undoubtedly assist him in obtaining employment or a home.

Whatever a mother's love could suggest and their circumstances permit was provided for him. The

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linen she had made and saved up for years, and all that might be useful for her boy, was yielded up. They never knew how they loved this little fellow until now when he was going away, probably never to see them again! And when the awful day of parting came; when the last prayer had been said together on bended knees, and the last blessing given and kiss bestowed upon the beloved child, how dreary and desolate did father and mother fall into each other's arms and weep!

Let us drop the veil! Phillip, to his dying day, saw his dear old parents standing in that sacred doorway, where he had known much childish happiness, and the sight of their grief and love ever steeled him to walk the path of rectitude.

It was Tuesday, March 17th, 1845, when Phillip looked upon his little village for the last time; and many eventful years should pass ere he would see it again. How sad was his heart, while incessantly the tears coursed down his cheeks. But the thought of abandoning his purpose never arose.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE OCEAN.

HE three Winter boys had quietly left by different routes two days before, and unless intercepted by the military authorities, were to meet the rest of the party at Bremen. The trip northward to the sea-coast passed without incident. A part of the way was traveled by team, and, when the nearest railway was reached, continued by rail to Bremen.

Everything was new and interesting to our young friend, and he found little time to indulge his grief. When he saw the great ships at the wharves and the blue and seemingly limitless sea beyond, a sense of awe at the vastness of the world and the daring of men took possession of him. He was not afraid, but he began to realize how great a step he had taken.

John and Adam Winter had already arrived, but they had no news of their brother Joseph. It was time to go on board ship and they could not wait for him. He was the oldest and had his passage ticket for the voyage, so that, if he succeeded in eluding capture, he could follow in the next boat, which was to leave two weeks later. This was a common experience, and the officials of the ship company promptly

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agreed to transfer his ticket to another boat when he arrived. Even if caught, Mr. Winter knew that Joseph would, sooner or later, succeed in escaping the vigilance of the authorities and would follow.

The party, therefore, went on board, whence their luggage had already been transferred, and were shown to their quarters in the steerage. There they found several hundred other emigrants busy arranging their effects. There, too, they found an odor such as their nostrils had never before ventured to communicate to their stomachs! Oily smelling, mephitic, impregnated with the clinging impurities left by thousands who had preceded them, and which no amount of washing could entirely eradicate—it was an atmosphere very much tending, well—to economy of diet among the passengers.

Phillip hurried back to the deck and saw the anchor being raised and the sails set. Soon the big ship began to glide smoothly through the glittering water. There was only a light breeze and the motion of the vessel was barely perceptible. The passengers now crowded to the deck to take a long last look at the shores of the Fatherland, that land of their birth, of the happy days of childhood and youth—their home till now and still the home of those that were dearest, the land they loved and ever would love, though now it could no longer nourish them! Many a tear attested the emotion that filled their hearts; and when one sad, powerful voice was heard starting that magnificent song commencing:

“Nun ade du mein lieb Heimathland,
Lieb Heimathland, ade!”

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it was taken up by the whole crowd of assembled emigrants, and in magnificent volume and overpowering emotion sung to the finish, only to be repeated again and again until the last glimpse of land had disappeared below the horizon.

Gradually the crowd dispersed, most of them going below to complete their arrangements for the night. The sun would soon set, and Phillip stood leaning against the rail sad at heart. He was thinking of home; he realized that now he could not turn back if he would, and the release from the resolution which had brought him thus far, left him weak and for the first time afraid of the future. And when the realization of all he had left and lost came over him, what wonder that he wept as though his heart would break. He was after all but a child, and though strong, intelligent and naturally brave, his heart was wrapped up in the mother on whose loving breast his childish sorrows had always found relief. Others, too, were weeping, and when Phillip saw them scattered about, singly or in groups, he remembered his mother's parting injunction, always to pray when in trouble, and keep it up until he felt relief. And then he silently prayed, while the tears dried on his cheeks and he felt courage returning to his heart.

He had been thus engaged until the sun's golden rim touched the western waters, when a hand was laid gently on his shoulder and a kindly voice said to him:

"Is this Phillip Bertram?"

The boy looked up and saw before him a gentleman of medium height, about thirty years of age,

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with a rather pale and studious-looking face. He wore a pair of gold rimmed spectacles and his eyes and mouth had that gentle expression that mirrors a sympathetic soul. Somewhat startled that this stranger should know his name, he slowly answered:

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so from the description my friend gave me. I am Doctor Francis Lawrence, of whom Mr. Baldwin told you, and would have looked for you before had I not been detained by a sick passenger whom I chanced to meet. Come down below now and let me present you to my wife and little daughter. My wife cannot speak German very well, but I believe you will get along together."

He smiled with his closing remark, and led the way to the saloon of the cabin passengers.

Phillip followed and was introduced to Mrs. Lawrence. She was a delicate looking woman, and the pallor and spirituality of her countenance was only equalled by the intensely vivid portrayal of a lovely soul. She took and held the lad's hands while she talked in fairly good German, asking him about his friends, his parents and his former life, until in her motherly way she had coaxed him to tell her his whole past. Dr. Lawrence listened with interest, and little Bessie sat silently in her mother's lap.

Phillip thought he had never seen so sweet a child. And truly she was a little darling! Just four years old the previous Tuesday; a little body perfect in its proportions; eyes round and blue as the skies; lips red as cherries and hair like gold darkened with copper alloy; and such a happy, lovely smile! No,

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he had never seen a child so beautiful. Just like a little fairy, as he had seen them pictured, without that vacant doll-like expression the fairy pictures always had.

And then, this part of the ship was as neat and cleanly and almost as well furnished as Mr. Baldwin's house. The awful smell of the steerage was not there. How he would like to spend a part of his time with this good lady and the sweet little child; and perhaps he could learn some English from her.

Thus, when Dr. Lawrence asked him whether he could do anything to make him more comfortable on the trip, his quick response was a request to be permitted to visit them often, which was, of course, readily granted.

That night, when Phillip retired to his berth, without taking any supper—and be it told very many had no appetite that evening—he included three more in his prayers. And long those prayers were! All his little life he reviewed, where he had done wrong and had been forgiven, where he had been in trouble and had been helped out, until his heart overflowed with gratitude and he prayed that no matter what trouble might come to him that he be permitted to keep his faith in God's love, and he would bear all the rest. Finally, with prayer still in his heart, the gentle rocking of the boat put him to sleep.

In the morning a violent jamb of his knees against the rear of his berth awoke him, only to find a new sensation taking possession. He felt as he did when he and other boys used to have great sport jumping

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from the cross beams in the neighbor's barn down upon the hay, or as he felt when in the great swing at the "Wiesenfest." What a delightful sensation to be thus lifted high up and as suddenly let down to an unknown depth, only to be again unexpectedly lifted!

He jumped out of his berth and started to dress. In a moment he became aware of sounds of distress in every direction. Almost all were still in their berths. He hastily put on his clothes and, somewhat dizzy, sought the fresher air of the deck. The sight that met his astonished gaze was alarming, but grand. The big vessel was tossed up and down by huge waves, which, as they came along, looked as though they would bury it out of sight. But it would always rise to the top only to be let down into a deep hollow, from which it would rise again the next moment.

Phillip saw that there were less sails set than on the evening before, and, suddenly, he was startled to see sailers away up on the mainmast at work drawing in sail. He had no idea that men would dare climb up there in such wind and heavy sea, and his face flushed to see such courage. He heard the captain giving commands and watched the sailors' quick responsive acts. Here was battle with uncontrollable elements, fearlessly fought, in the face of constant danger to life. For a while he observed them; then feeling refreshed by the air, he carefully worked his way to the first cabin saloon. It was deserted, and he was about to retire, when a steward approached and informed him that steerage passengers were not permitted to come in there without invitation.

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"But he has a standing invitation," spoke up Dr. Lawrence, who just then came out of his stateroom and overheard the steward's remark. "I have seen the captain and this young man is to be permitted to come and go in and out here as he may wish. Good morning, Phillip, did you rest well, and are you not seasick?"

"Thank you, I slept very well and am not sick, although I was dizzy when I first got up. How is Mrs. Lawrence and—Bessie?"

"They are not very well this morning," said Dr. Lawrence, with a troubled look. "But I hope it is only seasickness. I am glad you are not seasick. Do you wish to go in to see them?"

Phillip answered that he did, and the doctor led the way to his wife's stateroom. He found Mrs. Lawrence very much distressed by the motion of the ship, and unable to arise. Bessie looked pale, but did not seem sick. Mrs. Lawrence greeted Phillip kindly and complimented him on his seamanship.

"The first requisite of a good sailor," she said, "is not to get seasick."

Phillip was full of sympathy and wished to wait on them. He said he had always waited on his mother when she was sick. He offered to get them something to eat, whereupon Mrs. Lawrence turned her face to the wall and groaned, at the same time motioning him to retire from the room. The doctor soon followed and smilingly enlightened our young friend that in seasickness the last thing the afflicted wanted to hear or think of was "something to eat." Phillip had not the benefit of personal experience

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and we can readily forgive his mistake on account of his good intentions.

He went back on deck with the doctor, and found that the storm had somewhat increased. Occasionally a wave would splash its foam onto the deck and it was dangerous and difficult to move about. They had been there but a few moments when the steerage breakfast bell sounded. Phillip's appetite had been growing ever since he got over his first dizziness, and, when the doctor told him of the meaning of the bell, he excused himself and started forward.

He found that but few had responded to the call and most of those promptly turned back when the smell of the victuals greeted them. Not so Phillip! He had not eaten supper the evening before and the salt air seemed to give him a ravenous appetite. The steward was his friend from the moment he saw him eat!

After breakfast he hunted up his friends, the Winters, but found them all prostrate, without particular wish of any kind for him to gratify, except to be let alone or—be permitted to die. He left them and returned to Dr. Lawrence's stateroom. The wind was still increasing, and he had great difficulty to make his way along the deck. But he reached there safely and entered, after the feeble response of "Come in" had followed his knock.

Mrs. Lawrence was feeling worse and was glad to have him come and keep Bessie company. The child was still pale and now looked ill, but gave no sign of seasickness. Dr. Lawrence had been called to see the sick passenger he had met the day before.

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All that day Phillip spent with Mrs. Lawrence and Bessie, barely taking time for his meals. Their companionship was so homelike to the boy. Dr. Lawrence came in now and then to see whether he could do anything for them, but spent most of the day with the sick passenger, whose symptoms he was anxiously watching with Dr. Reinhart, the ship's physician.

The wind had shifted and steadily increased the farther the ship advanced into the North Sea, until now it was blowing a gale from the east. Enormous waves were chasing each other and tossed the ship from crest to valley as though it were a feather. A chilling mist and flying storm clouds completed a picture of as wild a scene as man ever beheld. Gulls were flocking by the hundreds about the ship, and now and then resting themselves upon the spars and rigging. The passengers were not permitted to go on deck for fear of being washed overboard by the waves, which continually swept it with vast volumes of water. The skylights were securely covered with heavy oak plank, and the only light permitted came from little metal lamps, burning an ill-smelling lard oil, which were here and there securely fastened to walls or other supports.

The night that followed this day few of the passengers ever forgot; because, although it was paralleled by others equally terrible during their long voyage, it was their first experience, and fully met the predictions so often made by those whose interest opposed emigration, and who had endeavored to dissuade them from it by working on their fears.

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It must be remembered that during those years their government used every means in its power to prevent the people from emigrating, and the terrors of the sea were exaggerated to the utmost. Local papers were permitted to publish only disasters, deaths and misfortunes occurring on the trip and in America; and it was only the private letters of friends, who had preceded them, that in a measure counteracted this influence. But dread and fear remained; and the emigrants on the "Salier" therefore felt their courage deserting in the face of such vivid corroboration of predictions of evil. Pitched and tossed about, deathly sick, confined below, with only the dim oil-light serving rather to make darkness more perceptible than to dispel it, they were a prey to mortal terror; and loud weeping and praying took the place of sleep.

Phillip remained with his friends until Dr. Lawrence returned at about eleven o'clock that night. He had been taking turns with the ship's physician in watching with the sick passenger. The symptoms were so extraordinary that the closest observation was necessary to determine the nature of the disease so as to discover it in time to take precautions if necessary for the safety of the rest of the passengers.

When Phillip reached the steerage he called at the berths of his friends, the Winters, and found them all overcome with terror except Mrs. Winter, who, from sheer exhaustion, had fallen asleep. He knew not how to encourage them, nor did he feel very courageous himself. The weeping and wailing in the

midst of such violent tossing and groaning of the ship were sufficient to make many manly hearts quail; and Phillip sought his bed, or properly speaking, shelf, and wedging himself in place with the pillows to keep from being thrown back and forth with each motion of the ship, forgot his surroundings in prayer, which, as usual, ended in sleep.

In the morning the storm had not decreased, but neither had it increased; and the dreadful night having safely passed and daylight come again, hope revived. All were still confined below; and it was three days later before the storm had sufficiently abated to admit of passengers coming onto the deck.

During the three days the symptoms of the sick passenger left no further doubt that he was afflicted with that disease so much dreaded on ship-board, smallpox. The general breaking out of this disease meant not only danger to all and death to many, but it might compel the survivors after reaching America to be detained in quarantine for many weeks. The passengers were happily in ignorance of this new danger, until the worst of the storm had passed, or their terror would have known no bounds. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the disease. So far as could be done the sick man was isolated from the rest, and a guard, stationed at his door, who kept all but the physicians at a distance.

Mrs. Lawrence remained confined to her berth and Bessie was listless and feverish. Phillip was their constant attendant. It kept his mind from dwelling too much on thoughts of home and helped him keep up his spirits. There was little inclination for con-

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versation, and for hours at a time he sat beside little Bessie's berth, gently stroking her burning hands or bathing her feverish brow with cool water. At night Dr. Lawrence attended to them and Phillip sought his steerage bunk.

On the third day of the storm Dr. Lawrence called him aside and told him that he could not come to the cabin department any more, at the same time informing him that smallpox had broken out and a strict quarantine would be maintained between them and the steerage passengers. He also cautioned him to say nothing about it to the emigrants.

The boy was startled, but instantly begged that he might be permitted to come—little Bessie was sick and his presense always seemed to soothe her. Besides, Mrs. Lawrence was almost helpless with seasickness, while the doctor's services would be much required by the passengers. His father had him and all the family vaccinated the year before, when smallpox had broken out in their village, and he was not in the least afraid.

Dr. Lawrence thought for a moment, then told him to wait there until he had seen the captain. In a short time he returned, and, to Phillip's joy, informed him that the captain consented that he might have all his effects transferred to the cabin department, and might occupy the vacant berth in the doctor's own stateroom; but that thereafter he could not again visit the steerage until all danger of the spread of the disease was over. This the captain had readily granted without extra compensation on account of the

assistance the doctor was rendering the ship's physician.

Phillip returned to the steerage after his effects, and told the Winters that the captain had given him permission to remove to the cabin so that he could more readily wait on the little sick girl of Dr. Lawrence; and that he would visit them again as soon as he could. Their condition was such that they took little interest in anything, and Phillip, therefore, had no difficulty in concealing from them the true state of affairs.

How happy he felt that he could now be with his sick friends by day and night; and how he would try to repay them with devoted attentions! And the opportunity soon came.

For a week there was no evidence of the spread of the disease, and hope was entertained that the threatening calamity would be avoided. By order of the captain every passenger had been promptly vaccinated; the emigrants simply being informed that it was one of the regulations of the ship, so as not to arouse their apprehensions. And it was owing to these wise precautions, promptly taken, that the subsequent mortality was so light. The emigrants or steerage passengers, though surrounded by the most adverse conditions of ventilation and attendance, really suffered the least from the disease when it reached them, because nearly all had been vaccinated before under the compulsory laws of their country.

During these first ten or eleven days of the trip the weather had repeatedly changed. After the three days' storm, commencing on the early morning of the

second day, comparatively fair weather followed, although the wind still kept the sea in sufficient commotion to confine those inclined to seasickness to their berths. Many of the passengers, however, availed themselves of the privilege of again visiting the deck and seeking amelioration of their "gastronomic" disturbances in the bracing salt air. There was no difficulty in keeping the emigrants from mingling with the cabin passengers without arousing inquiry as to its cause, because even under ordinary circumstances steerage passengers are rarely allowed to trespass on that part of the deck allotted to the cabin passengers.

Our young friend seemed to have forgotten all his boyish desire for observation of what was occurring about the ship, so assiduously did he apply himself to watching his little charge. Mrs. Lawrence was too weak to arise or talk much and often would only press his hand in silent gratitude. Once she drew his face down to hers and kissed him, while he, in his unskilled way, attempted to allay her fears for the little one.

The child's symptoms had soon convinced her experienced father that her fever was of a typhomalarial nature, but he concealed it from his wife, while he exerted every effort to direct its course to a favorable termination. For five days she was delirious, and it was pathetic to see her little self-constituted nurse hold her hand and listening to her wandering talk, which he could not understand, while the tears stood in his eyes and his mute lips were compressed to choke down the great lumps that arose in his throat; or to see the anxiety with which he

watched her father, to read hope from his countenance if he could, as he made one of his frequent examinations. Twice a day when the weather permitted the doctor ordered him on deck to drink in the invigorating air, but he always returned before his time was up only to be softly chided by the good doctor.

On the fourteenth day after leaving Bremer Hafen, Southampton was reached, where the last mail was taken on board, and their own letters sent back home. Phillip had been told of this opportunity and had, during his watches, written his parents the experiences through which they had passed. He dwelt much on the kindness of his new friends. Again and again he urged his parents to have no fear for him; he would write often and felt confidence in the future. He wrote much about little Bessie, but would not alarm them by mentioning that there was a case of smallpox on board. With many expressions of love he closed, again urging them not to worry even if they did not hear from him for several months.

What joy that letter created when it reached his home! The news of the storm which swept sea and land so soon after the vessel sailed had already reached them and left them overwhelmed with anxiety. This was suddenly removed, their darling boy was still safe and among kind friends. What parent would not lift his heart in gratitude to God for such joy!

The stop off Southampton was very brief, and, the wind being favorable, the last sight of land quickly disappeared.

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Phillip's heart had been gladdened at the opportunity of sending news of his safety to his parents; and when now he went below and saw the happy look on the father's face and looked at Bessie and saw that she knew him and softly called him by name, "Phillip," his heart was full—he wept. Dr. Lawrence whispered him to go on deck for a while, as Bessie must now sleep and he would remain with her.

Obediently he went, and, still weeping, sat down on a bench to indulge not his grief, but his joy. After a little he heard footsteps approaching, and looking up he saw the captain standing before him. He had been spoken to by the captain before and liked him because he looked so great and powerful and fearless. Erect as an arrow, with a face like bronze, except where it was covered with a blonde, curling beard, heavy eyebrows at times half covering a pair of steely blue eyes, he looked like the typical Teuton from the northern shore that he was, like a man born to command and do battle with nature's powerful forces.

"Homesick?" he inquired in a not unkindly voice.

"No, sir! Oh, no!" Phillip answered.

"Well, why then are you crying?" he questioned further.

"Oh, I don't know. Bessie knows us again, and I am so happy!"

The captain looked at him and then recollected that this was the lad who had so untiringly nursed Dr. Lawrence's little child. He had not at first recognized Phillip, because he looked thinner and paler.

"Well, sir, you are a brave little man. You have done what few boys of your age would think of doing. If you want anything on this trip that I can give you, come and see me."

So saying, the captain left him.

Such words coming from such a man might well cause boyish heart to swell with pride; and they were not wholly without that effect on Phillip. But it was more the thought of his father, than self-consciousness, which made him feel it. He sat there for half an hour longer; then impatience drove him below.

He found Bessie quietly sleeping and father and mother conversing in low tones. When Phillip came up to them, both embraced and kissed him. The doctor had just told his wife for the first time the danger through which their little Bessie had passed, and the mother's heart, aye, and father's, too, might well embrace within their love this brave little fellow who had helped so much to save their darling child.

After a little Dr. Lawrence requested Phillip to go on deck again until supper time, as he had been confined so much and needed the air, assuring him that the best that could be done for Bessie now was to let her sleep.

For several hours the little fellow wandered about, observing the arrangements on a ship's deck, and making some acquaintances among the passengers. Long he gazed at the sea and endeavored to reckon the speed of the ship. Then again he watched the sailors busy in the rigging. Some of the sails seemed to require frequent changing to get the full benefit of the breeze. Finally his inquiring mind prompted him

to ask one of the sailors a question, whereupon he received a short, gruff reply that he "had no time to satisfy the curiosity of boys." One of the passengers, however, a short, elderly gentleman, by the name of Gross, who overheard the remark, kindly answered.

Mr. Gross was an importer of wines, living in Philadelphia, who had crossed the ocean several times and was well informed. He told Phillip they expected to reach the south coast of Ireland early next day, and were now pressing on all sail possible to take advantage of the favorable winds to pass the dangerous cliffs of that coast. He was a German by birth, and his rotund figure and florid face confessed his gracious care of himself; while his mirthful eyes told of great good nature. He had emigrated to America more than twenty years ago, and, by industry and economy, accumulated sufficient to start his present successful business.

The two conversed for a while, each asking and answering questions in turn. The old gentleman was evidently interested in the boy and impressed him with the necessity of learning to speak English. Phillip, of course, was eager to do so when opportunity would offer. Mr. Gross, who spoke English but indifferently himself, nevertheless prided himself on his accomplishment, and told Phillip that hereafter he would give him instructions every day; "und you see," he added in English, "wen we get to New York you can shpeak English den." He translated this into German for Phillip and said that was the way he would learn it quickest.

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After supper Phillip sat at Bessie's bedside. She looked at him so gratefully, as if she knew how he had prayed for and watched over her. She slept throughout that night and Phillip himself had the first night of complete rest since she was taken sick.

In the morning the child was much improved. Her mother also was recovering. While her attack was chiefly seasickness, the enfeebled condition in which her previous disease, for which she had taken the waters at Karlsbad, had left her, did much to aggravate its effect. However, the continued steady weather of the last few days permitted at least a partial recovery, and she was able to arise and enjoy a few brief periods on the deck.

Dr. Lawrence, descending from the bluest blood of old Boston, was not a rich man. He had made his way from a condition bordering on poverty to a position that brought him a living income with promise of more for the future. His wife was the daughter of a deacon of the church he used to attend while working his way through college, and he had married her soon after he started in practice. It was uphill work, for a while, to make a living, but gradually his ability began to be appreciated by the public and his practice enabled him to live well and lay up a penny for the future. Just about that time his wife was taken sick, and, knowing the only chance for her recovery, he sacrificed his practice and little savings to give her the benefits of the waters of Karlsbad. Happily the experiment was at least a partial success, and, when his savings were exhausted, they were able to return to their home to start anew.

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That evening Dr. Lawrence was summoned to a hasty consultation with Dr. Reinhart. Another passenger showed symptoms of the dread disease, and it did not take long to determine their nature. When Dr. Lawrence returned to his cabin, its inmates were asleep. Before they awoke, and early in the morning of the next day, he was summoned to another case disclosing the same symptoms. On his return he informed his wife and Phillip of the situation. He had little fear for either of them, as both had been successfully vaccinated and would at most have the disease but lightly; but Bessie had never been, having escaped the captain's order by reason of her severe illness. However, Dr. Lawrence was hopeful that the previous disease had sufficiently cleansed her system to make her proof against this new malady. Nevertheless he vaccinated her at once, and it was fortunate that he did, because it subsequently developed that the virus worked excellently.

Before the close of the succeeding day seven other cases developed among the cabin passengers, and the following day, five more. It was no longer possible to keep knowledge of the fact from the emigrants in the steerage. Nurses and attendants were needed, and Dr. Reinhart, under directions of the captain, went to the steerage and frankly told them all the situation, at the same time urging them not to be alarmed, as the danger to life, owing to the previously taken precaution, was not great. He asked for volunteers to nurse the sick, promising liberal compensation. Half a dozen men, mostly young, and three women promptly offered their services. It was

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determined that, so long as the disease did not spread to the steerage, the quarantine limits should be maintained, and the volunteer nurses made their arrangements accordingly.

At first there were but few severe cases, all of whom nevertheless required constant attention. It was, however, but a week later, when practically the whole ship was infected. The disease first gave evidence of a general outbreak on a Sunday morning, and on Friday evening of the same week the first victim was buried in the sea. Only two others followed. All the rest eventually recovered.

The officers of the ship and the sailors were nearly all immune, and as many of the latter as could be spared were ordered to assist as nurses.

Phillip had insisted from the first in helping wait on the sick, and the captain had, at his request, given him a berth in a stateroom occupied by an infected passenger. He would not expose his friends to closer danger than that which already surrounded them. All day and late into the nights he moved about fearlessly from one to the other, doing a little kindness here and there, such as only a gentle hand and kind heart could bestow, and when, late at night, he sought his pillow, exhaustion brought him sleep often before he could finish his prayers.

He could now visit his friends in the steerage, and many a dainty morsel he brought them from the kind stewards of the cabin, to cheer them in their convalescence.

The fat little wine merchant grumbled constantly to the doctor, when Phillip could not be with him.

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"Send me dot boy, doctor; he doos me more goot tan all your medicines." He had a very mild attack, but thought he would certainly die, and commissioned the boy with all manner of messages and errands, until the little fellow's head throbbed with bewilderment and, sometimes, pain.

It was a horrible experience, though it might have been worse. Only three succumbed to the disease, as already stated, while the others gained by this trial in an awakening and strengthening of brotherly love and charity towards distress and misfortune, as well as in a purified body.

Finally our young friend also had to pay the penalty of such reckless exposure to danger; but the attack was so light that had it not been for his general exhausted condition, he might not even have been obliged to go to bed; as it was he did not take to his bed until after the eruptions were well advanced, and was up again within ten days, much rested withal, and happy to find that no new cases had appeared since his prostration. His labors with the sick had endeared him to many, and every attention and possible kindness was shown him. Mrs. Lawrence had insisted on nursing him in person much of the time, as Bessie was almost well and would always willingly remain alone when mamma wanted to go to see her "dear Phillip."

Thus, after a lapse of little more than four weeks from the first general outbreak of the disease, it had run its course and died out for lack of further nourishment.

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They had now been seven weeks on board ship, and had experienced many kinds of weather. After leaving Southampton they had fair weather for nearly two weeks; then showers and occasional short storms followed each other for a while; and, during the last week, they were sailing in the face of a strong head wind which made progress very slow. They were but little more than half way across, and with the most favorable winds could hardly expect to reach New York in less than three weeks. The "Salier" was a stout three-master, but clumsy, and not built for speed.

With the exception of one terrific storm which struck them off the coast of New Foundland and carried them far out of their course, the remainder of the trip passed without noteworthy incident. The emigrants and other passengers were now all acquainted with each other, and the former spent days discussing their future hopes and prospects. Most of them had friends in some part of America and were going direct to them, while others who had none, arranged to join one or the other of their shipmates. Whole days were spent singing in chorus the songs of the old home, and even the storms could not wholly repress their new courage.

Phillip, after his recovery, had been reinstated in Dr. Lawrence's stateroom, and Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Gross gave him daily lessons in English. The time was, however, too short to learn more than a few things of general use.

Dr. Lawrence was to return to Boston to endeavor to regain his practice, and, if unsuccessful, intended

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to try some western state, while his wife and child temporarily remained with the former's widowed sister.

Mr. Gross, who had taken such a liking to Phillip, insisted that he should accompany him home. He "wood send him to sheool und make a man off him," he told the doctor. Phillip liked this proposition better than to proceed to Mr. Baldwin's native town, where, at best, his chances were uncertain, even though the letters of recommendation which he carried were of the warmest nature. Thus it was arranged that he should accompany Mr. Gross to Philadelphia.

The days did not, after all, seem to drag as slowly as might be believed; and, when the parting between these new-found friends finally came, a backward look upon the voyage made it seem almost short, although it had lasted eleven weeks.

One day the captain, whom Phillip now often visited in his office, said to him:

"Phillip, would you like to become a sailor? I'll tell you what I will do; if you stay with me I will train you to a life of courage and daring such as will develop all the manhood within you. I'll take you in my charge and make you a leader and commander of men. I have often wished for a son like you, and if you do your duty I will treat you as my son."

Phillip grasped the extended hand, hardly able to articulate words of thanks for the generous and unexpected offer. Finally, however, he found voice to say:

"Sir, I thank you. Every one is so kind to me, and now you, too!"

"My father and mother do not know the sea, and only fear it. It would make their sorrow still greater if they knew me constantly exposed to its dangers. For their sake I cannot, although I am indeed grateful to you."

The captain said no more on the subject; but he squeezed the little fellow's hand in his bear-like paw in a manner that fully expressed his admiration. After that the captain gave Phillip particular instructions about the landing in New York, saw to the exchanging of his money by the purser, and instructed him as to its value.

One day some of the passengers presented him with a leather wallet and memorandum book as a token of their gratitude, and when he opened it he found a considerable sum of money therein. He accepted it, as any boy would under the circumstances, and placed in it the rest of his money and his letters of introduction. In the memorandum book he carefully wrote the addresses of his several friends; and promised each to write them from time to time. He also wrote to his parents all that had occurred since his last letter, and told them that its receipt would be a sure proof that he had arrived safely in New York, as that would be the first place reached where he could mail it.

In the morning of the second day of June it was noised about the ship that land had been sighted; and true enough, at about ten o'clock it became visible to the naked eye. A tremendous shout arose. Wildest

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of all were those of the passengers who were Americans either by birth or adoption. The Stars and Stripes were run up, and cheer upon cheer greeted the emblem of liberty. It was evening, however, before they had approached close enough to observe anything but dim outlines.

The pilot arrived during the night, and in the morning all passengers were informed that the ship was ordered detained in quarantine for inspection and disinfection. It was ten days later before they were released and landed at Hoboken.

CHAPTER III.

“IN DOT CITY WOT DE PEOBLES CALL NUW YORK.”

HE agents of the various railroad and transportation companies were at hand and promptly took charge of the emigrants and their baggage. There was noise and confusion in plenty. A few had friends to receive them, but the greater number intended to go farther west, where their friends or relatives were already located. Winters started for Wisconsin and settled in Milwaukee county, at a place which is now one of its most prosperous towns. Phillip bade them farewell and promised a visit on some future day. Few of the newcomers had any suspicion of the vast distances that would separate them.

The parting with the Lawrences was more affecting. It seemed as though another loving family was being broken up. Little Bessie clung to Phillip and did not want to let him go. Over and over again he had to promise to come on a visit as soon as he could, and keep them posted of his whereabouts. Peter Gross cried and promised everything for his young charge, and the captain even left his duties long enough to bid them a last farewell.

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Mr. Gross had his baggage and Phillip's little trunk checked direct to Philadelphia, but, having some business to perform before he left for home, which would take him several days, proceeded up the city and took a room at one of the hotels.

It was too late in the afternoon to do anything that day. They, therefore, contented themselves with a long walk up Broadway, after supper. The city seemed to swim in a sea of light, and to be endless. Wherever they went or looked it was the same. A dense throng of people moving rapidly; show windows brilliantly illuminated, displaying things new and wonderful to Phillip's sight; all manner of vehicles rushing up and down the streets; and such a noise of mingled sound as he could not before have imagined.

After their return to the hotel, Phillip was unable to sleep, such was the rushing whirl in his brain. Mr. Gross, however, was unaffected and soon snored gloriously. At length, tired nature asserted herself, but confused dreams took possession, and it was not until toward morning that the lad's sleep became sound and refreshing. It was ten o'clock when he awoke, and Mr. Gross had already started out on his errands, leaving a note for Phillip to get his breakfast and wait for him until he returned at dinner time.

Hastily dressing, he went below to the office. There he asked one of the uniformed boys where he could get breakfast. He was shown to a large dining hall and given a seat. His appearance must have suggested his nationality, for, after a little while, a gentleman wearing a white apron approached him and

IN DOT CITY WOT DE PEOBLES CALL NUW YORK

asked in German for his order. Phillip said he wanted to eat, whereupon the gentleman smiled and started away, soon to return with a splendid breakfast.

After satisfying his healthy appetite Phillip returned to the office to await Mr. Gross' return. He sat there looking out through the large window at the busy throng in the streets until nearly noon, when he heard some one speaking to him in German. He turned and saw a young fellow a few years older than himself, well dressed and smoking a cigar.

As Phillip turned to see who spoke to him, the stranger addressed him again, with the inquiry whether he had not just come from Germany.

Upon receiving an affirmative reply he asked further where his father was.

Phillip replied that his parents were in Germany; and by adroit questioning the fellow, who gave his name as John Krumm, soon elicited much of the boy's story without the latter knowing it. He strolled up after a little to look at the register and saw the entry, "Peter Gross & boy, Philadelphia." It being the only entry of such nature he concluded that this was the boy and that he was in Mr. Gross' charge.

After a little he came back to Phillip and asked, at a hazard, "Are you waiting for Mr. Gross?"

Phillip brightened up instantly and answered: "Yes, sir, do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, very well," Krumm answered; "he used to stop often at father's hotel."

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"I am so glad," said Phillip. "He will soon be back, as it is nearly noon now, and he left word he would be back for dinner."

"But they don't have dinner at noon here. Their dinner is served from two until five," the other answered, smiling, as he had gained the information he wanted. "Besides, I met Mr. Gross at the office of Blannheim & Co. a little while ago, and he told me to call here and tell you, if I found you, that he could not return until this evening, because he was unexpectedly delayed."

Phillip, never doubting the other's truthfulness, was disappointed, because he had hoped to accompany Mr. Gross in the afternoon and thus see more of the city.

"If you want to look about the city for a while I'll show you around," continued Krumm, after a pause. "Mr. Gross knows I am posted and trusts me."

A moment's hesitation, and Phillip accepted the offer. Before starting he buttoned up his coat tightly, pressing the outside of the pocket to see that his wallet and memorandum book were still there.

The other watched his movements and a quick sparkle came to his eye; but when Phillip looked up he smiled good-naturedly and remarked that it was not at all cold.

They started out, Krumm keeping up a constant stream of talk and leading the boy, on one pretense or another, from street to street. He showed him many noteworthy things, but everything Phillip saw

was new and strange to him, and it was easy to keep up his interest.

Once Krumm took him into a saloon, where he claimed Mr. Gross often visited when in the city, and ordered wine for both. Phillip drank because his early education was not opposed to stimulants in moderation for grown people, and he felt that he must now learn the ways of men. But when the fiery fluid, which was probably some cheap concoction, made him glow with internal heat, he firmly refused a second, which was repeatedly urged upon him.

After secretly exchanging a few whispered words with the bartender, and then loudly saying they would return and requesting that if Mr. Gross called he should wait here for them, Krumm again started out with Phillip.

The sights were so new and novel to our young friend that he did not observe the flight of time until he suddenly became aware that the street lamps were lit. Then he immediately asked his conductor to take him back to the hotel.

"Oh, there is no hurry," Krumm replied; "here is my father's hotel. See that sign, 'Deutsches Gasthaus'?" he read, pointing to a large sign suspended across the walk. "Come in and rest for a while, then we'll go back."

So saying he led the way and Phillip had no choice but to follow. He observed, before they entered the large wooden structure, that they were in a rough-looking part of the city, where there were no nice, large show windows, and fewer people on the streets. When they entered the office, strong tobacco

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odor greeted them, and sounds of revelry were heard through the doorway of an adjoining room.

Krumm told Phillip to sit down while he would go to find his father, the landlord.

After waiting for half an hour, a burly, red-faced man approached and asked his business.

Phillip replied that he was waiting for Mr. Krumm, the landlord's son, who had gone to find him.

The man laughed and roughly said, "I am the landlord and my name is Pfeffer. I don't know any man by the name of Krumm. What do you want here?"

Phillip was scared at his manner, but told him that John Krumm brought him here; that he had taken him out to see the city, and that he promised to take him back to the hotel where Mr. Gross stopped.

The landlord reiterated that he did not know Mr. Krumm or Mr. Gross, and asked to what hotel he wanted to go.

Phillip did not know the name of the hotel; whereupon the landlord informed him that he could stay there for the night if he had money to pay. It was too late to find his hotel now, as it was nearly dark, and possibly Krumm, whoever he was, would come back in the morning after him.

Reluctantly Phillip submitted to the apparent necessity; but he had lost all desire for supper and sat all evening, lonely and desolate, in the office, until he was directed to go to bed and was shown to a chilly little bedroom.

He feared that Mr. Gross would worry about him, and was beginning to doubt the good faith of Krumm. Once during the evening he thought he caught a glimpse of the latter conversing with the landlord behind the bar in the next room; but, when he jumped up to run to see, the figure disappeared through a back door before he could see the face. He was almost sure it was Krumm, but the landlord, whom he questioned, said he was mistaken, and ordered him to return to the office.

Thus, between doubt and fear, he disrobed and went to bed, first carefully putting his wallet under the pillow, as he had been told to do when in a strange place. He was very tired from the long tramp, and, in spite of a growing uneasiness of mind, soon fell into the sound sleep of boyhood.

His sleep was so deep that, when he awoke in the morning, it took him a few moments to collect his thoughts and remember the occurrences of the previous day. When he did, he speedily dressed, intending to start out alone to find Mr. Gross, if no one would help him.

There was a pitcher of hard water, a bowl and a coarse towel on a stand at one end of the room, but no comb. Phillip washed, and smoothed his hair as best he could, and turned to go down stairs, when he remembered his wallet and memorandum book. He reached under the pillow and did not find it. At first he thought that it might have slipped onto the floor or lower down in the bed, and he searched every nook; he pulled the bed clothes off one by one and

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shook them; then he felt in his pockets, thinking perhaps he had absentmindedly put it there.

Finally the awful fact dawned upon him that he had been robbed. All his money, even the addresses of his friends, were gone. The conduct of Krumm, his assumed knowledge of Mr. Gross' movements, the manner in which he had been led to this den and the landlord's assumed ignorance, all appeared in a new light to him. Like a flash the suspicious circumstances passed before him, and he knew that he had been the dupe of scoundrels, of whom he had heard, who preyed upon the ignorance and innocence of poor immigrants, to rob them of the little which they had; and he sank down upon a chair and wept.

Suddenly he jumped up and rushed down stairs. He met the landlord coming into the office from an opposite door, while Krumm stood leaning against the counter. Passionate anger at the wrong inflicted controlled him, and he demanded his money and wallet. He accused the two of robbing him and threatened dire punishment through Mr. Gross if his property was not restored.

The landlord grabbed the boy by the back of his coat collar and, pretending to be furious, shook him until his teeth chattered. "You accuse me of stealing, of robbing, you little cub; you want to beat me out of your board and lodging, eh, don't you? Oh, I know them tricks. I'll fix you! John, go call the policeman Danter, quick—he is over at Mike Hoolahan's."

So saying, he continued to shake our little friend and curse him by turns until Krumm returned with

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the policeman, whom he informed in English that this boy had swindled him out of his board, claiming to have money to pay for his lodging when he had none, and that he had just caught him sneaking out of the house.

Phillip did not understand the charge and could make no defense even had he been given opportunity. The policeman took him roughly by the arm and marched him off to the station, where he was ushered into a crowded prison to await his trial in due turn.

When released from the hand of the officer, he sank upon a rude bench running along the stone wall. He was faint and overcome by his fast, lasting since yesterday before dinner, as well as by the varying emotions to which he had been subjected.

Offenders of all kinds were constantly being ushered into the prison room. Drunkards, male and female, human beings—true—but votaries of every manner of vice; the outcasts, the scum of the city—were gathered in as usual after a night of debauchery. Cursing and maudlin attempts at speech filled the room with discordant sound.

After a short time several prison attendants appeared, carrying huge buckets and tin dishes. Each prisoner was given a tin plate and a fairly liberal allowance of boiled potatoes and meat. Phillip, in spite of his surroundings, ate the whole of his portion and felt considerably better. Good drinking water was passed around to such as wished it, and in other respects also the prisoners were not treated inhumanely.

A fat German woman of middle age, who had been in from the preceding day and somewhat recovered

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from her drunk, began to talk to a man, evidently also a German, in the only language which Phillip understood. They were discussing their chances of a speedy trial. Phillip listened for a time, then plucked up courage to speak to them.

He asked how long he would have to stay there. They laughed and asked what he was "in for." He told them he did not know, only that he had been robbed and the landlord had then accused him of attempting to beat him out of his pay for the night's lodging. In reply to further questions he told how it all had happened.

"Poor boy," said the woman, "you will get your eye-teeth cut after a while. You are not the first fellow that met such a reception in this miserable country. Oh, I wish I was back to Germany again." She had not lost every grain of sympathy, even though she had drifted into the paths of vice.

They could give no information as to how long he would have to stay there; all that he learned was that probably in a day or two he would be taken before the judge and given a trial. The woman advised him to tell the judge all about it because the judge had a kind heart, although he was very strict; and that he could speak through an interpreter.

Phillip was disconsolate; he thought how Mr. Gross would worry, not knowing what had become of him; and even if he now got out, how could he find his way to the hotel—knowing neither its name nor location. He finally thought that when released he would inquire his way back to Castle Garden, where he might find some information as to Mr. Gross'

whereabouts, or, at least, could try to follow the course they had taken to the hotel as near as he remembered. This eased his mind somewhat, but the uncertainty as to how long he would be kept in prison and as to whether Mr. Gross would still be at the hotel when he would be released, kept him in sufficient anxiety.

In conflicting hope and fear he waited. The day passed, and a second and a third. All those who had been there when he came had been called up for trial and discharged or transferred to a different prison, and many who had been brought in later. Still no call was made for Phillip.

On the fourth day the German woman was again brought in, with her face cut and bleeding. When she saw Phillip she exclaimed:

"What, here yet? Why haven't you been let out? Oh, this miserable country—there is no liberty, no justice for an honest person here! See here, when I am called up I'll give the judge a piece of my mind. To keep a boy like you here so long without a trial. I'll skin the policeman who brought you here if I get my hands on him!"

And she was nearly as good as her word. When she was called up on the following day, she deluged the court and officers with such a tirade of abuse for keeping a little boy locked up in that infamous den, as she called it, and was so evidently sincere in her conviction of a great wrong having been done, that the judge was impressed by her remarks, and instead of increasing her sentence, ordered her to accompany

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an officer and point out the boy and bring him into court.

A moment later Phillip stood before the judge, who, when he found he could not understand English, questioned him through an interpreter. Phillip answered that he had been brought there five days before by an officer, and the woman loudly corroborated this, and would have started another volley of abuse had she not been ordered to be silent.

"What officer brought this prisoner to the station?" the judge sternly inquired, looking about the court room at the different policemen present.

"I did, yer Honor; and I neglected to prefer the charge."

"Come forward and state where you found him, and why he was arrested and not speedily tried!"

Danter explained that Pfeffer, who runs the hotel and saloon on Broom street, had caught him jumping his board bill and handed him over. He had no excuse to offer for violating his duty as an officer of the court in not promptly preferring the charge, so that the case might have been dealt with in its proper turn three or four days before.

The Judge questioned the prisoner fully, and Phillip answered truthfully what the facts were, with such evident sincerity that the judge could not help but believe him. The expression of his face showed his rising anger and indignation, and when he had all the information he wanted he said, in decisive tones:

"The prisoner is discharged. Officer Danter, you are convicted of contempt upon your own admission

made in open court, and sentenced to five days' imprisonment and three months' suspension from the service."

"It is humiliating," he added sternly, "when courts of justice in this land of equal rights must silently submit to the denunciation of creatures like this woman, because she is justified by the facts! Out upon such officers of the law who hold their duty to fellow-man so lightly as to allow their misconduct, or even negligence, to bring reproach upon the administration of justice!"

It was no doubt a splendid sentiment which the court expressed, and came from an honorable heart. But it could not return to Phillip the lost opportunities of those five days.

He wandered out through the open door, when informed of his release, and started slowly down the street. He did not know in what direction he was going, nor did it then matter to him. Disheartened and utterly depressed by the bitter injustice he had suffered, he wandered along in an almost dazed condition.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FRIENDS.

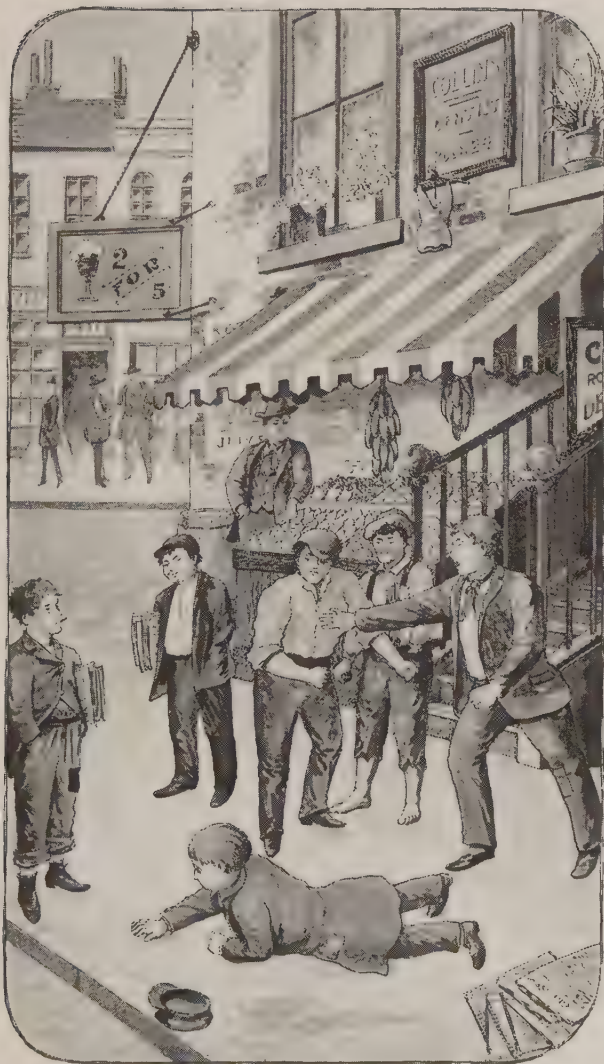


HILLIP had not gone a great way when he became aware of a group of newsboys coming out of a large building, a short distance ahead of him, with bundles of papers under their arms.

"Hello, Dutchy! Oh, say, fellows, see that greeny. Don't he carry the Fatherland with him though?" said one mischievous little fellow, pointing to Phillip's clothes.

"Buy a paper?" another shouted, shaking one close to our friend's face; "All about the great fire on Baxter street—million dollar hotel destroyed—great loss of life—buy a paper?" and he laughed while rehearsing the morning's "battle cry" which the publishers had given him.

Several others started to tease him in boyish mischief, while little Phillip, smarting under the reception he had thus far received in this country, and unable to understand the harmless nature of the boys' attack, looked up at them with a feeling akin to hatred at this new outrage. Without a second thought he gave the fellows nearest him such a vigorous push that they flew against each other, scattering their papers on the walk, while he jumped at a somewhat larger



"'You let the Kid alone!'"

boy who stood behind the others observing their doings with a smile, and attacked him with such violence that, in pure defense of self, the other gave back a blow that made him stagger and fall to the ground.

Immediately the little urchins, whom Phillip had so roughly put aside as to make them drop and soil their papers, attempted to jump onto the prostrate boy to get even with him, but the one whom he had attacked told them, "You let the kid alone, he's none o' your puddin'." And when one about the size of little Phillip, attempted, in spite of this command, to get revenge, he took him by the collar and flung him back, saying, "You know *me*, Jem Mace—you touch that boy and you settle with me, you sneak. The kid wouldn't tackle you because you probably looked too small, but when he's down you want to jump on him." So saying he got down on his knees beside the still prostrate figure of Phillip.

"Say, boys, I'm afraid I hurt him. That undercut Pat Flynn showed me was too strong. Help me git the kid up to the old woman's."

Two or three at once handed their bundles to their chums and assisted in carrying the boy to a low shanty in the next alley, where an old woman stood in the doorway, and in a shrill voice and strong Irish brogue greeted them with:

"An' phat divil of mischief have yez bin at now, Jack O'Donnell? Ah, sure, it is some divilment of yours that has laid the poor bye out, an' with your fightin' an' fightin' yez will soon have yer poor ould granma in the grave, same as your fayther did!"

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"Oh, quit yer whining an' git out of the way," said Jack. His language was rough, but his voice not unkind, and in a few moments they had carried their unconscious burden into the room and laid him on a rough couch.

"Sammy, you stay here so that I can find out where he lives in case he is a 'Dutchy,' as he looks to be, an' the rest of you go along about yer business."

So saying, he proceeded to assist the old lady in restoring Phillip by applying cold water to his temples. As soon as the latter began to revive he was given a tablespoonful of whisky, which had the effect of soon bringing him to a sitting posture.

"How do you feel, now?" asked Jack, and on receiving no reply he ordered Sammy to ask him in German.

Phillip, when the question was put in language which he could understand, answered that he felt dizzy, and wanted to know where he was.

"You tell him that I didn't want to knock him down nor hit him so hard, but I had to—he jumped at me like a little devil. Tell him we brought him to my house and as soon as he feels well enough he can go home; an' ask him where he lives."

This was duly communicated to Phillip; but to the question where he lived he made no answer; he seemed drowsy and wanted to sleep, and almost before his request was repeated to Jack to fell backward on the couch and was sound asleep.

Whether it was the blow he had received, or the whisky, or both, Phillip slept a long time, keeping Jack in great dread as to the extent of the injury

and possible result to him ; while his old grandmother, though she knew that sleep was the boy's best medicine, and that he would probably wake up wholly recovered, seized upon the occasion to augment his anxiety and endeavored to dissuade him from his desire for fighting.

A word of introduction here may not be amiss, for this Irish-American lad plays no small part in Phillip Bertram's subsequent career.

Jack O'Donnell was a warm-hearted, impulsive boy, two years the senior of Phillip, considerably taller, but more slender and exceedingly agile. His eyes were hazel, his face shockingly freckled, and his hair of that carroty red much in vogue among some of the fiery sons of the Emerald Isle. His father, Pat O'Donnell, had come from Tipperary, bringing his young wife and his mother with him. Jack was born a few days after their arrival. They had no money and for half a year his parents and the old lady lived in extreme poverty. Then Mr. O'Donnell found steady employment on a new railroad extension and was able to support his little family in some comfort. At the end of a year Jack's mother gave birth to another child, but never arose from her sick-bed. After an illness of a week she followed the baby, which had lived but a few hours after its birth. Jack's father, overcome with grief, became reckless and for a time took to drinking. His old mother, however, did not give up her efforts to reclaim him in her own effective way. While she earned sufficient to support herself and the baby, she refused to give him anything to eat unless he brought home money. This

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soon forced Pat to work, and with it came better thoughts. After a short time he again became industrious and saving, and in half a dozen years, with the combined earnings of his mother and himself, had saved sufficient to purchase and pay for the shanty-like structure in which we now find Mrs. O'Donnell and young Jack.

However, though he did not "bring her to her grave," as his mother always said he would when he didn't do as she wanted him to, he left her one day the burden of supporting herself and the child alone; to be sure, without any fault on his part, because he was buried by the caving in of a bank while digging the roadbed along a hillside, but the old lady always believed that she had suffered the greater misfortune through the accident.

She was still a healthy, robust woman at that time, and, having a house, found little difficulty in supporting herself and Jack. One mistake she made, however: Instead of letting the child run about on the streets, learning, all too young, the ways and habits of the street Arab, she might have sent him to one of the public schools; but she preferred to add to her little hoard, eventually intended for her grandson, the scattering pennies which he early learned to earn by selling newspapers. After a time he added a shoe-blackening outfit, and thus increased his earnings considerable. It is feared, however, his grandmother did not see them all, for he quite naturally acquired some of the vices of the class with whom he associated, and could smoke like a sailor before he was ten years old. As he grew older he remained no stranger to the taste

NEW FRIENDS

of liquor, though he rarely joined his chums in drinking, simply because he did not like it; and there was hardly a dance-hall, saloon, or other place of amusement in that section of the city with which he was not familiar. He knew all the policemen for miles around and was on friendly terms with them as a matter of policy, and consequently always escaped punishment for his little escapades—which were numerous.

He had, however, one besetting sin which often came near landing him in the police station and which made the friendship of the policemen particularly valuable: He was always ready for a fight, and it mattered little whether he got the worst of it or not, or knew beforehand that he would get whipped, he was always ready when opportunity offered. Thus, many a time he had come home with his face scratched and bleeding and his eyes black and blue, only to receive an additional whipping from his vigorous grandmother.

Of late he had made the acquaintance of Pat Flynn, a local celebrity of the prize ring, considerably older than Jack, whose condescension to notice so much younger a boy than himself, immensely flattered Jack; so that for the time being Pat was his hero whom he worshipped. Pat had given him a few lessons in boxing and showed him where to plant the "knockout" blows, one of which he had experimentally used on Phillip with such eminent success. And at present it was the ambition of his life to become a prize fighter, greatly to the disapproval of his grandmother.

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So that, when Phillip lay there sleeping on the couch, looking very pale, and Jack did not know but what he might die, she felt no compunction in increasing his terror in the hope that it might have a salutary effect.

He gave up his daily round and left his bundle of papers, which one of the boys had brought in, lying in the corner of the room, to become a dead loss, because in the afternoon when other editions were out no one would buy them. He even made Sammy Dornbush remain to act as interpreter in case Phillip awoke, promising to make up his loss on his papers. Sammy was glad to oblige because he had any amount of respect for a boy who could strike such a blow; and it is doubtful whether Jack would not in his anxiety have made him remain by force had he not done so willingly.

It was late in the afternoon when Phillip finally awoke. He sat up and at once recognized Sammy and Jack. The former asked him in German how he felt now, and he replied that he was hungry.

This brought great relief to Jack when the answer was interpreted to him, and he at once hurried the old lady to get the boy something to eat. He wanted to give Phillip more whisky, but it was refused. Water, he said he wanted, and, when he had drank it, inquired of Sammy where he was. Sammy related what had occurred and repeated what Jack had told him to say when he had first regained consciousness.

At this Phillip looked long and half distrustfully at Jack, as if to read his nature, while the latter felt and looked uncomfortable; but, finally, as if satisfied

NEW FRIENDS

with the scrutiny, he extended his hand to him. Jack understood, and he shook the proffered hand warmly—then, rejoiced at the removal of the burden of anxiety from which he had suffered all day, he danced a jig around the room.

“Tell him, Sammy, we’ll take him home. Tell him to eat all he wants to and not to be in a hurry; there is plenty of time.”

Phillip sat down to a little table and ate his fill while answering all manner of questions. And the more he answered the more the others became interested and continued to question.

By the time he had finished eating, his companions were acquainted with the greater part of his experiences since he landed in New York City, and he had awakened their liveliest interest.

The old lady was full of sympathy for the poor lad, and to think that her “Jack had knocked him down!”

“Oh, now shut up, granma,” said Jack. “If you had seen the little devil go at me—and he struck hard—you’d a’tought I had better defend myself. He was like a little whirlwind, and mad all through. But he’s a good lad and we’ll help him find his friend, and if Sammy and I can’t do it, nobody can’t.”

He questioned Phillip as minutely as possible, but could get no information as to the location of the hotel where Mr. Gross was stopping, only that Phillip thought it must be about a mile from the place they called Castle Garden.

Jack knew Pfeffer, who kept a boarding house and saloon, much frequented by tough characters, about

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fourteen or fifteen blocks to the southwest; but he had never heard of his having a son or of any one by the name of Krumm, and had no doubt the name was assumed by one of the landlord's numerous stool-pigeons employed by him to lure in "greenhorns" and "suckers."

Suddenly Jack remembered that the daily papers published the arrivals at the leading hotels. He searched through a stack of "left over" copies and found one of the date of Mr. Gross' arrival. But on examining the lists carefully he did not find Mr. Gross' name—only such as were deemed to be "prominent men." Of course some other paper might contain them all, or at least have classed Mr. Gross among the prominent men, but such were not at hand. Then he thought that perhaps Mr. Gross might have inserted an advertisement for Phillip, and he and Sammy looked through all the papers in the stack covering the recent dates, but could find nothing. It was slow work, because neither of them could do more than spell out the printed words; and it may be that they overlooked the advertisement which Mr. Gross had, in fact, caused to be inserted, or it may be that it was contained in other dailies, as New York had even at that time a large number of them. At any rate they did not find it.

Finally nothing remained to be done except to start out for Pfeffer's, where Jack would make careful inquiries while Phillip remained as much as possible out of sight, in Sammy's charge.

CHAPTER V.

LOST IN NEW YORK.



T was already growing dusk when the three started, and Mrs. O'Donnell called to them to "be sure to bring the bye back if yez cannot foind his frind."

Another day, the sixth, had passed since Phillip had been lured from the hotel, and he was wondering what Mr. Gross would think and do. Still, he was hopeful now, as he had found friends to help him who knew the city well.

They walked rapidly and reached Pfeffer's place just as the street lamps were being lit. Phillip and Sammy stopped a short distance before they got there, while Jack proceeded on alone.

He entered at the saloon door, and, walking boldly up to the bar, called for a glass of beer. There were few in the saloon at that hour. One man, evidently drunk, was sleeping at one of the tables, while several others, also the worse for liquor, were trying to play at cards.

Jack sipped his beer slowly and began to converse with the bartender; and when, casually, he dropped the remark that Pat Flynn was giving him lessons in boxing, he held his interest in a moment. Pat Flynn

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was known as a good fighter, and any one whom Pat patronized must be quite a fellow. He looked at Jack's wiry figure with approval, and was very willing to talk with him. Jack asked him whether they ever had any "bouts" at this place, and was informed that they frequently had, and invited in for next Saturday night. To his question as to police interference, he received the answer that their regular patrolman for this beat had been removed, and they had a new man in his place, but that the new man was "all right."

"Wasn't Mike Danter the cop who used to patrol this beat?" asked Jack, "and what was he removed for?"

Just then the landlord stepped from the hotel office into the bar room, and overhearing the last question, suspiciously inquired:

"Who wants to know about Mike Danter?"

Jack answered he did, and a few words of explanation from the bartender soon satisfied his master.

"Danter is in the lockup for letting a kid get away from him who had beat me out of his board bill," he readily lied.

"Who was the kid, and where'd he cum from?" asked Jack.

"Oh, he was some greenhorn who lost his way, and I kept him over night because he said he could pay for it," was the reply.

"But didn't some one come with him and don't you know where his friends live?" continued Jack.

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The other looked at him more suspiciously and answered sharply, "No, sir, he came alone and I know nothing about him."

Jack interrogated further; but the landlord was reticent; nor dare he mention the name of Krumm for fear of disclosing his knowledge of the affair. He therefore lounged about for a while in the hope of seeing some one who would answer to the description of Krumm as Phillip had given it, but without success.

Finally he left and returned to his friends, who were impatiently awaiting him at the corner, and informed them of the fruitlessness of his inquiries.

Nothing remained but to give up the search for that day, and Sammy, after telling Phillip of the arrangements made for him for the night and following morning, as planned by Jack, was released until the next day, while the other two boys returned to the home of Mrs. O'Donnell.

Let us now, for a few moments, return to Peter Gross.

On the day he started out to do his business in the city, leaving Phillip sound asleep in his room, he returned to the hotel shortly after one o'clock. He looked for Phillip, first in the office and then in his room. Not finding him there he searched the writing-, smoking-, billiard-, and other rooms, and not getting sight of Phillip in any of them he inquired of the clerk. The clerk had not seen the boy, but a bell-boy standing near said that he had seen him sitting in the front window until near noon and then start

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out with a young, smart-looking chap, whom he supposed to be a friend.

Mr. Gross thought this strange, because he did not know of any friends that Phillip could have in the city; but all he could do was to await his return.

When after an hour the boy had not come back, he got his dinner and started out to complete his business, thinking that on his return Phillip would be sure to be back. He had with him samples of the wines he had purchased in Southern Germany and was endeavoring to dispose of a part of the cargo to New York dealers. Being a good judge and shrewd buyer he had no difficulty in disposing of as much of his stock as he had intended, at a good profit, and returned to the hotel quite elated at his success, at about seven o'clock.

On his arrival at the hotel he was very much surprised to find his charge still absent; and when, after close inquiry, he found that the boy had not been back during the afternoon, he became uneasy.

Now, Mr. Gross, although a man of considerable ability in his line, was inexperienced in many other matters, and but little acquainted with the dangers surrounding the "green" immigrant in the City of New York. He and his friends had met with a welcome reception when they came to this country twenty years before, and none had cause to complain of any attempts to defraud or rob them. The fact was, they had nothing to be robbed of; and "emigrant sharks" rarely fail to promptly discover this and let such alone. He had now and then heard rumors of emigrants being led astray, but none of his friends having

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ever fallen victim, he had paid little attention to them.

When, therefore, on his return, he found Phillip still gone, although feeling uneasy, he apprehended no serious evil, and, after waiting a while, went to supper.

After supper he sat in the hotel office and smoked, and after a while quietly dozed in his chair. Hour after hour rolled by, but Phillip did not appear. At about ten o'clock Mr. Gross awoke, and, noticing the lateness of the hour, made inquiries of the clerk. He was informed that the boy had not been seen. A messenger was sent up to the room, but returned with the information that he was not there.

The old gentleman was now seriously alarmed and asked the clerk what he had better do. The clerk, when he heard the circumstances fully, advised Mr. Gross to inform the police as speedily as possible, as he suspected the boy had been lured away to be robbed. Under the guidance of one of the bell-boys, the old gentleman immediately went to the nearest police headquarters and laid the matter before the superintendent in charge. He gave the best description of Phillip that he could, and offered to pay all expenses incurred in the search.

A vigorous investigation was at once set on foot by the police and continued for several days. The next morning Mr. Gross caused advertisements for the missing boy to be inserted in a number of the leading dailies, and himself travelled about the city in vain hope of running across his young friend somewhere.

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That these efforts were all without success is but natural when it is remembered that during the time Phillip lay neglected in a distant police station, vainly awaiting trial, without even an entry or record of his name or description of his person having been made which might have drawn the attention of the authorities to him. And on the day he was discharged, under the unusual reprimand of the court to the officers, none of them for the moment thought of the inquiry set on foot for a boy of that description; and if later they did Phillip had disappeared.

When at the end of six days all search and inquiry had been futile, Mr. Gross was very much disheartened; added to this came a telegram from home that his immediate departure was imperative. His wife, who was almost as rotund as himself, had an attack of apoplexy, and her recovery was doubtful.

He again visited police headquarters and urged them not to give up the search, at the same time leaving his address and supplying money for necessary expenses. In case the boy was found they were to forward him to Philadelphia at once. And with a heavy heart the good man took the next train for his home.

The police faithfully continued the search, but without success until nearly two weeks later, as will be hereafter related.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH SUCCESSFUL.



ON the morning following Jack's visit to Pfeffer's, Sammy showed up bright and early, and it was agreed that they should each get their usual bundle of papers and, while selling them, make search for the hotel where Mr. Gross had lodged in the lower end of the city; and in order to gain more ready admittance everywhere Phillip was also to take papers to sell. Newsboys always gained admission when idle loafers would be excluded. But Phillip's "green" appearance must first be modified somewhat; Jack therefore had him wear one of his own hats and leave the little German cap at home, because it was too distinguishing a mark of his nationality. The necessary selling cry Phillip soon mastered, and, after visiting the printing office, the three started down town fully equipped.

That day was spent in visiting Castle Garden and the lower end of the city; but nowhere could Phillip recognize any distinguishing mark which might help him to identify the course they had taken; and even if he had, he retained but an uncertain recollection of the distance they had walked to the hotel.

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The sights, however, which he saw all day, the surging, hurrying, busy mass of humanity, the great buildings, the rushing street cars, and the thousands of vehicles winding their seemingly perilous way rapidly through the throng—all together held a wonderful charm for him. It was, indeed, a new world into which he had been transplanted. At times he half forgot his quest, so much was he entranced by what he saw; and then again he would recollect and be filled with anxiety.

That night when they returned to Jack's home, he was very tired, and after a hearty supper, slept the sleep of the innocent. The more he had reflected, the easier he had felt, because after all no harm had come to him except losing his money and letters, and in place he found two warm-hearted little friends, to say nothing of Mrs. O'Donnell. And Mr. Gross was undoubtedly safe and would soon be found. Besides he had learned that day how he could earn enough to live: The papers he sold, Jack told him, left a clear profit of fourteen cents, and he had but half tried and knew he could do better with practice. So that if worse came to worst he still felt safe.

When he awoke in the morning Sammy was already there, and, after a hurried breakfast, they again started out. To-day they intended to search directly for the hotel, and it was again necessary that they stay together, as Phillip was the only one who could identify it if found. All day they trudged along from street to street, entering many hotels to see whether Phillip would recognize one of them as the right one, but without success. This was continued day after

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day, for a week, until it seemed that they must have visited every leading hotel in the city.

Phillip had now about given up hope of finding Mr. Gross. He had picked up many English words during the last week and was learning to understand Jack with very little aid from Sammy. Every evening after Sammy went home the other two were cast upon their own resources to make each other understand their desires, and the force of necessity sharpened intellect and memory. The last few days Phillip had made quite rapid progress, and he felt certain that in this way he would in a short time be able to speak the English language well enough for his wants. This life of excitement had an irresistible charm for him, and had it not been for the thought of Mr. Gross' possible anxiety he would have been quite happy in his new surroundings.

Laboriously, for several days, Jack spelled through the advertisements in a large number of the city papers which he had managed to pick up in hotel lobbies and like places during the day, but meeting with no success, he gave it up. When all efforts remained fruitless so long a time, he tried to encourage Phillip.

"Never mind, Phil," he said one day, when the boy looked tired and downhearted; "if we can't find Mr. Gross you can stay with me and granma and earn your own living. I always liked the kids better who had to hustle for their pennies, than such little dandies as we see every day whose pop is rich, and who do nothing but play and loaf all the time. I'll

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teach you how to shine shoes, too, and with that and selling papers you can live like a king."

Phillip agreed with him. He was so much enamored of this free, easy and exciting life, that he had already made up his mind to ask Mr. Gross' consent to remain in New York a while longer, in case they found him.

It was Sunday evening, and, since they had labored hard at their search all week, Jack proposed that they take a ride on the street car down to the central part of the city and visit some place of amusement. They accordingly set out, first calling on their friend Sammy, who had become almost inseparable from them, to take him along.

Sammy was just having a hard time of it at home. His father, who had as usual been carousing all day, had returned, much under the influence of liquor, and had seized the boy and beaten him for bringing home less money than usual, during the preceding week. Owing to the fact that he had helped so diligently in the search, Sammy had been unable to devote as much effort as formerly to selling his papers and shining shoes; and consequently his earnings had fallen off considerable. His mother was crying and begging the brute to let the child alone; but this only infuriated him the more, and he flung her aside and fairly threw the little fellow out of the door, telling him he could have no lodging there unless he brought home some more money.

Jack and Phillip happened along just as Sammy was picking himself up from the rough board walk leading past the house. He ceased crying as the boys

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came up and to their inquiries answered that his father would not let him sleep there that night because he had not earned enough money the week before.

"Never mind," said Jack, "you can sleep with me; and now we want you to go down town with us to have a good time. And say, Sammy, if your dad is so ugly why don't you run away? I wouldn't stand it for a minute."

Sammy only shook his head and answered, "Ma cannot spare me." He was glad, however, to avail himself of the double invitation for that night, and with the buoyancy of youth soon forgot his pain and distress in the fun of the evening.

They visited a number of places which furnished amusements such as boys would enjoy, and, after a lapse of several hours, thinking they had had sufficient fun for one night, they started for home. They were going to ride back on a street car and were walking toward the nearest street corner to wait for a friendly conductor, when Phillip suddenly stopped and stood staring into a large open window across the street. The crowd had thinned down considerable because it was getting late and Phillip had, therefore, an unobstructed view.

"What are you looking at?" said Sammy, who was the first to observe his actions.

"Oh, Chak, I denk das ist de hotel!" Phillip exclaimed, excitedly.

Jack glanced in the direction of Phillip's look and in fact saw a hotel building with its first story almost entirely composed of stores and mercantile establish-

ments. Only one space on the first floor seemed to be occupied as a part of the hotel, and this was the part Phillip was looking at. It was evidently the office, as one could see chairs placed about the room and a long desk for the clerks at the further end. This hotel had been entirely overlooked in their search, nor was it surprising, owing to its peculiar construction which made it resemble rather a row of store buildings than a hotel.

They crossed the street and entered. At the same moment Phillip shouted "Das ist es," forgetting his newly acquired English in his excitement.

Jack went up to the clerk and inquired whether a gentleman from Philadelphia by the name of Gross was stopping there. The clerk glanced at the register and answered in the negative. Jack asked him when he left, and on ascertaining the time of his arrival the clerk soon recalled the gentleman and stated that he had been summoned home more than a week ago.

Jack asked him whether he had left any word for the little boy who had come there with him, and the clerk on noticing Phillip recognized him and remembered the fact of his disappearance and the unsuccessful search.

He gave them all the information he could and directed them to the police department, where they would find full instructions from Mr. Gross as to the boy. They were too excited to answer fully as to where Phillip had kept himself all this time, and only told him they had been searching in vain for this hotel for more than a week, and then rushed away to the department the clerk had designated.

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It was getting late and when they got there the superintendent had left for the night, so that they found only a subordinate officer in charge, who, although he remembered the affair, could not give them much information, and requested them to call again in the morning, at which time the superintendent would be there.

Nothing remaining to be done the boys returned home, a happy and excited lot. Jack and Sammy felt inclined at times to be depressed, because they had become attached to their young friend and hated to have him go away.

Phillip, however, was happy, and fairly boiling over with glee. He had already made up his mind that he would not at once go to Philadelphia, but would write Mr. Gross his present situation, and that he intended to remain in New York for a short time longer.

When he told his friends of his intentions, in his mixed German and English, so that Jack understood as soon as Sammy, they were almost as happy as he.

Jack proposed that in the morning Sammy should devote himself to his newspapers and "shines," while he and Phillip called on the Superintendent of Police, in order that he might not again risk the anger of his father; but Sammy wouldn't listen to it. He would go with them even if he earned nothing and had to take a whipping.

When they arrived at home Mrs. O'Donnell let them in and when she heard the good news she hugged Phillip in her joyous excitement; but suddenly recol-

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lecting that this probably meant Phillip's departure, exclaimed:

"Oh, but it's ill news ye air bringin' me all the same. But, Phillip, yes want lave yer granny, will ye me bye," she added, coaxingly. "Shtay with us, Phillip, because we can't shpare ye at all at all," and the good creature started to cry.

When Jack informed her of Phillip's intentions she hugged him again, and for once found no further cause for lamentation.

The next morning the three repaired to the superintendent of police. When they arrived he was already busy in his office, but, being informed that it was the boy whom they had searched for in vain, who was waiting to see him, he soon disposed of his other visitors and directed our friends to be admitted.

His experienced eye immediately recognized Phillip from the description furnished by Mr. Gross, although he was not surprised that others had failed of recognition on seeing him on the streets. The two weeks of city life of the kind experienced by our friend, coupled with the change of headwear, cut of hair and partial change of clothes, adopted at the suggestion of Jack, left him little of the appearance of the newly landed little "Dutchman," as described by Mr. Gross.

He was familiar with the German language, and after questioning Jack to some extent, requested Phillip to relate all that had happened to him since that morning at the hotel.

Phillip complied, relating all from the time of being approached by Krumm until his discovery of

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the hotel on the preceding night. The superintendent was much interested and questioned him fully as to his relations with Mr. Gross and his past and present friends. Of his parents, too, he had to relate, and the cause of his leaving home. For a full hour our hero answered his friendly questions as well as he could; and finally the superintendent informed him that Mr. Gross had arranged that he was to be sent on to Philadelphia as soon as found, and had left a sum of money at his disposal for that purpose.

The boy answered that he wished to stay with his new friends in New York for a time, because he could learn English here very quickly and had already found a way to support himself by selling papers and shining shoes. He begged the superintendent to inform Mr. Gross, and that he also would write to him.

The superintendent did not attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, because he knew Mr. Gross had no legal rights over him, and because he admired the pluck the lad had shown; and also because he knew that the experiences natural to his present life would be one of the best schools to teach the way to success. He therefore telegraphed Mr. Gross that the boy was found safe and well and that a letter would follow. He gave Phillip Mr. Gross' address and directed him to report to him when he wanted the money for the trip to Philidalephia. Another thing he did, on the impulse of the moment—for Phillip's truthful recital of his past had disclosed to him the foundations of a manly character—he gave him a card directing any officer to immediately communicate to him any request made by the bearer thereof, and told

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Phillip to make use of it if he should get into further trouble. He then dismissed them.

Thus it happened that Phillip was led to spend several years of his young life as a "street Arab" in New York City; not, perhaps, as that word is sometimes applied, not as a child of the slums, but as one of those energetic, wide-awake, dare-devil young fellows, whose life is spent midst the crush and crowds of the streets, exposed to rains and storms, risks and dangers, and temptations of every nature, while "crying" their papers, or kneeling in the dust to shine the shoes of dude or gentleman.

And thus, too, a friendship was formed between three lads which blossomed to bear joyous fruit to them all in the years to come.

It is not my intention to weary the reader with an attempt to detail the manifold experiences of our young German friend during the next few years in the life he has just chosen to follow. This history is intended rather to direct the reader's attention to the labors and experiences of his maturer years under surroundings more common to those who have had their source in the "Fatherland" and, who transposed to America, have pushed forward through hardships and misfortune to eventual success.

And yet I cannot wholly omit reference to his life in New York City during the next four years; because the experiences of the boy during those years, though of little importance taken singly, were a potent influence and force in developing and moulding the character which afterward distinguished the man. Many times, in after years, Phillip remarked that of

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all his experiences in life those of New York City had been the most fruitful.

Briefly, therefore, and only briefly, permit me in the next few chapters to sketch his career from the time he left the office of the Superintendent of Police until the day, nearly four years later, when he and Sam Dornbush bade farewell to Jack and grandma O'Donnell to seek their fortunes in the great West.

CHAPTER VII.

"LEARNING THE ROPES."



WHEN the boys returned to Mrs. O'Donnell's it was after twelve o'clock; so they ate their dinner, and then Jack and Sammy started out to put in an afternoon of hard work at their trade of shining shoes and paper selling, which latter would begin as soon as the afternoon editions were issued.

Phillip remained at home and wrote letters to Mr. Gross and to his parents. He had written the latter but once since he left shipboard, and felt that it was time to write again. He wrote a fairly good hand in German, thanks to the persistent drill of his father, and there was certainly no lack of experiences to relate. To Mr. Gross he wrote a full account of all that had happened to him since that morning at the hotel. He was extravagant in his praise of Jack and Sammy and Mrs. O'Donnell, and related all he could think of to show that he was safe and among good friends. He then asked permission to remain in New York for a while longer. At the last he begged the favor to draw the money left in the hands of the superintendent of police for his use in making the journey to Philadelphia, in order that he might send it to his

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father, assuring Mr. Gross very earnestly that he could soon earn enough himself to pay for the trip, and pay back the money.

The reply from Mr. Gross was characteristic of the man. He was jubilant that no harm had come to Phillip, and was willing he should stay for a short time; but the money in the hands of the superintendent must remain there until he came. He had, however, by the same mail sent some more money to the superintendent, which the latter would help him forward to his father. The old gentleman was evidently in a very happy state of mind. His wife, whose sudden illness had compelled his hasty return home, was recovering, and he himself never felt better in his life.

The fact that Phillip had asked his consent to stay in New York for a time, flattered him immensely, and he felt almost a fatherly regard for the boy; and after much good advice he wound up his long letter with his best effort at English—probably expecting that Jack would be called to to interpret it and thus at the same time become impressed with his wishes—“und don’t forget dat you must komm home as gwick as you haf seen de hull cidy.”

Phillip was duly rejoiced at this kind letter and called on the superintendent, who showed him a draft for one hundred dollars, which he had been requested to have converted into European exchange and send to Mr. Bertram. This was done, and, with a note of explanation, it in due time reached its destination.

If the previous letter had gladdened the parents’ hearts by telling of the safety of their darling boy, this filled them to overflowing, for it seemed as

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though blessings were already beginning to flow from their self-sacrificing act. The money came as a god-send and seemed almost a fortune to the poor school-master in his pinched circumstances. Of the many gifts Phillip later sent them, none ever gladdened their hearts more, or came more opportune.

After sending this letter to his parents and another to Mr. Gross, Phillip's mind was at ease, and he was ready to devote himself to business.

From that time on the boys worked industriously at their trade. Early in the morning and until late at night they cried their papers or solicited shines from the passers-by. The little greenhorn rapidly acquired the street English of his fellows, and before three months had passed could speak it with tolerable readiness. He had a quick, retentive mind, and was a close observer of his surroundings, and soon knew as much of the streets of New York as many of his young friends who were born there.

He was surprised to find the little urchins of the trade, who had given him such an uncomfortable reception at his first encounter with them, so nice to get along with. They were a lot of impulsive, reckless, warm-hearted little fellows, and he soon learned to like their companionship. His connection with Jack, as his chum, gained him good treatment, even from the few who might otherwise have been inclined to annoy him; but his own ready sympathy for each little fellow's troubles did more to gain him friends among them than Jack's protection.

Also he was earning more money each day than his father's week's salary amounted to. He had agreed

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with "Granma" O'Donnell, as both boys called her, to pay her a regular sum for his board, and he and Jack slept together in one bed which had been considerably improved since the addition of some of the linen from Phillip's little trunk which Mr. Gross had forwarded to him at his request.

Thus the summer passed and winter came with all its storms and hardships. Mr. Gross had written several times requesting Phillip to come, but the latter persistently begged for leave to remain a while longer, until Mr. Gross reluctantly consented. Mrs. O'Donnell had laid in a good stock of fuel and Jack and Phillip earned all the money necessary for a comfortable living; but Phillip had ample opportunity to witness want and suffering among those who lived lives of vice and crime. Associating, as he did, only with boys of the poorest classes—some of whose parents fed their appetites for strong drink on the hard-earned pennies of their young offspring, without a thought for the future—he saw them experience the sufferings of hunger, cold and disease without means to help them.

Often the women were as bad as the men; and the children readily drifting into the same paths, in emulation of their elders, presented, altogether, a picture of moral disease, that needed but the addition of physical suffering to make it wholly revolting and pitiable.

Sometimes, however, it was only the father's weakness that had dragged his wife and children to poverty, and such cases appealed so strongly to Phillip's sympathetic heart, that his little gifts of charity left

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him no savings during the bitter cold months of his first winter in New York. He would have given away all his daily earnings had not Mrs. O'Donnell insisted upon the prompt payment of his board. As it was, his little previous savings were gone long before spring opened. Sammy was taken sick and he and his feeble mother would probably have been left to starve by the drunken father and husband had not Phillip and Jack supplied their daily wants.

But, in spite of hard work and long hours, the boys found time for fun. Jack would not give up his pugilistic ambition. Every fight or boxing bout found him an intensely interested spectator, and soon he induced Phillip to accompany him. Pat Flynn still gave him lessons now and then and they were faithfully rehearsed at home with Phillip, in spite of granma's remonstrance. Jack had bought a set of soft gloves and many hours of the long winter evenings were passed in the healthy exercise of boxing. Granma O'Donnell, although she was constantly scolding about it, was always an excited spectator, and sometimes when one or the other got in a "scientific" blow she would forget herself and shout:

"Oh, but that was a daisy, wasn't it, byes. Ye can't do it agin, I'll bet!"

Jack had the best of Phillip for a long time. He was taller and had greater "reach," although the latter was as quick of movement as he, and no amount of "punishment" seemed to affect him. But, when now and then he got one of his solid blows in on Jack, it had a tendency to make the latter wince. Gradually

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it became a question hard to determine which of the two would come out best in case of a test to the finish.

Thus the winter slowly passed and spring came with its warming sunshine and balmy days. The poor suffered no longer from exposure to cold, and the power of disease felt the conquering effect of the vitalizing spring air.

Phillip had received two letters from home, each breathing a wealth of love, and laden with gentlest exhortation to industry and virtue. Each brought on a spell of homesickness, which it took several weeks to overcome. He had written of his progress in English, his earnings and his experiences and observations; and had always pictured his future in rosiest light. He now got a letter that set him to thinking. His father urged him to endeavor to continue his education, because, he wrote, "Without a good education your dreams of future success will never be realized."

Phillip felt that the life he was leading and his associations tended to lead him to forget much of his father's good advice and his mother's prayerful teachings, and he resolved to do better in the future. He had often wished to be able to read the newspapers, and with Jack's assistance had even learned the alphabet and to spell out the headlines; but he knew he needed much more; and with the awakening of conscience came also the desire to progress.

One morning he almost knocked Jack over with the remark:

"Chack, I'm going to school."

This was such an unheard-of resolve that Jack could only gasp in astonishment:

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"Going where?"

"Going to school," Phillip repeated; "I want to learn to read and write."

"But how will you earn your living if you go to school?" Jack queried.

"Oh, I'm not going to de day school; I read a sign de odder day over on Broome Street where it said 'Night School, 7 to 10 efery night,' and I'm going dere to-night and see wedder I can't tchoin."

"Of course you can join," said Jack, "but then what's to become of all our fun, evenings?"

"I can't help dat, Chack; I want to learn something. I can't efen read de newsbabers wat we sell efery day, and you can't nieder. You go along and maybe we have some fun dere too."

Jack looked dubious; and he didn't like to miss his companion during the evenings, because without him it didn't seem as though he could have much fun. At first he tried to talk Phillip out of the notion, but when he found him obdurate he finally said:

"Well, how long do you propose to go?"

"Oh, dill we get dired of it," Phillip replied.

The old lady seconded Phillip so heartily that Jack at last yielded.

"I'll go with you to-night, but if I don't like it, I won't promise to go again. Work all day and go to school at night is too much."

This conversation took place one morning at the breakfast table; and during the day they communicated their new resolution to a number of their young companions, with the result that half a dozen more agreed to join. Sammy, who had recovered from his

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illness, was as enthusiastic as Phillip, if it only didn't cost too much. Phillip promised to help him out if it was necessary, and Jack, on the theory that "misery likes company," argued energetically to the others of the great benefit of being able to read the papers which they sold so as to be able to better announce their contents to their prospective customers.

When evening came a little band of nine as bright—and some dirty—young future millionaires and bank presidents assembled in the alley in front of Jack's house to march down to the "night school," as could be found in the city.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL.



THE building in which the school was kept was a large three-story affair, the lower floor of which was used as a grocery store, the second for offices, and the third by the night school.

The boys clambered noisily up the wooden stairways, and the "Professor" must have thought a squad of police coming, for he met them at the door with a startled look. He was not less startled when he saw the little band file boldly by him and heard their request.

Quickly recovering himself, however, and in reply to their questions as to his charges, he informed them of his very reasonable fee, and they answered they could pay that and were ready to begin.

There were but four or five scholars present when our young friends entered, and two of them were very tidily dressed little girls. The professor assigned each of the boys to a seat behind a little desk, and proceeded to examine them as to the extent of their present knowledge. He was a tall, thin man with a large bald spot on the top of his head, wearing silver-rimmed spectacles on his prominent nose; a bachelor, a little hard of hearing, living in the same building,

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at the rear end of the second floor, with his maiden sister; and his name was Jonathan Yale—a fact which led some of his young pupils, in later years, to jocosely remark that “Yale” gave them their early education. It may be that some of them afterward attended that famous institution, but it is not likely.

After the examination the professor gave a general outline of what he proposed to teach them, and he possessed the gift of making his remarks interesting and the prospects of further knowledge alluring to his new pupils, so that when they left they were all strongly confirmed in their desire to proceed. After telling them what books to purchase and where they could be had, he dismissed them for that night, with the request to be prompt on the next, and adding with a very kindly smile: “And, boys, if you will all wash your hands and faces real clean before you come you will please me very much.”

This request, made in the manner in which it was, had the desired effect and at once called these little “Arabs’ ” attention to the necessity for improvement in their personal appearance.

The boys started for home, which was nearly a mile distant, talking and laughing, and thinking it great sport to come out every night together; for they knew they would always have some kind of fun on the way. But this evening in particular should not pass without making them all, and especially Jack, almost fall in love with going to school.

They had proceed a few blocks eastward and just turned to the south, when Phillip seized Jack by the coat sleeve and excitedly whispered in his ear: “Dere

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is Krumm, Chack, see him?" and pointed in the direction of two young fellows, about the age of Jack, coming directly toward them.

"Which one?" Jack exclaimed, equally as excited in an instant.

"Dere, dat one nearest de lamp bost, wid de blug hat on."

Just at that instant the two approaching figures passed into a saloon but a few paces ahead of the boys.

Phillip in all these months had not seen Krumm, although he was ever keeping a sharp lookout for him; and, although the latter was now dressed like a swell and had grown considerable, Phillip recognized him at once.

"Come, boys," said Jack, jumping to the front and taking the lead, "here is that skunk that helped to rob Phil. Now let's get even with him."

So saying he led the way into the saloon Krumm and his friend had just entered, followed by the rest.

There was not one of the little band who had not heard of Phillip's initiation into New York life and Krumm's connection with the same, and they were all anxious to see what Jack would do with him, and if possible to take part in punishing him.

When the group entered the saloon, Krumm and his friend were standing at the bar taking a drink. No one else was present in the room, except the bartender.

Jack walked straight up to the young crook and slapped him on the shoulder, at the same time turning him partly around so as to face him.

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"So you are Krumm, Mr. Jacob Goldluchs! That is the way you get your money to wear such fine clothes, you crook! You got the right name this time. Phillip says Krumm is German for crooked. Now I'm going to help straighten you out a little, Mr. 'Krumm,' and maybe soil your clothes, too." So saying Jack drew off his coat and threw it to one of the boys, who quickly formed a semi-circle around the pair, while Krumm's partner, or rather Jacob Goldluchs, as his true name was, as quickly edged away from the latter and made his way unmolested to the door.

"What's the matter now?" said the bartender, roughly, hurriedly coming around the end of the bar to where the boys stood.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said Jack, loudly, while "Krumm," seeing no way of escape, still stood leaning against the counter without understanding what Jack was alluding to, so completely had the occasion when he had assumed the name of Krumm passed from his mind, although he felt that it must be one of the many crooked acts which he had committed, "that is the skunk who got my chum into Pfeffer's a year ago and had him robbed. You remember Danter, the policeman, whom he fooled too, and who afterwards got locked up for five days and was suspended from the force for three months because he forgot to enter the boy's name? Well, there's Phillip, he's the boy they robbed, and we've been looking for that stool-pigeon ever since, hain't we, boys; but we couldn't find him because we didn't know that the handsome dandy there, Jacob Goldluchs, was 'Krumm'."



"Yes, Danter told me all about it only a week ago last Sunday afternoon, when I met him at Sander-son's on Stair Street. Square up there, 'Krumm,' and let's see if you can fight as well as rob people. I'll lock the door till we see the result." And suiting the action to the word the bartender proceeded to bolt the door to prevent interruption of a sport he enjoyed.

Goldluchs had turned pale when he heard of the particular offense for which he was to be taken to account, but recovered himself when he observed that Jack was certainly no older or stronger than himself. He was no coward and would not take a whipping without resistance, and the bartender would probably want to see fair play; at any rate to fight was his only chance.

When, therefore, Jack approached him again he threw off his coat and told him to "come on, you liar—I never saw that boy before and had nothing to do with robbing him."

But he hadn't sized up Jack exactly right! To be called a liar in addition to his righteous indignation at the outrage perpetrated on his friend was like touching a match to a pile of tinder, and all his scientific pugilistic training leaped like lightning to his control.

With the rapidity of thought he sprang at his opponent and showered the blows like hailstones upon him. There was no chance to feint or guard. Mouth, jaws, ears, nose, eyes and neck got it; the left and right fist were doing equal service; an upper-cut would be followed by a stunner from underneath, until, fairly be-

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wildered, Goldluchs simply held up both arms to ward off as much as possible the terrible punishment he was receiving.

"Ye would rob the poor bye, would ye," panted Jack, between blows, falling back into his natural brogue while doing such splendid execution, "ye skunk, ye thief, ye scoundrel; ye would take him to yer fayther's hotel, would ye, and bring him back to Mr. Gross, would ye, you miserable cur! Oi'll tache yer to rob poor innercint lads whin they came to this counthry. Oi'll tache yer to have thim thrown into jail! Whiniver Oi mate ye we'll have the foon over and over agin!"

With words like these, and I fear some worse, Jack interlarded his fine exercise, while his friends looked on with a delight they had rarely experienced.

Phillip had called to Jack several times to "quit, he's got enuff," but Jack didn't hear or didn't want to hear him, until Goldluchs sank to the floor exhausted and bleeding from almost every inch of his face.

Jack turned round to Phillip; "Is it enough, you say? No, I'll repeat this dose every time I meet him. Oh, I could have given him a knockout blow long ago," he said, proudly, "but I didn't want to knock him out, I wanted to punish him."

Neither the bartender nor any of the boys had heard the loud knocks and shaking of the door during the excitement until now, when they were repeated with a violence which threatened to force an entrance. The bartender hastened to open.

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A policeman entered, accompanied by Goldluch's friend, who had called him to his assistance as soon as he found trouble liable to ensue.

Jack promptly confessed himself the guilty party and gloried in his work. He was marched off to the nearest police station, followed by all the boys, feeling "happy as a clam." He had never enjoyed himself so much in his life, and did not care if he was locked up for a month.

"You take care of granma, Phil, till I get back, and tell her what a glorious time I've had. When I get out I'm going to school every day."

All the boys felt inclined to credit their adventure to their new-born educational aspirations, and felt that if they could have such a treat now and then they would willingly put up with a few hours of daily restraint.

When they left the station Phillip determined to see the magistrate in the morning and tell him why Jack had whipped the fellow. It was the same place where he had been locked up for five days, a year ago, and his sense of justice told him that if the judge only knew all about it he would be likely to let off Jack with a lighter sentence than otherwise.

When he reached home he found old "granma" waiting for them as usual; and great were her lamentations when Phillip told her that Jack was at the police station and how it came about.

"Oh, that bye, that bye! Sure he'll bring his ould granma to the grave with all the sorrow and inxiety. Oh, Lor', an' they may hang him and Oi'll niver see him innny more!"

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Phillip tried to console her, but could make no headway until he accidentally mentioned that he had never seen Jack look so fine or do such beautiful work as when he was punishing Krumm, when she brightened up in a moment.

"An' did the bartinder see it, too; an' did he give him wan of his foine lift hand swings as always used to make ye dizzy before ye learned to guard; an' ye soiy he shtruck ivery blow fair an' niver below the belt?" she asked, excitedly; but quickly added as though she felt she had betrayed herself: "Ah, Jack is me darlint bye, but the poor lad can't let fightin' alone, an' kapes me in constint terror an' throuble."

However, she wanted to know all about the fight, and Phillip had to describe it again and again; and when she finally sent him to bed she was humming "Saint Pathrick's Day in the Mawrning."

Next day Phillip went early to the station, but found that court was not yet in session. At about ten o'clock the judge came, and the clerk and other officers took their places.

"Call No. 1, Mr. clerk," said the judge. Two names were read aloud, and an officer quickly brought in the prisoners. They were two Italians, and a sight to behold! One had a bandage over the left eye, and the nose and lips swollen to twice their natural size. The other had both eyes and his whole face so swollen and cut and discolored that he bore little resemblance to the "image of God."

They were laborers, who, in returning from their work early in the evening of the previous day, had stopped to take a drink, and, though good friends, got

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into a quarrel resulting in a fight which only police interference finally terminated. During the night they got entirely over their quarrel and each was willing to admit that the fight had been his fault.

When the magistrate had briefly heard them he turned to the clerk. "Enter; No cause for judicial interference—prisoners sufficiently self punished—discharged." Then he added with a smile, "You might also enter a description of their appearance in support of the judgment of the court." He was evidently in good humor that morning, and it was lucky that Jack's case was called before others had a chance to spoil it.

"Call the next," he commanded, and Phillip heard the "Jack O'Donnell, assault and battery," announced, and a few moments later saw his friend conducted into the court room.

Phillip sat in the rear of the room in one of the seats provided for the spectators, and Jack did not at first see him. After the charge had been read and the officer, who made the arrest, had stated what he knew of the matter, the judge turned to Jack and asked:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," was Jack's short answer.

"Eh, do you confess yourself guilty?" said the judge, evidently much surprised at such an unusual occurrence.

"Yes, sir, I licked him as hard as I could, and you would think it was a pretty good job if you'd seen him, your Honor," he added with a half smile as the recollection of Krumm's face came to him.

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"Then, sir, you are not sorry for your violation of the law, and have no excuse to offer?" continued the judge, sternly.

"No, sir, an' I'll do it agin wheriver Oi'l foind him," answered Jack, falling back to his brogue in the excitement induced by the bare remembrance of the scene of the night before.

"Thirty days—first half bread and water," the judge dictated to the clerk. "Call the next!"

Before the clerk had time to do so, however, a disturbance was heard in the back end of the room. Phillip no sooner observed the defiant attitude of his friend and heard the sentence of the court, when he jumped from his seat and started to rush up to where Jack stood before the bar, on the inside of the railing. But an officer intercepted him and held him back.

"Leave me go, I want to dalk to de chudge," he demanded loudly, while struggling to free himself.

"Well, what's the rumpus now," the magistrate exclaimed, glancing up over his spectacles.

"Here's a bye, yer Honor, as wants to talk to yer Honor."

"Then bring him up here," the judge commanded. "Well, what do you mean by such conduct in the court room?" he continued, looking sternly at Phillip when he had been brought before him.

"Blease, sir, I want to go to chail. Chack done it for me. Oh, blease let him go home—his granma will feel so bad," Phillip answered, the tears coming to his eyes.

"What's that! you want to go to jail in place of this fellow; and why, my boy? What do you know of this matter?"

"Oh, sir, Chack only licked dat Krumm who dook me to Pfeffer's last year, where dey shtole all wat I had, and den got Mr. Danter, de boliceman, to lock me up here for fife days, and den you let me go and locked up de boliceman," Phillip answered hurriedly.

Happily the magistrate recalled the circumstance, which had at the time so outraged his sense of justice, and his voice was kindly when he again spoke.

"And Jack licked him because he led you to Pfeffer's to be robbed? How is this, Jack, tell me all about it."

Jack now promptly told how he had long kept a sharp lookout for Krumm, but not knowing him by sight, could never find him till last night, when they accidentally ran across him as they were coming home from the night school; and that when Phillip pointed him out he saw it was Jacob Goldluchs; and then he related with flushed face how he had whipped him; "and, your Honor," he finally wound up, "I'm not sorry and want to go to jail."

"So this is the little 'Dutchman' they received so warmly in this country," the judge said, turning to Phillip. "Well, you seem to be making pretty good progress, and I'm glad to see you are none the worse for your rough reception. Mr. Clerk, just strike out that entry and make it 'justifiable manslugging'," he added, while a broad smile enveloped his face at his modification and adaptation of a legal term. "And you, Mr. Officer, we'll forgive you because you

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couldn't know the circumstances; but you got the wrong boy. Goldluchs is the fellow you should have brought in." Then, turning to our friends, added with more seriousness, "Boys, you can go, and don't be too sure that you will always get off as easy when you take the law into your own hands."

The boys thanked him and went out, while the judge looked after them with approval in his eyes; then, glancing around at the officers, said: "A regular Damon and Pythias pair. Such incidents are as refreshing as a spring shower. Call the next case."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN CHUMS.

UMMER passed rapidly, and the long evenings of fall and winter were again at hand. The boys, with the exception of one, still stuck faithfully to their school. Although they did not again enjoy such great fun as that first evening on the way home, yet rarely an evening passed without sport of some kind. They were full of life and quick to see and appreciate the humorous side of things. Jack, strange to say, was the promptest pupil of them all, though not the most perfect in his lessons. His deportment had undergone a marked change. His face and hands were always well washed, and he was bound to wear his best clothes. The reason, of course, was not long a secret to the others. It was found in the bright eyes and comely face of Fanny Manners, one of the little girl pupils. But Jack had a quick temper and none dared tease him further than by an occasional veiled allusion.

Phillip, as a rule, paid good attention to his studies and was making rapid progress. His quite thorough start in education at home came to his advantage now, and he found that all general knowledge was equally as much one's own in whatever language it may have

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been acquired. He had therefore soon outstripped his classmates and was receiving separate instructions. Only one thing was a constant stumbling block,—his tongue persistently refused to assume the right shape for the “v’s” and “th’s”. This annoyed him so that he practiced constantly, sometimes in his sleep even disturbing his chum with his efforts at “v” which always assumed the sound of “fee”. He was happy when he finally got the control, and promptly and joyously wrote the good news to his father.

He kept his parents well informed of all that he did or that happened in his little circle. To Mr. Gross, too, he wrote now and then and received replies. He had about made up his mind to remain in New York at least several years. He liked the life he was leading, though often he longed for the green fields and rustling forests of the country. He did not care to go to Philadelphia, because it was only exchanging one city for another, and involved leaving all his young friends. He had received no information concerning the Lawrences, except once Mr. Gross wrote that they left Boston to seek a suitable location in the West, but did not then know where they would settle. They had enquired kindly about Phillip, thinking him with Mr. Gross, and sent their love. Phillip’s heart beat at the recollections called up. He could see little Bessie’s sweet face near his and her rosy lips uttering some endearing remark which he did not then understand, while her soft young arms were clasped about his neck—thus he had held her in his arms when he kissed her good-bye on the wharf at Hoboken more than a year ago. It seemed a long

time, but the recollection of it was so fresh it often made him cry from sheer homesickness and longing.

He was saving all that he could, because Christmas he wanted to send his parents some more money, when he got a letter from his father requesting him to keep his little earnings for future needs, as they had now no difficulty to live, and even the sum Mr. Gross had sent them was over half intact. He therefore gave his savings to granma O'Donnell to keep for him.

Thus nearly three years passed with little change in Phillip's circumstances, except that he gained daily in experience and knowledge of life and men. He stuck to his school, and Jack and some of the others also. Only once did he have any trouble with his chum. It was on a Fourth of July. There was an excursion and picnic up the Hudson.

Thousands availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying the fresh air of the country. Landings were made at different places devoted to amusement. Phillip and Jack were with a party that landed about fourteen miles north of the present site of Sacred Heart Convent; and when they reached the picnic grounds, Jack was overjoyed to find Fanny Manners there in the company of Miss Yale, the professor's sister.

He was head over heels in love with Fanny, or thought he was, which made it just as important to him; and he at once went up to Miss Yale and Fanny, followed by Phillip, and greeted them, while making his handsomest bow.

Miss Yale was very friendly to the boys; she knew them well and her brother had often sounded their

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praises to her. Fanny was a dear little girl whose parents had hard work to support their large progeny, and Miss Yale had proposed to take her out for a picnic, a proposition which her parents accepted hardly less gladly than Fanny. The only other girl pupil of her brother, Nellie Bronson, had gone with her parents on a visit to some relatives in the country.

Phillip wanted to have some fun and take part in games with the other boys, but Jack was filled with no such desires. He could not bear the thought of leaving his sweetheart, possibly to some other, and hung about her constantly. The other did not want to desert his chum, so to Jack's very serious annoyance he remained and gave close company.

Finally Fanny sent Jack off on an errand and, during his absence, asked Miss Yale for permission to wander about the grounds for a few minutes with Phillip. Miss Yale, deeply engaged in reading a very interesting novel, gave her consent, and Fanny and Phillip started off. Fanny said she sent that disagreeable freckled fellow away purposely as she detested him, and she wanted to be for a few minutes with some one she liked. "Oh, he's such a bore; I can't look up without his looking at me as though he wanted—oh, I can't tell how; I wish he'd pay attention to Nellie—and that little minx is all the time teasing me when she knows I can't bear him!" and she showed all her disgust and impatience in voice and face.

Phillip felt sorry for Jack, and he told her he was an awful good boy.

"Well, I don't care, I just hate him! and I wish I'd never see his face again!" she exclaimed almost angrily.

Just then she saw Jack returning with a flushed face and angry look; and when she did she put on a look of the greatest sweetness and affection she was capable of and bent toward Phillip and looked up in his face with the appearance of confidence and intimacy.

Jack could not help seeing it, and the little vixen did it purposely for him to see. His face grew darker still, and without addressing them he turned on his heel and walked away.

Phillip soon took Fanny back to Miss Yale and left her there. She was satisfied; she had gained her main purpose, that is, had gotten rid of Jack.

Jack was nowhere to be found. Phillip looked through the crowd again and again; finally he strolled farther into the woods and found his friend sitting on a stone near a little brook. When he saw Phillip he jumped up, his face red and his fists clenched.

"You are a sneak, a puppy—you are no friend of mine," he burst forth, and strong passion controlled him. "Pretend to be my friend and try to steal my girl behind my back, you coward," and he fairly hissed the last words between his teeth. "Come, now, we'll have it out; if you are the best man you can have her, if I am, then I'll break every bone in your body if you come near her again."

Phillip was startled at first; but he soon guessed the cause of his friend's passion—Jack was insanely jealous; and while he grew pale at the insulting words

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hurled at him he kept his temper and endeavored to explain.

But Jack would hear no explanation, called him a coward, and threatened that if he would not fight like a man he would whip him anyway. When Phillip saw that he would not listen to reason, he threw off his coat and faced his infuriated friend with a pale face and compressed lips.

Jack rushed at him like a mad bull, throwing his scientific acquirements to the wind, and had his chum then been so inclined he might have easily planted a few blows that would have brought about a speedy end of the encounter; but he did not want to hurt Jack but only to defend himself, and therefore slowly gave way sufficient to make good his guard.

The assault was, however, so terrific that in spite of his utmost skill he could not help receiving a number of severe blows. Finally he saw that he must strike back, or be quickly done up. In turn he therefore began to give as well as take; and this sufficiently brought the other to his senses to realize that blind rage would not avail against Phillip, and that he needed all the "science" he had mastered. He was angry through and through, and the occasional hard thumps which he received did not improve his temper. It was by no means his first "to a finish" fight; and many friendly contests with Phillip had shown him that the latter would be no mean opponent when forced to act.

Phillip saw the change in the other's tactics and read an ugly determination to conquer, in his face. He only clinched his teeth the harder, and seemed to

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grow more cool, as though supported by an inward confidence in himself. In after years he often said that the experience of those few moments, when there came upon him the conviction that he could win if he would, was one of the most valuable of his life. Though in boyish struggle with his bosom friend, that moment made him almost a man; he knew he could win if he kept cool and used his skill, and that conviction prompted his actions.

Not a word had been uttered by either since the battle began. Each was now saving his breath. Jack in his turn read the look of confidence in the eye of the other, and it did not tend to cool his own desire to win. He pressed on to finish his opponent. But Phillip had been an apt scholar, and while now and then a blow landed, most of them fell short—"struck wind." Finally Jack made a desperate rush, thinking to take advantage of an "opening" several times given; but he made a mistake. It had been but a feint, and before he could recover to guard, Phillip's right landed with such terrific force on his left jaw that he staggered back and fell to the ground.

No sooner did Phillip see him fall than remorse overcame him. What had he done! Struck down his best friend! The friend who had stood by him through his early bitter experiences in the city! Quickly he knelt down beside him and begged forgiveness.

"Get me some water quick," gasped Jack, "I feel faint."

Phillip rushed to the creek and brought his hat full of water, from which Jack drank greedily. Then

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he bathed the latter's face and head while he lay on his back with his eyes closed.

Finally Jack looked up, and seeing the expression of remorse on his comrade's face, raised himself on his elbow and said:

"Oh, you needn't feel bad about it. It was a fair fight and you bested me. You can have the girl and I'll give you all the show you want."

"But, Jack, I don't want her," answered Phillip, almost in tears. "You can have her, I don't care for her at all."

"Is that so! then why didn't you say so before?" Jack cried, jumping to his feet in a moment.

"You gave me no chance to explain," Phillip replied, and then he told him that Fanny had said she wanted to get away from him because he hung around her all the time, and Nellie teased her so, and——

"Then she don't care for me, darn her," Jack interrupted angrily, "and I'll never look at her again."

He looked at Phillip and saw the bruises in his face, felt of his own and knew that his eyes were growing smaller by reason of the rising swelling, and suddenly burst out laughing with delight.

"Oh, but wasn't it a beautiful fight, Phil! You should have seen yourself. I admired your coolness so, it made me only the more angry at my own loss of temper; and I really believe I had forgotten all about what we were fighting for before we were half through. I only thought of besting you; but I know now I never can do it. You take the blows like love pats till you get the other fellow winded, when you bring in your work."

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Phillip was happy to see his old friend himself again; and both sat down at the brook and bathed their faces to keep down the swelling as much as possible. This was their first and only unpleasantness, and on Jack's side, at least, the recollection of it was not unalloyed with pleasure—he did so love a fight!

From that time on, and until many years later, Jack, however, steered shy of girls, and Fanny certainly had no further cause to complain of his attentions.

CHAPTER X.

WHY PHILLIP LEFT NEW YORK.

HEN the boys got home that night Sammy was waiting for them. "Wouldn't one of them come and help him with his mother to-night; she was sick and he had been up two nights with her and feared he could not keep awake another."

Both were ready at once, but granma said only one should go that night and the other the next. So Jack went with Sammy. The poor little fellow looked thin and sick himself. He peddled his papers about the streets all day, covering miles and miles, only to have his drunken father take away his earnings when he got home late in the evening, all tired out. Of late his mother's condition had grown worse. The doctor whom Sammy had begged to come only shook his head; she had no distinct malady; her vitality was simply succumbing to the strain of years of hardship and suffering. Sammy's father now often stayed away several days at a time. This was a relief while he was gone, but generally he was only the more brutal on his return when he found less money awaiting him than he expected.

The boys took turns for a week in watching nights with the sick woman; while in day time she had to

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remain alone, except when a kind-hearted neighbor called in to supply her simple wants. At the end of a week she had sufficiently recovered to relieve our friends of further trouble for a time.

Jack had quit school, and no argument of Phillip's could induce him to go back where his erstwhile flame still attended. He now had a new ambition. Prize-fighting was all right for some, those with little brains and a thick skull and strong jaws; but he had learned to read and write, could cipher quite rapidly, had read the history of the United States, and of late some very exciting novels—he was fit for something higher. He would be a detective. He applied at the different detective bureaus, but they only laughed at him. His persistency, however, was so lasting, that in desperation and to get rid of him Chief Norton one day said: "Look here, boy, if you can find out who stole this lady's purse I'll give you a job," and he proceeded to give the details of the case as far as known to the department. It was a common case of pocket-picking in one of the crowded mercantile establishments of the city, and, owing to the lack of all clew, one of the hardest to discover. The loss was small and the lady was not even certain whether she had not after all lost the purse or left it lying on the counter.

Jack listened eagerly. He knew the territory where the supposed theft had occurred and pretty nearly all the crooks, old and young, who frequented the locality. His future, as he viewed it, depended on his success. He hunted up Jem Mace, who did a little work in the line of "picking" himself now and

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then, and, although Jack did not like him, he thought that perhaps he could make use of him for once.

"Jem," he said, when he had taken him aside, "I'll make it worth your while if you find out for me who hooked a certain lady's pocketbook last Thursday afternoon over in Hooper's store." He went on to describe the lady and the purse from the information given him by the chief.

"What'll ye give?" said Jem, after he had heard sufficient.

"I'll give you ten dollars," Jack answered.

"Hookey!" Jem exclaimed, "that's more'n there was in it. There was only four dollars and some cents in it. What you want to know for?"

"Oh, that makes no difference, so's I find out," was the reply.

"Well, I'll tell you, 'cause they won't give a fellow more than ten days fur that. Where's yer money?"

"Right here," Jack answered, showing two five dollar bills. "But I want proof. When you show me where the pocketbook can be found safe I'll give you five and when we have the thief in limbo I'll give you the other five. You know *me*, Jem, an' what I say I'll do."

"Nuff said, Jack, here's the thing, gimme the fiver," was Jem's ready response.

"What, did you take it?" queried Jack, in astonishment.

"Sure thing, an' 'twas dead easy. Gimme the fiver."

Jack did so and received the purse in return. He started back in high glee to report to the chief. Jem

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was hauled in and confessed; his sentence, however, was somewhat of a surprise to him, as he got thirty days instead of the anticipated ten, while Jack got his place on the force as a regular employee, though at very small wages. He managed to slip Jem the last of the two five-dollar bills and went home happy.

Phillip, too, made a change. One day he was offered a job as clerk in a grocery store, at a salary which looked large to him until he found out his duties; then it looked small enough. He had reserved two hours in the evening for study when he hired out for a six months' term; but found he was expected to make them up by work earlier in the morning. At five o'clock he was obliged to be at hand to sweep the store and help arrange the goods; after that, and until seven at night, it was a constant rush, with but half an hour for each meal—doing up packages, delivering, waiting on customers, unpacking goods and the like, until his back ached. But he stuck it out; and when spring came again he was richer in knowledge of humankind, and in dollars. His employer was kind, but strict and sharp as a whip. He insisted on promptness and absolute obedience. He wanted the services of the brain of his employees as well as their hands and muscles, and when he saw Phillip's readiness and application to duty, he relieved him of many worse jobs to detail him for waiting on customers. Nor did he lose by it. Phillip's ever pleasant face, cheerful smile and quick perception of his customers' wishes soon made him a favorite.

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At the end of the six months his employer offered to re-engage him for a year at an advance in salary, and Phillip was debating in his mind whether or not to accept, when an incident happened that changed all his present plans, and probably his future career.

He was now nearly fifteen years of age and had been in New York City almost four years. While the noteworthy incidents of his experience there had been few, he had learned a vast number of things. He could speak the English language readily and possessed a fair general education. He had come in contact with thousands of people and observed their manners and to some extent their character. Prejudiced against Americans by his experience immediately upon his arrival in their country, he had, nevertheless, learned to respect them most of all. Although he could not understand how a people so generous and charitable could allow the poor at their own door to suffer hunger and cold, it thrilled him with admiration to see their quick and lavish response to the call of distress, which a flood, or famine, or disaster of any kind had caused in this country or elsewhere. He admired their energy, shrewdness and enterprise; and since he had learned some of the history of this country, that record of past heroic deeds, he had unbounded faith in America and its future. He knew well the haunts and habits of the lowly, but he had also seen much of the life of the great or wealthy; he had been on the stock exchange, had even gambled once in a poolroom to his sorrow; had watched with keen interest the active life of the great banking institutions, the custom house, the

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shipping; and many of the massive commercial establishments were no strangers to him. As a newsboy for over three years he had ready access everywhere, and his quick observation stored much valuable information in his memory. Once he had even witnessed an execution through the favor of a deputy sheriff; and when he saw the awful distortion of the features of the victim in his death-struggle, and realized that the life that God had placed in this body was thus forcibly expelled in punishment for crime, it made an impression that could never fade; nor did he ever feel desire to attend at another such occasion.

His judgment was ripening early and his physical development kept pace. At fifteen he was the picture of a healthy, symmetrical youth, with a face like the index of a good heart.

He had not been an entire stranger to all the vices of youth. Early he learned to smoke, and could drink his beer with a relish; but economy rarely permitted him to indulge, and his early training, combined with an inward restraint of his nature, had steered him clear from many other temptations. True, he drifted somewhat from the good precepts of his childhood; he rarely went to Sunday service and he sometimes forgot his evening prayers; but is it to be wondered at when we consider the surroundings into which he had fallen and the society in which his lot was cast? Some day his early teachings would come back again with renewed strength and influence; the day would come when he would fall on his knees in grateful prayer to the God that had guided and watched over him through a stormy life of danger—

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for the seed sown in the human heart by the mother's hand retains its life principle to the grave, and often germinates only after the winter frosts of life have passed, and the threshold of eternity confronts the weary wanderer, and at all times, though apparently lifeless, it sends a fragrance forth to beautify the world and influence men's actions.

The praise of God remained in Phillip's heart, though he rarely heard His holy word, and the principles of honor remained which his father had taught him. Honesty, industry and economy were elemental in his nature, and he could not see departure from either in others without experiencing a shock.

He had saved enough now to pay back Mr. Gross the hundred dollars and had recently sent his parents fifty dollars more. At the same time he had paid his schooling and kept himself neatly dressed.

This, briefly, was his situation on the Sunday, the day before his six months' time expired with the grocer.

He spent most of the forenoon wandering about Central Park, his favorite Sunday resort, and was proceeding down Fifth Avenue toward the new Art Museum, which had just been thrown open to the public, when he met Sammy Dornbush walking alone and looking pale and sad. He accosted him with:

"Hello, Sam, where're you going?" Then noticing his mournful look, added, "What, got the blues?"

"Yes, Phil," Sammy replied, "mamma is very sick. Mrs. Walther, our kind neighbor, is with her now and she made me go out to get some fresh air. The air is so close at home," and he sighed and looked

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so wearied that Phillip passed his arm for a moment around his friend with the impulse to support him.

"I will help you to-night, so that you can get some rest," he said, sympathetically. "Come sit down and tell me when this last attack began," and Phillip led the way to the edge of a green lawn adjoining the walk, where they sat down on the grass, in the shade of a tree.

Sammy related how his mother had taken to her bed again three days ago, and that the doctor whom he called in said she needed strengthening food, but that no medicine could help her. His father was serving a ten days' term in jail for participating in a drunken riot, and he, himself, could not leave his mother's bedside to go to earn some money.

Phillip offered to help him and gave him most of the little change he had with him. He could not do much more, however, than keep them from positive want, while he realized that good nursing alone might here be able to help. But he had not the means to provide a nurse, and a deep pity filled his heart.

"To think," Sammy finally burst forth bitterly, "that there are thousands of people in this city who have so much more wealth than they know what to do with, while my poor mother is starving. That lady," pointing to one in a stylish turnout fondling a pet dog, while the liveried coachman guided a pair of handsome steeds between the crowding carriages, "surely lavishes more on that cur than would keep my poor mother from suffering. Oh, I wish I could make them give up some of their wealth to help the poor!"

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Phillip did not contradict him. At that moment he felt with Sammy that there was some injustice somewhere; but he knew no remedy. He was, therefore, silent for a few minutes, thinking of how he could cheer his friend.

Finally he said, "Well, if you have rested let's go down to a restaurant and get something to eat, it is nearly one o'clock; I'll pay the bill."

Sammy had not eaten much that day and readily accepted the offer. They proceeded to the nearest cheap restaurant and had their dinners. After dinner Phillip proposed that they visit the new museum, which was open until four o'clock, and then it would be time for Sammy to return home.

They had been walking about in the spacious apartments, viewing the beautiful paintings and marble statuary for some time, when Sammy laid his hand on Philip's arm, and whispered to him to observe the handsomely dressed lady standing a short distance from them.

Phillip looked in the direction indicated, but saw nothing unusual in the lady's appearance.

"See, see, it's falling," the lad whispered excitedly; "that will save mother," and before Phillip could realize it Sammy darted away from him to where the lady had stood a moment before, stooped to the floor to pick up something, and started for the door.

Phillip just caught the flash of a glittering object lying on the floor before Sammy's hand closed on it, and he rushed after his friend and caught him just as he was about to descend the outer steps leading to the

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sidewalk. He seized him by the arm to stop him and said:

"Sammy, what have you done; this is stealing—let me have it and I'll return it"; and he took the object from the culprit's hand.

"Oh, I could not help it—I only thought of mother—the lady could spare it and it would have helped mother so much," Sammy answered, while a deep flush of shame suffused his usually pale face.

Phillip stood looking, for a moment, at the glittering diamond brooch he held in his hand; it must have cost a great sum of money. Presently he heard a commotion inside, and the cry of "Stop the thief" reached him.

"Quick, Sammy, run! Don't let them catch you, you must get home!" he urged.

The latter needed no further urging than the thoughts the word "home" suggested—he was needed there. He sped down the steps and dashed along the street to the nearest corner, where he turned and was lost to sight.

His friend, still holding the brooch in his right hand, was standing at the top of the steps near the door and looking in the direction in which Sammy had fled, when the door burst open and a guard rushed out. Instantly he found himself seized and forced back into the gallery.

"Here is the thief," the guard exclaimed; "I saw him run to the door; and here are the diamonds!" he added, as he unclasped Phillip's hand and took the brooch.

The lady took her ornament, at the same time

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measuring the young man with a look of intense disdain. Her face seemed familiar, and in a moment he recalled that he had seen her several times, while she was waiting in her carriage for her servant to make some trifling purchase at his employer's store. She, too, recognized him, but, as it turned out later, to his sorrow.

A policeman was promptly called and the guard informed him of the affair. None knew whether the brooch had fallen and been picked up by the thief or had been taken direct from the person of the lady.

Phillip did not at first intend to explain, but when he felt certain that Sammy had made good his escape, he endeavored to convince the policeman and guard of the true facts without mentioning his friend's name, as he had no desire to spend a term in prison.

His captors, however, gave no credence to his words. He had been practically caught in the act, and his story was an invention. He was ordered to come along peaceably or he would be taken by force.

Phillip now realized that he was in desperate straits, and for a moment almost regretted his interference. Conviction meant disgrace, loss of position, and sorrow to his friends, to say nothing of the forced companionship of felons for many months.

Unconsciously his hand touched his pocketbook, and with it came the recollection of a little treasure he had kept and constantly carried as a souvenir of his first adventure in America. It was the card the Superintendent of Police had given him four years ago when acting under an impulse of kindness.

"Wait a moment," he said, and reached in his

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pocket. He found the card, carefully wrapped in paper, in a separate compartment of his pocketbook. It was somewhat bent, but little soiled, and plainly still could be read the words:

"Police officers will promptly communicate to me any request made by the bearer hereof

(Signed.) John Parker, Sup't of Police."

Phillip handed it to the policeman, who slowly read it while his prisoner demanded, "I request that you take me straight to the Superintendent."

The policeman looked at Phillip, then again at the card. Finally he called the guard back and showed it to him.

"He probably stole that, too," was the latter's opinion.

"If I did would I request to be taken before the Superintendent to expose the theft?" was the prompt rejoinder.

That argument was unanswerable. Parker had the reputation of enforcing strict obedience to his orders; and if the order was genuine it might mean dismissal to refuse compliance, and the fact that the prisoner requested to be taken into the very presence of the Superintendent indicated that such was the case.

With far more courtesy, therefore, the policeman declared his willingness to conduct our young friend to the chief, and the two were soon on their way to headquarters.

Before they arrived there the policeman said that it was unlikely that the Superintendent would be at his office, this being Sunday afternoon, and suggested that they proceed direct to his residence if Phillip felt

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certain of the nature of his reception ; otherwise they had better wait until next morning, as the Superintendent did not like to be annoyed with business at his home.

The answer was a prompt request to be taken to the Superintendent's residence—the prisoner would take the consequences upon himself.

When they arrived there they found that the Superintendent had just returned from a drive and retired to the library.

The policeman left Phillip in charge of the footman in the hallway and proceeded to deliver the card and communicate the request.

He returned after an absence of a few minutes and directed the young man to accompany him to the library.

When they entered the Superintendent sat at his desk scrutinizing the card and evidently endeavoring to recall when and to whom he had given it. It was his handwriting and his signature—but he could not remember anything connected with it.

He turned after a moment and looked sharply at Phillip standing near the door ; finally he spoke :

"Come forward ; where did you get this card ?"

"You gave it to me four years ago, sir," was the respectful answer.

"What is your name ?"

"Phillip Bertram."

The Superintendent looked at him steadily for a moment, trying to recall the face, then brightening, exclaimed : "Why, sir, I think I remember you now. Are you not the little 'Dutchman' who was lost and

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whom a gentleman from Philadelphia—let me see, what was his name—Gross, yes, Peter Gross, got us to search for?”

“Yes, sir,” Philip answered, “and you gave me that card the day I called at your office.”

“Yes, yes, I remember now. Sit down. The policeman has just informed me that you are under arrest on a most serious charge and the circumstances look black against you. I am willing to hear your explanation, for I should be sorry to learn you had gone wrong.”

Phillip proceeded to truthfully relate all that had taken place at the museum, without, however, mentioning Sammy's name. And he did more, he told the motive that prompted the act and the home circumstances of his friend which gave birth to the motive. “Do not punish my friend,” he pleaded, “his mother has no one else to support her or wait on her in her sickness. I never knew him to be dishonest before, and I don't think he will be again. He acted under the impulse of the moment and to help his mother; and, sir,” he added, almost defiantly, “I would steal myself to keep my mother from starving!”

The Superintendent made no reply for a moment; a fellow feeling for human suffering may have caused him to think that perhaps the young man's sentiments were not so wholly wrong. Finally he began to question Phillip minutely as to his doings during the last four years, and was soon in possession of the young man's little history and a pretty good knowledge of his friends. He had no need to ask the friend's name who took the brooch—he sufficiently recognized him

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as Sammy Dornbush; but he did not intend to make use of this knowledge.

When he had concluded the examination he extended his hand, and at the same time returned the card, saying:

"Keep this, my young friend, and never hesitate to use it when you need my help. I am glad that I can still retain my good opinion of you."

Then, turning to the policeman, he said: "This young man is released, and you will drop the inquiry into the affair."

Phillip thanked him warmly and turned to go, when the Superintendent again spoke:

"By the way, your coming here reminds me that the money for your trip to Philadelphia is still on deposit. I might as well put it in your charge now, I know you won't squander it." He looked for a few moments among the papers in his desk and pulled out a certificate of deposit, and endorsing it over to Phillip, handed it to him.

"Do you ever hear from Mr. Gross?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, once in a great while. He is well and intends to retire from business."

"Well, I'm glad to hear good of him; a very fine old gentleman."

He shook hands with Phillip again when he left and reminded him of the card. But the latter never had occasion to make use of it after that, although to his last day it rested among the little treasures in his home which derived their chief value from the memories with which they were associated.

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When our young friend reached Gramma O'Donnell's it was supper time. Jack had just returned and was delighting the old lady with the recital of his week's adventures—many of them imaginary—in helping to trace down criminals. Mrs. O'Donnell had grown stout and slow of motion during the last few years. She had ceased to threaten Jack with his bringing her to the grave; in fact, she was growing immensely proud of her ambitious grandson. She approved generally of all he did and nothing gave her more pleasure than to hear him relate his imaginary blood-curdling adventures.

While eating supper Phillip told them of Mrs. Dornbush's severe illness and of his intention of sitting up with her that night; but he said nothing of the afternoon's adventure. Jack said he would walk over with him and stay a little while for company.

They met the doctor coming out of the house and asked him about his patient's condition.

"I do not think she will live through the night. She is sinking fast; and she will be better off when she's gone," was his quiet reply.

The boys were shocked, because they had not thought the situation so grave. They entered and found Sammy alone with his mother. He was kneeling at her bedside and weeping bitterly. Mrs. Dornbush seemed asleep or unconscious.

When Sammy saw the boys he arose and beckoned them to rude chairs. Then he told them in a whisper what they already knew from the doctor. The little fellow bore up bravely, but some hidden grief seemed to weigh him down.

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After a few minutes he motioned Phillip to come outdoors with him, and when they were out and the door closed, he besought his friend in a subdued and imploring voice:

"Don't tell her, Phillip. It was my only crime, and shall be my last. I did it for her, but you see it would have been useless. You won't tell her, will you?" he pleaded eagerly.

"Never," Phillip answered; "nor will I tell anyone else, and no one will ever know unless you tell it yourself."

Sammy pressed his hand and silently they re-entered the room.

Presently they heard the feeble voice of the sick woman: "Sammy," and quickly he went to her side and bent over her.

"Sammy, I'm going to leave you, my son. Don't cry for me. I could not bear it longer here. Be good, be honest, my boy, and God will take care of you. Kiss me," and her voice grew fainter; "you have been so good to me—God bless you," she breathed, as he bent over her to bestow a kiss upon her dying lips.

The boys had risen and silently approached the bedside. Once more the lids that had almost closed opened—she saw her son's two faithful friends—"You will not desert him?" she whispered.

"No, no," came the subdued, but earnest answer from both.

For a moment a sweet smile lit up her face, then there was a flutter of the breath, a slight tremor of

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the body and the lids fell partly over the glassy eyes—the soul had fled.

Weeping the boys led Sammy to a chair. Jack called Mrs. Walther, whose kind heart had lightened many sorrowful hours for the deceased, and she undertook to attend to the duties which she could best perform. Jack persuaded Sammy to go home with him, while Phillip remained to assist Mrs. Walther during the night.

The funeral was held next day. In the crowded districts of the poor, with no means of staying rapid disintegration, health regulation made speedy burial a necessity. The mourners were few, consisting of our three young friends, Mrs. Walther and a few neighbors; but the tears that fell upon her grave were born of grief more sincere and love more true than many a petted child of wealth and fortune ever left behind.

“Now, Sammy,” Jack said on the way back from the funeral, “you get your duds and come with us; until you can find some other place we three can manage in one bed, even if it is crowded. I don’t suppose you want to keep on supplying your father with whisky money now?”

“No,” said Sammy, whose ideas of filial duty did not go so far as to make him believe that he must continue to supply his father with the means to nourish his vice; he had heretofore borne the cruelties of this unnatural parent in silence for his mother’s sake, whom he loved, but now that she was gone he felt no tie binding him to his former home. He, therefore, gladly accepted Jack’s offer.

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The next morning, Tuesday, Phillip returned to his work. He had about made up his mind to accept his employer's offer, and also to ask for a place for Sammy. Mr. Carson was in his office, and looked up in surprise when Phillip entered.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" he asked sharply.

"I came to tell you that I have made up my mind to accept your offer, and to ask you to give a young friend of mine employment as delivery boy; he is well acquainted and not lazy," Phillip answered.

"I have no further use for you and your friends, and must say that I am surprised to see you back so soon," was Mr. Carson's cold answer.

Phillip looked at him in astonishment. For a moment he did not know what to make of it; then the explanation dawned upon him: Some one must have told Mr. Carson of his trouble on Sunday, the recollection of which the sad event of the night and day following had nearly driven from his mind, and his thoughts reverted to the lady.

"I suppose you have been told that I was a thief and expected me to be serving a term in prison now?" he said, with some bitterness.

"I confess such are the facts," was the short answer.

"Does not my presence here indicate that I was innocent of the charge?"

"May it not also indicate that you succeeded in escaping from the officer?"

"If you will hear my explanation I can satisfy you of the contrary," Phillip replied.

"Well, I am willing to believe the contrary without explanation, because I have always found you honest in my business, and because my judgment tells me you could hardly be guilty of crime without strong inducement. However, that does not alter the situation. I must either discharge you or lose the patronage of that lady and of a large number of her wealthy friends."

Phillip thought for a moment of calling on the lady and explaining it all to her; but his pride rebelled. If she had already judged him unheard, he would not humiliate himself to attempt a defense.

He, therefore, took the check which Mr. Carson handed him in payment of the balance of wages due him, and left the office and store with the bitterness of unmerited injury in his heart.

Slowly and without a thought of whither he was going, he walked along the busy streets. He did not know what to turn to next. He had no inclination to go back to selling newspapers and blacking shoes; he was too big and strong a boy for that now; he could read and write and had a fair education in general; he must find employment of some other kind.

Thus, thinking over the situation, he had walked for a long time when he became aware that he was approaching his favorite haunt in Central Park, whither his feet had mechanically carried him. He sat down upon one of the benches, sad at heart and gloomy of thought.

A squirrel came and jumped on his knee, expecting the usual treat of a few nuts. Phillip felt in his pockets, but found none; he had not expected to come

here to-day. His little friend coaxed, smelled of his hands, poked its head down the empty coat pockets, and, finding nothing, started in search of acorns or stray morsels dropped by visitors. Finally it found something, and scampering up the nearest tree, sat on a limb and began to eat.

Phillip watched it for some time; then his look drifted to the tree; there was a wealth of green foliage catching the warm sunshine and gently swaying in the breeze; he looked about him—all nature seemed to have responded with gratitude to the welcome sunshine of spring and bedecked herself with richest robe to meet the advancing summer. Other thoughts took possession of our friend. Vividly the little village in the midst of timber-mantled hills lay before his vision. He saw again the little home across the sea, the father and the mother standing in the doorway, with love speaking from every look, the little comrades of his boyhood clustering about him—and he felt a great longing come over him. Oh, what would he not give if he could see them all again, if he could transport himself on the instant back to that day of parting! And would he, if he had it all to do over again, would he leave them as he had done before?

He hesitated—then the answer came: Yes, he would! Father and mother had not suffered want since, because he had helped them; and what had he to complain of—had he suffered want or hunger? No! On the contrary he had prospered—had fallen in with more kind people than unkind—had been happy oftener than unhappy. He had had troubles

but they never overwhelmed him; and he thought again of his father's words with which he himself had overcome the latter's resistance to his departure: "Gott verlaesst die Seinen nie!"

What though he had lost his situation! Had he not started out when younger in years and experience, with the determination to make his way in the world, and had he not many times since felt the conviction that he could overcome all difficulties if he but would! Again he felt that self-confidence coming over him which gave him the victory over Jack in their fistic encounter at the Fourth of July picnic, and he arose with the blood warming through his veins.

As he stood there a new thought came to him. How long had he not yearned for the green fields and mighty forests of the west, which the *Tribune* had so often pictured to its readers. Why not take the advice of its noble editor and go west now. At some time he had always intended to go. Independence and fortune awaited the industrious, Mr. Greeley wrote, and Phillip believed him.

His resolution was formed: He would visit Mr. Gross first and then strike out for Ohio, or possibly Michigan or Wisconsin. Sammy should go with him until he could find steady employment. He mentally calculated the amount of his funds and found he had sufficient for his purposes, that is, to pay his own and Sammy's fare to Philadelphia and for some distance farther west.

With head erect and a new light in the eye he proceeded home. It was not quite noon and Jack and

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Sammy had not yet returned. Grandma O'Donnell was busy getting dinner, and was surprised at his early appearance.

"Ah! phat brings yez home so airly; sure an' phat appetite ye byes do have!" she said, assuming her own explanation to be correct.

"Granma," Phillip said, "how much of my money are you keeping for me now?"

She stopped and looked at him in great surprise.

"An' is it afraid ye be that Oi'll shquander it?" she bristled up. "If yer afraid why don't ye kape it yersilf or put it in a bank an' let the cashier shtale it?"

"Why, granma, you mustn't get mad; I know my money is perfectly safe with you; but I need it all now, because I'm going to leave the city, I'm going out west."

The bowl of boiled potatoes the old lady was about to place on the table came down with a thump, while she threw up both hands and sank down in a chair.

"Goin' to lave the city—goin' out wist!" she echoed, and looked at Phillip as much astonished as though he had been suddenly transformed into a mountain. But she recovered quickly, and her apron came to her face, while she swayed her fat body from side to side, moaning out her grief.

"Ah, me bye—to think yez would lave yer ould granma all alone in the worruld with no wan to support and comfort her, afther me bein' so koind to yez, and tindin' yez loike me own baby! Don't ye do it, Phillip! Shtay with me, don't lave yer ould

granma!" and the affection that showed in voice and words made tears come to Phillip's eyes.

He threw his arms around her neck and kissed the kind old soul while he said:

"But, granma, you won't be alone; Jack will stay and take care of you. And just think what a great man he will be and what a great name he will have, and how proud you'll be of him."

He touched the right key. She lowered her apron, and, while the tears were yet wet on her cheeks, a smile of pleasure spread o'er her face.

"Yis, faith, an' I had forgotten. It's a great man Jack is, an' a good son. Only yisterday he tould me how he caught a whole gang of bank robbers—surrounded thim all alone and made them surrinder."

Just then Jack came in, and, overhearing his grandmother's repetition of his last extravagant yarn, flushed deeply. Those adventures were usually intended for the old lady's ears alone, because she was the only one to lend credence to them. He thought best, however, to offer no explanation, because his friends knew of this little failing of his. Sammy also arrived just then, and Mrs. O'Donnell hastened to place the remainder of the dinner on the table.

"Jack, old friend," Phillip spoke up, after they were seated, "I have just told granma that I'm going to leave you; I'm going out west."

Jack was no less surprised than his grandmother had been, but he did not indulge in useless lamentations. He was silent a moment, then extended his hand across the table and grasped Phillip's. A tear

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glistened in his eye, as he said, "I will stay with granma."

He also had been touched by the "western fever," but he knew that for the few years of her remaining life his duty was to be at the side of his old grandmother.

Not so with Sammy, however; his eyes sparkled the moment he heard the announcement, and eagerly he asked, "Take me along, Phillip, won't you?"

"I will if you wish to go," was the ready response.

"Are you tired of clerking?" Jack asked after a while.

"No, but I have been discharged." Then he told them of his reception by Mr. Carson and the cause, relating his whole experience of the previous Sunday, without telling who the friend was whom he saved.

"Yes, and I was that boy," burst out Sammy; "to think that after all you have done for me I should cause you to lose your job and drive you out of the city."

Jack and Mrs. O'Donnell were astonished, and full of sympathy; but our hero was cheerful and told them he didn't care.

"Never mind, Sammy, it's all for the best. Who knows what would have become of me if I had remained here. Now I'm going out west and will make my fortune."

His cheerfulness and confidence infected the others, and soon they were discussing their trip and plans for the future. Jack proposed a week's vacation to visit again all the old places of their youthful adventures in the city; but Phillip's impatience would

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admit of no delay. When his mind was made up he had to act. He could be ready to start Thursday morning, and start then he would.

That afternoon Phillip wrote a long letter to his parents, telling them of the change in his plans and requesting that they direct his letters in care of Mr. Gross until they heard from him again. He also enclosed a few short lines to his older brothers, to be forwarded to them. To Eda he wrote more at length. Contrary to expectation, Mr. Baldwin had been re-appointed for another four-year term, and he would, therefore, not return to America for several years to come. He wrote his sister that he expected to visit Detroit and would call on Mr. Baldwin's friends; but expected to go still farther west.

To Mr. Gross he would not write. He wanted to surprise him, and was sure of a hearty welcome at any time.

Jack came home in the evening and announced that he had obtained leave of absence for the next day. They would spend the day visiting old friends and playmates. Sammy was all excitement with anticipation of his trip; coupled with this was the fear that his father, whose term of imprisonment expired that day, might find him out and put a stop to it. He slept very little that night or the next; every little noise startled him, and he was in a constant fever of anxiety lest his father might suddenly show up.

Wednesday was spent in visiting friends, as had been planned. They called on many of their former young comrades, some of whom they found at the old haunts. The parting with Professor Yale and his

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sister was affecting; they never expected to see each other again, and Phillip felt under a deep debt of gratitude to his kind teacher. Fanny and Nellie, too, his little schoolmates, he hunted up, and they blushing accepted his farewell kiss.

Phillip proposed that they visit the Superintendent of Police; although he had seen him but a few days before, he thought he ought to say good-bye to so great a man who had been so kind to him. Sammy would not go along—he had his doubts as to what might be done to him if the Superintendent found out he was the boy who took the diamonds; so that the other two went alone.

They were promptly admitted, and, when the Superintendent looked up and recognized our hero, he smilingly exclaimed, "What! In trouble again?"

"No, sir," Phillip answered, "I thought I might come and say good-bye to you; I'm going to leave the city to-morrow."

"Leave the city? But why so sudden, what has happened? Sit down."

Phillip flushed, but promptly answered without changing his position, "I have lost my job. My employer discharged me because—because of what happened Sunday."

"Because of what happened Sunday? Didn't I release you because you were not the thief? Why should he discharge you?" said the chief, irritated and in great surprise; then, seeing Phillip still standing, added:

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"Sit down and tell me briefly all that has happened since Sunday to cause you to change your plans so suddenly."

Phillip complied with the request. When he had concluded the Superintendent said, thoughtfully, "Well, you may be right, although you would have come to the front in this city as well."

Then, turning to look at Jack, he added, "Is this your friend 'Jack,' who is now in the employ of Mr. Morton?" and on receiving an affirmative answer, he said to the latter:

"I may have occasion to use you soon in a matter that may affect your young friend's former acquaintances, Pfeffer and Krumm, although under different names. Tell Mr. Morton when I send for you to release you at once from any work you may be engaged in and send you to me."

"Well, my young friend," again turning to the other, "I wish you good luck; always keep a stiff upper lip, and you'll be all right. If you ever come to New York again, hunt me up; I shall be glad to see you." So saying, he shook hands with Phillip and the boys departed.

When they had left the room the Superintendent turned to his secretary and said: "Remarkable boy, that young Bertram—got the right mettle; he'll make his mark some day."

"A scion of good old stock," was the laconic reply.

CHAPTER XI.

PETER GROSS.

EARLY next morning Phillip and Sammy bade farewell to their kind friends. The former wept, while the good old lady held him to her expansive breast; she had been good and kind to him, had given him a home when lost and shelterless in the great city, and cared for him like a mother; and his heart overflowed with gratitude.

“God bless ye, me bye! Ye’ll niver see yer ould granma agin; and when Oi’m gone Jack will follow ye, Oi know. His heart is with ye now, but I can’t let him lave me yit,” and she hugged and kissed him over and over again.

Finally, with a sad heart, he left her to weep alone. She had learned to love him in her own fashion like an own son, and it seemed terrible hard to say farewell forever.

Jack accompanied the other two as far as Jersey City, where they bought their tickets, and, after a long, warm clasp of the hands, the friends parted and Phillip and Sammy entered the waiting train.

“I’ll follow you some day, Phil,” were Jack’s last words as they entered.

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"A—all aboard!" the conductor shouted, and slowly the train pulled out, carrying the erstwhile little "greenhorn" away from the scenes and surroundings that for four years had witnessed and contributed to his growth, development and transformation. A little boy, ignorant of the language of the country, "green" and inexperienced, he had entered the city; a youth of fifteen, whose pronunciation of English hardly gave a hint of his foreign birth, strong, healthy and courageous, rich in observation and experience, he left it—a thousand times better equipped to take up single-handed the battle of life.

The trip was one of unalloyed pleasure to Sammy. He was brimming over with happiness; he had eluded his father—if the latter had, indeed, searched for him, which was doubtful—and was now on the way to freedom. A new existence seemed to dawn before him, and wherever he looked he found cause for delight.

Phillip could not long resist contagion, and soon forgot the sorrow of parting in the attraction of the scenes of country life constantly displayed to his view. Each stop that was made the boys rushed out onto the depot platform and mingled for a few minutes with the villagers assembled to witness the train's arrival and departure. The stops were not very frequent, but often quite long, and the speed of the train, when at its best, was far from making one dizzy. They did not cross the Delaware until two o'clock in the afternoon, and the ride southward along the west bank took fully three hours longer. But it was delightful! For miles they could see the shining

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waters far ahead and behind them glitter in the sunlight and the scenery was at times wildly grand and beautiful.

It was five o'clock when they arrived at Philadelphia and were once again in the midst of the noise and bustle of a great city. But it was not like New York; it seemed to lack the rush and excitement and nervous tension of the American metropolis. The newsboys, even, did not seem to show the aggressiveness to which our two friends were accustomed. The hack and 'bus drivers alone could be said to equal those of New York in their shouting and importunities.

Our friends, with their carpet bags in their hands, approached one of them and asked whether he could take them to No. 724 Twenty-First street.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; get right in, gentlemen—take you right to the door," he assured them.

The boys got into the 'bus and were soon bowling along at a good rate. After riding about half an hour he halted in front of a large frame building of somewhat disreputable appearance, and opened the door for them to alight.

"What place is this?" asked Phillip, peering out at the building and its surroundings. It did not look like a wholesale wine merchant's establishment, nor did the surrounding buildings seem to indicate that this was a "wholesaling" district.

"It's all right, get right out; they'll show you the place when you get into the hotel," was the driver's answer.

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Phillip was alert; he read the driver's number and saw from his looks that he was a scoundrel.

"No. 29, you will take us direct to 724 Twenty-first street without an instant's delay," he said sharply; "and see that you make no mistake!"

The driver looked at him for a moment, gave a long drawn thoughtful whistle and jumped onto his seat.

"All right, gentlemen," he called back; "I made a mistake."

He evidently had—that of taking them for "suckers."

It was after six o'clock when he again stopped, and, looking out, Phillip read the sign in large gilt letters, "Peter Gross & Son. Wholesale Wines and Liquors." He and his friend alighted, paid the driver and started for the door, while the latter drove away.

They found the door locked, but after several times rapping a man, evidently the night watch, appeared and asked what they wanted.

"We want to see Mr. Peter Gross," Phillip replied.

"Mr. Peter Gross has retired from business and lives over in Germantown; his son Adolph now runs the business and he has gone home for the day."

"Can you give us his street and number?" Phillip asked.

"Yes, sir; if you will wait a minute," he answered, and went back into the store. In a short time he returned with the required address, and after having received the necessary directions, our friends started out.

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"It will be dark before you get there if you walk—better hire a 'bus," he called after them.

Our young friends did not care to spend more money than necessary, and, therefore, preferred to go on foot. After an hour's brisk walking and much inquiring, they finally reached the correct address.

Phillip boldly took the lead and sounded the knocker. A servant girl, evidently of German extraction, answered the call and wished to know what they wanted.

"We want to see Mr. Gross," Phillip replied. The girl asked them to wait, closed the door and returned into the house.

Now it so happened that Mr. Gross, who for many years had been a "high liver," just at this time had a most painful attack of the gout. In spite of the doctor's strict orders, however, he could not deny his appetite; and his wife, who was almost as stout and as a rule as good-natured as he, upheld him in it.

"Wat's de use of killing yourself by shtarving. You always eat und dranked all you want for de last dwenty years und it nefer hurt you. Dat ain't wat ails you. I dink it's de rheumatiz!" she gave as her decisive opinion; and Peter was only too happy to believe it. As a result his pain increased instead of diminishing.

That evening he had just finished a hearty supper, and, with it, a bottle of his fiery "Burgunder," and was now lying back in his massive easy chair, smoking a pipe and reading the evening paper, while his heavily bandaged foot rested on a comfortable stool, when the servant announced:

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"Mr. Gross, dare are two poys at de door wat want to seen you."

"Dell dem to go away. I won't see nobody to-night," he said, angry at being disturbed.

The girl returned to our friends and told them they could not see Mr. Gross that night; he was indisposed and they could call in the morning.

"But we must see him at once, if only for a few minutes. Tell him we'll go right away then—if he wants us to," Phillip rejoined.

She re-entered and reported, "De poys won't go, dey say dey must seen you to-night shure."

"Wat de dewil you say?" shouted the now thoroughly angry lord of the house, "dey won't go away wen I dell dem to go! Ho, fetch dem in here, I'll make dem go double gwick!" and he thumped his cane violently on the floor.

Phillip was already in the hallway, closely followed by Sammy, as the old gentleman began to speak—the servant not having latched the door when she closed it the second time—and, just as old Peter finished the last sentence, he pushed open the door of the sitting room and appeared before his irate friend, with Sammy at his heels.

The old gentleman stared as though he saw a ghost. Suddenly he shouted: "Himmel alle Welt! Phillip, is dat you? Ou!! Ou!! Au!! Au—oo!!! Oh, Lord!" he groaned and gasped the next instant; "Oh, die verdammte rheumatiz! Ach, ach, how dat hurts!" In his joy at seeing Philip he had jumped from his chair, forgetting all about his inflamed foot. "Oh, my. Oh, I'm so glad you come! Oh, my, how dat

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hurts," and between his exclamations of mingled pain and pleasure, Sammy was not at all sure that their appearance had been welcome.

Phillip went up to his old friend, who seized his extended hand and squeezed it with pleasure, emphasized no doubt by the agonizing twinges in his foot.

Then he shook hands with Mrs. Gross, whom he had never met, but who was easy to recognize from Mr. Gross' description of her.

"Sit down boys, sit down; ma, dell Clara to bring de boys someding to eat, dey must be hungry—und a bottle of wine, too; dell her to bring it all right in here on de little dable, so I can see dem wile dey eat."

"Und who is your young frient dere?" he continued; "looks like a nice boy; did you bring him from New York wid you?"

"Yes, uncle, that is Sammy Dornbush, about whom I wrote you several times. His mother died last Sunday and he has come with me to seek his fortune," Phillip replied.

"De boor boy, to lose his modder so young," and the tears stood in his eyes at once. "Come here, my boy, shake hands," and he extended his fat red hand to Sammy.

"Go ofer to ma, und she will make you feel at home; she is a goot woman," he directed, and Sammy went and was soon sitting on the lounge beside Mrs. Gross, answering her kindly questions until supper was served.

"Now, boys, sit down und eat," Mr. Gross urged as soon as the table was set; "but first we'll drink a glass of wine to dis happy day; ma, fill de glasses.

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De doctor says I must not drink any wine on account of my rheumatiz; but I dink a little, wonced in a wile, don't make no differentz."

"Prosit, boys, und a long life and happiness to you," he continued, as they touched glasses; "if you nefer drink more den I, it will nefer hurt you."

Our young friends did ample justice to the good meal set before them, their long walk and the lateness of the hour having given them a vigorous appetite.

During the whole meal old Peter plied his young friend with questions, and now and then, when the latter showed some reluctance in relating a personal experience, Sammy would be drawn into the conversation, and relate matters certainly not to Philip's discredit.

The latter had to tell again in all detail how he had been lost in New York City, although he had long since written Mr. Gross full particulars; and the exclamations of the old gentleman now and then were more expressive than elegant.

"Dem tam schoundrels ought to be hung!" he exclaimed, striking his cane violently on the floor, when Phillip had related the manner in which Pfeffer and Krumm, after robbing him, had him locked up in the police station.

"Now dat chudge was a good man; dat was right! De whole bolice force ought to haf been sushpended," was his comment on the police magistrate who discharged Phillip and locked up and suspended the officer.

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The Superintendent of Police was "a chentleman, efery inch of him; he is a great man und do anyting for me."

But the climax of his approval was reached when Phillip related how they had met Krumm, a year later, and how Jack had thrashed him. "Hurrah for dat boy! Dat is a boy after mine own heart! He's a brick, he's a whole brickyard! Wy didn't you bring him along? He must come und see me; I will write to him. Lord knows wat would haf become of you if he hadn't been your frient. Und Sammy, you was a faitful frient, too; I will make a man off you. Did you see de fight, too, Sammy?"

And Sammy had to tell the whole thing over again, which he did with many boyish embellishments.

Briefly then Phillip sketched the remainder of his experiences up to that day, reserving many little incidents for future evenings.

Now and then Mr. Gross urged them to drink another glass of wine, but the boys steadily declined; this did not, however, deter him from cheerfully finishing the bottle alone.

"Well, I'm glad, anyhow, dat you are demperentz," he remarked at one time, rather earnestly; "I wish my Adolph would not drink so much," and after a moment's pause, added, in the utmost good faith: "If he would only drink moderately like his fadher, he would be all right; but dat young America—you can't do noting wid dem."

It was near midnight when Mrs. Gross finally suggested that they retire.

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"Yes, go wid ma, she'll show you to your room; und to-morrow we can haf a long dalk. Did you bring a drunk? No? Well, dake your satchels up along, und we'll see wat you need in de morning. Goot night, boys! Ma, come back und help me wid my foot; dat tam ding is beginning to hurt again like blazes," he added with a grimace, as he endeavored to shift his position.

Our friends enjoyed a good night's rest, and the sun was shining brightly into their room when they awoke.

"Are you awake, Sammy?" asked Phillip, lightly shaking him by the shoulder.

"Yes, Phil, just woke up. Say, Phil, I've been thinking—you won't mind, will you? but I wish you wouldn't call me 'Sammy' any more. Call me 'Sam,' " he said entreatingly. "You know I'm small enough anyway, without constantly calling attention to my size."

"Very well, old boy; you shall be Samuel or Sam to me hereafter, barring an occasional slip from old habit. Reckon you are right; we have started out to make our fortunes as men, and we must assume the manner of men—'though we'll slip up often enough! Well, let's get up." So saying, Phillip jumped out of bed and proceeded to wash.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Sam, as in deference to his wishes we must hereafter call him, "isn't this a beautiful neighborhood?" and his friend joined him at the open window, while wiping his face with a towel.

It was, indeed, a pleasant scene that met their view. The many quaint, old-fashioned residences, with here

and there one of more modern architecture, half concealed by the massive shade trees that lined the streets and studded wide green lawns, the sun just high enough to cast fantastic shadows and make the dew drops sparkle like ten thousand crystals, the fragrance of the morning air, sweet scented by the flowers blooming in every dooryard, all lent a charm to captivate the senses of our young friends who had long lived in a crowded district of the poor in a large city.

"Let's hurry up and get out," Phillip exclaimed eagerly, after gazing on the scene for a few minutes. "This is too nice to stay indoors."

When they reached the sitting-room they found Mrs. Gross, true to her early habits, already up and giving directions for breakfast. She greeted them very heartily and inquired how they had rested, and whether their dreams had been pleasant. "I didn't dream at all," Phillip answered laughingly; "the bed was so soft and nice, I could only sleep." But Sam said he had beautiful dreams all night, and just when he was sure he owned such a nice home himself he awoke.

"Well, I'm so glad," Mrs. Gross rejoined, "because you know," she added impressively, "wat one dreams wen he schleeps in a house de firsht time always comes true!"

Mr. Gross had not yet arisen; his ailment was worse that morning, and he had just dropped off into a second sleep. So Mrs. Gross said they would not wait with breakfast.

If the old lady had found reason to admire our friends' appetites on the evening before, she found

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renewed cause for delight in the manner in which they did justice to her cooking that morning.

"It pays to cook for such boys as you. Dat's de way pa used to eat, und Adolph—but it's a long time since he eat like dat—it was before he took to drinking so much," she added, sadly.

She told them that Adolph was married and lived farther down town, so as to be near the business. His wife was "a good woman, but she could do noding wid him eider. Rosa," that was his little girl, twelve years old, "she comes up here often, und she is the best little girl wat it gives. She got her fodder's good heart, but she looks just as pretty as her mudder did wen she was a little ding like dat."

After breakfast, Phillip suggested a walk, and Mrs. Gross urged them not to be gone too long, as "pa" would be sure to want them when he got up. "Und don't get lost boys," she cautioned them as they started, "because dis is a large city."

Our friends smilingly assured her that they would be careful, and would come back early.

For three hours they strolled about the beautiful residence portions of the ancient city—ancient at least compared with many others that were then rapidly approaching it in population and throbbing life. Many of the houses bore evidence of bygone years and carried the memories of the past like living history. Here and there still stood a cherished relic of revolutionary times to waft the thrill of patriotism to the human heart. Some of the sights impressed our young friends because they knew their

import from what they had read or heard—much more, however, their imagination supplied.

After a long tramp and a happy time, they returned to Mr. Gross'. They found him up and dressed, and resting comfortably in his easy chair, to which the old lady and Clara, the stout German servant girl, had assisted him.

"Goot morning, boys," he greeted cheerfully; "been out to see de city? Well, you will find Philadelphia a fine old blace. I only wish I could show you around, but my rheumatiz is so bad dis morning, I can't walk at all."

"Never mind, uncle," Phillip replied, after returning the greeting, "we will do very well alone. Sam and I are no 'greenys' and we will know a good deal about Philadelphia before the week is out. I'm sorry your foot is so much worse this morning; is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, yes, sit down and dalk to me. Wen ma is busy I get awful lonesome sometimes." Then, turning to a flaxen-haired, bright-eyed little girl sitting quietly listening on the sofa, he called to her, "Come here Rosa und shake hands wid Phillip; dat is my young frient from the ship; you two must be good frients. Dat, Phillip," addressing the latter, "is my little grandchild Rosa, und de best girl in de world."

"Ain't she pretty, eh?" he asked, as she came up and blushing extended her plump little hand to the young man, who held it in his own for a moment, while looking admiringly into her sunny face covered with the blush of roses, then turned and presented her to his friend.

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"This is my good friend, Sam Dornbush, a little bashful at first, but true blue always. I know we three will be friends."

Sam had been unable to withdraw his eyes from her ever since he entered the room, and now flushed crimson as he awkwardly touched the little hand extended to him and stammered that he was "glad to make her acquaintance," or something equally eloquent.

The old gentleman soon engaged Phillip in conversation, while Rosa and Sam sat quietly listening a short distance from them. She was interested, but to Sam most of what he heard was not new. He covertly watched the ever-changing expressions of her face; and, gradually forgetting all else, sat looking straight at her, as though she were the only person in the room besides himself. All at once she arose and startled him by coming over to him and asking:

"Do I remind you of some one?"

"N—no," he stammered, blushing again. "I think I have never seen any one like you; you are so different."

"How different, ain't I as nice as other little girls, those in New York?"

"Oh, so much nicer," was Sam's enthusiastic, but subdued response.

It was her turn to blush now, but she turned the tables by saying: "Thank you, but mamma says it isn't good manners to stare at people." And she left him confused, to return to her seat, from which she, however, observed him more closely than before.

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Mr. Gross and Phillip had not heard any of this conversation, so engrossed were they in their own. The latter had just stated that he now wanted to pay back as much as he could of the loan, and that, after a short visit, he would start for the west.

"Und I say you can't go!" finally almost shouted the old man. "Wat you tinkin' about any way! First you get yourself lost in New York City, den wen I find you you won't come, und now wen you are here you won't shtay! Nefer! You can't go away now I dell"—he stopped suddenly while a groan escaped his lips. In his excitement he had again forgotten his inflamed foot and moved it rather suddenly.

Phillip and the others were all sympathy in a moment; but that did not help matters; the pain had to have its time to recede gradually.

After a while the old gentleman again began:

"No, no, Phillip, you must shtay wid me. I am getting old and ma is, too. You know her old trouble, and no one can say how long she will be wid us. Rosa, gif me my handkerchief, dere, ofer dere on the table." And he wiped his eyes and continued earnestly:

"If ma should leave us I would be all alone. I know I haf no right to hold you, but, Phillip, I like you and you will do better here den to go out west. I will send you to college; I would haf sent my Adolph, but de boy would not go. But you are different und will be a whole man some day. I will send you both to school and you can lif here und keep me company out of school hours und in the efen-

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ings. 'Tink it ofer for a week wile you look about town. I know your fadder will be happy if you shtay wid me."

The earnest entreaty of the kindhearted old man half persuaded our hero, and he felt the truth of his closing remark. Yes, his father would prefer to have him stay and improve such golden opportunity to get an education. But the desire was strong within him to try his fortune in the great west. He felt the ability to battle with adversity, and the conviction of ultimate success. A feeling of self-reliance and independence had taken root in his breast, and the thought of a time when all his strength should be put to the test thrilled him in every fibre of his being.

His experiences had matured a naturally earnest nature beyond its years, and at the age of fifteen he possessed the self-confidence and firmness of purpose which had carried thousands of American boys to victory before him. American life tends to early development, and at years when others are still under the sheltering protection of the paternal roof-tree, we often find our boys boldly striking out for themselves, and hewing with sturdy purpose a pathway to victory.

"All right, uncle, I will accept your kind hospitality for two weeks, and if I finally make up my mind to accept your generous offer, I'll try never to make you feel sorry for it," Phillip answered after a long pause.

"Won't you come down and see mamma this afternoon—grandpa will let you, won't you, grandpa, dear?" spoke up Rosa.

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"Yes, of course, boys, go and see Rosa's mamma; und you must take dem down to see your papa, too. Tell your papa to come und see me, he has not been up for a week," he answered.

"Well, boys, you got back all right, I see," came from Mrs. Gross, who was just entering the room; "Philadelphia is a big city und it makes me awful tired to walk around; but you young boys don't mind it. Did you bring back an appetite? Come on, dinner is ready; come Rosa, grandpa just had his breakfast und don't want any dinner," and she hustled them out into the adjoining dining room.

"Say, ma," the latter called after her, "leave de door open, so I can hear your dalk."

Mrs. Gross apologized for the dinner, she had an attack of one of her "dizzy shpells" in the forenoon, and had to leave most of the work to Clara; but the meal seemed as fine to them as any our young friends had ever tasted.

When dinner was concluded and after visiting with the old gentleman for an hour, Rosa insisted on the promised call at her mamma's; and soon the boys were under way, with the little girl pointing out in childish enthusiasm all the noteworthy sights on the route.

After half an hour's walking they reached her papa's home. It was not unlike the modern flats, wedged in between the other houses in a street closely built up. There were shade trees lining both sides of the street, but little evidence of lawns or garden plots.

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The boys followed Rosa into the house and were presented to her mother, who received them with gracious welcome.

She was a woman of slight figure, and but little over thirty years of age; her countenance bore evidence of quiet grief; her eyes, blue like Rosa's, had a half-veiled look of sadness, while her hair was already streaked with gray.

She soon made the boys feel at ease by her gentle friendliness, and her kindly heart awoke an answering echo in theirs. They liked her from the first moment, and the memories of their own dear mothers' love instinctively drew their hearts to her.

Rosa's father was down town, presumably at his place of business, and thither she, after a while, proposed to conduct her young companions. They were reluctant to leave, and readily promised to soon repeat the visit.

When they arrived at the place where they had received directions on the evening before, Mr. Gross was absent; but Rosa, with grave importance, undertook to show them about the establishment. The office was located in the rear part of the main store room. Tiers of barrels filled with liquor lined both sides, and another row extended the whole length of the room through the center. The second floor was filled with all manner of casks, bottles, barrels, boxes and other packages for shipping.

"But the cellars you ought to see, they are full of wines from bottom to top. I will get Mr. Dorn to go down with us—it's so dark I don't like to go alone," Rosa said when they had returned to the

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main floor. Then she called Mr. Dorn, one of the salesmen, who willingly brought a light and showed our friends the massive cellars filled with vast stores of foreign wines. Some, he said, were twenty years old. In reply to Sam's question why they did not sell it before it got so old, he informed them that the wines improved and became more valuable with age, some of the heavier ones not reaching perfection until full thirty years old.

It was interesting, and new. Sam stopped to talk with some of the boys engaged in washing bottles in one of the packing rooms at the front end of the cellar, and came to the conclusion that it was easy work.

When they again reached the office, Mr. Gross had returned, and Rosa introduced our young friends. He was evidently somewhat the worse for liquor, but tried hard to conceal it. He was of medium height, a little portly, and his red face and watery eyes clearly showed the effects of much dissipation. Originally of a kindly, easygoing disposition, strong drink, excessively indulged in, had made him cross and irritable except when under its influence—at which times he was unduly gracious to everybody.

His greeting left nothing to be desired. He patted his little daughter's head and took her on his knee.

"How is grandpa and grandma?" he inquired, "for I suppose you have been there to-day."

"Yes, I took dinner there," Rosa answered; "grandma is quite well, but grandpa is unable to walk, his rheumatism is so bad; and he wants you to call. He said you had not been to see him for a week."

"His rheumatism is bad, ha, ha, ha; poor grandpa is bound to believe it's rheumatism! But true, I ought to call. Well, we'll go up together to-morrow, rosebud, won't we?" and he kissed her tenderly.

"I suppose you will stay in Philadelphia for a while now that you have finally got here? The old gentleman talked of your coming so long without result, that I began to doubt even your existence. And it's wonderful stories he told about you," he said, addressing Phillip; "he claims you saved his life on ship-board."

"Oh, it was not so bad as that," Phillip answered with a smile; "the doctor said he was in no particular danger, and all I did was to keep him company and now and then pass him his medicine or fix his pillows. He wanted some one to be near him and to talk to."

"Yes, that's just like him; it would kill him to be alone with no one to talk to, and so perhaps after all you saved his life," was the laughing rejoinder.

To his question as to how long they would remain in the city, Phillip answered that they had not made up their minds. Mr. Gross wanted them to remain and go to college; but that he wished to go out West.

"That's right, strike out and do something; these college-bred fellows never make good business men. The old gent wanted me to go to college, too, but I wouldn't do it; and I can handle my business first rate;" and he looked around at his clerks with pride.

"I can give one of you a job right now; there is a vacancy in the shipping-room. It's not much of a position, but I'm the man to give a kid a chance to work up if he's up to snuff," he continued; "which one of

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you will it be?" and he looked from one to the other.

"I thank you," Phillip answered; "but if I stay in the city at all, I'll accept your father's proposition."

"Then I will take the position," Sam spoke up. "When do you want me to begin?"

Adolph Gross looked at Phillip with considerable disfavor on hearing his reply; but turned very pleasantly toward Sam when the latter accepted his offer.

"It won't be to your loss, my boy," he said. "You can start in at any time, the sooner the better, because there is plenty of work."

"Then I will start to-morrow if Mr. Gross consents."

Rosa had been watching them both closely, and gave Sam such a grateful look when he accepted that he would have been willing to work without any compensation if necessary. But the wages offered were good, in fact, looked quite excessive to him.

On the way back she said she was so glad Sam had accepted her papa's offer and hoped they would call often at her house. There they left her, and returned to Peter Gross' just in time for supper.

That evening they had another long talk, in which Mr. Gross repeatedly urged Phillip to take the opportunity to get a better education, and before they retired for the night the latter gladdened his heart by saying:

"I will accept your kindness, because I feel it would be my father's wish; although I can do little to repay you."

"Pay me, who's dalking about pay?" Mr. Gross exclaimed joyously. "I get more pay out of it dan you

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tink for. Ho, ma, now we won't get lonesome any more! Bodh de boys got to lif here. Sam can take his dinner down town, but efenings we will be togedder. Clara! Clara!" he shouted, "get a bottle of old Johannisberger, I'm going to celebrate on dis!"

He urged the boys to drink, but they quietly declined. Their observation of the day set them both to thinking more seriously than ever before of the dangers lurking in intoxicants. True, they had seen enough of the baneful effects of liquor in their young lives—especially had Sammy suffered from its curse; but, somehow, their hearts never before felt the touch of danger as Adolph's looks, on that day, had brought it home to them. A man of the kindest heart and sympathies going to an early grave through its vicious grasp on his appetite.

Phillip even went so far as to suggest to Mr. Gross that the wine would make his foot worse for the morrow, but old Peter almost resented it. "Wine don't hurt me, don't you believe it! I dranked wine for forty years und it nefer hurt me. It's de wedder wat's in my foot, dat's all. So long as I lif I can drink too—of course wid moderation."

"Tree years ago next New Years," he continued, "I made up my mind dat I must be more temperentz. I nefer drinkt to excess, understand, because I nefer got drunk, anyway not fery often; but den I sometimes took a few bottles more dan I ought to and got de headache in de morning. So I made up my mind to shwear off drinking so much und going out to the clubs in the efenings. You see, Monday night dere was de Skaat club; Toosday night, the 'old men's so-

cial club'; Wednesday night, men's 'Gesang Verein'; Tuesday night, concert, wen ma went along, und after de concert some little refreshments at Shteinmeyer's; und so it went pretty near all de week. Off course no man could shtand dat forefer. So I made up my mind to reform. Now I takes only one bottle before dinner, one or two in de afternoon, und about one or so in the efening. Off course, on special occasions, wen I don't feel chust right, or wen I have company, or wen I get de blues, maybe—den I take a little more. Aber, I nefer go out efenings now; I always shtay at home mit ma. Off course, it was hard at fursht," he added with a sigh, "but now I am used to it, und I can get along fery well."

Phillip said no more. The old gentleman evidently was sincere in the belief of his extreme moderation, and it was just as well to leave him in such belief—it was too late to make a change.

CHAPTER XII.

A YEAR IN PHILADELPHIA.



THE next year of Phillip's life was, with few exceptions, uneventful. The arrangements were made nearly as the elder Mr. Gross wished them. Phillip went to school; but Sam insisted upon taking the position offered by Rosa's father. His duties, however, left him the long evenings to himself, and Phillip became his tutor in many things. Both boys lived at the home of Peter Gross, and, if they had been his sons, their treatment could not have been better.

The money Phillip had saved to pay back what he considered a loan, Mr. Gross positively refused to take, and finally made the young man keep it as a birthday present. He used a part to purchase suitable clothing and the necessary books, and in a short time after their arrival he was attending one of the excellent schools for which Philadelphia was even then noted.

During their leisure hours they cheered their kind old friends to the best of their ability. They even learned to play Mr. Gross' favorite games of cards, to help him while away the tedious hours. Occasionally his health showed temporary improvement, and

the boys would help him out onto the veranda or lawn to enjoy the warm summer evenings; but most of the time his "rheumatiz" confined him to his chair and the house.

They still had ample time, however, to stroll about the city and learn to know its points of interest. Fairmount Park soon became Phillip's favorite resort, as Central Park had been in New York. It seemed to bring him nearer to and in touch with nature. There he would often go with his books under his arm to get his lessons. Sunday afternoons, when Mr. Gross was taking his accustomed nap, both boys could always be found there, often accompanied by Rosa, and sometimes also by her mother.

Rosa, too, was going to school, and often she would come up to the house to have Phillip help her get her lessons. Sam would then be an eager listener; in fact, many times he could repeat the whole exercises after they were through.

A warm attachment sprang up between Rosa and Sam, whose early lives and surroundings had been so different; there was a cord of mutual sympathy in their natures which drew them together. He was attentive to her every wish and whim, and she accepted his little services with a graciousness that made his heart glad.

The summer vacation was short, and it passed like a dream of pleasure to young Bertram. It was a period of his life never to be forgotten. Surrounded by the kindest of friends, without a care or worry, free to roam as suited fancy—the days passed all too fast.

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When the fall term began he felt a thrill of vigor and strength which made his studies a pleasure. Professor Heidborn, the teacher of German, whom Phillip informed of his intentions for the future, and that he could probably not conclude a full course, helped him to select such studies as would be of the most benefit; and he applied himself with such energy to his work that he was soon the equal of those whose whole young lives had been spent in preparatory education.

Nor did he neglect athletic exercises. In boxing and wrestling he had no superior, and in rowing and swimming he soon held his own with the majority. He was growing rapidly and developing into a strong symmetrical young man. Before the year closed he had decidedly outgrown his clothes, and he gave them to Sam and purchased others with the remainder of his funds.

One thing happened during the first year that cast a deep cloud over the happiness of our friends. Just before Christmas Mrs. Peter Gross had another stroke of apoplexy, from which she never recovered. Phillip was called from school at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and when he reached home found her stretched out upon the bed, conscious, but unable to speak. He stepped to the bedside and bent over her. Gently he parted the hair which had fallen down on her forehead and kissed her. She evidently knew him and her eyes sought his. A look of deep entreaty filled them. Phillip understood. "No, while he lives I will never leave him," he answered the mute appeal.

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Her lips slightly parted as if in the effort to speak, but they emitted no sound. The trace of a grateful smile showed in her countenance. He had understood her, and she trusted his word.

The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, called him to the next room.

"I understand from Mr. Gross that you are to have charge of the affairs here for the present," he said in a low voice. "I will not conceal from you the true situation. Mrs. Gross will live but a few days longer; she is sinking fast, even now; but I fear very much for the life of the old gentleman also. In their own homely way they were intensely devoted to each other and the blow will be the more severe owing to his condition. Keep him from indulging his grief too much, or attempting to drown it in the way most natural to him—you understand. Excess, now, might be fatal even more speedily than we may anticipate."

Phillip sought Mr. Gross. He was lying back in his chair sleeping uneasily; and a half empty bottle of his strongest wine and an empty glass stood before him on the little table.

Quietly the young man removed the bottle and glass, and ordered Clara not to bring him any more without first consulting him, no matter what Mr. Gross might demand. "The doctor has forbidden it unless we wish to bury both," he said earnestly.

Clara wept and promised obedience.

Phillip returned to the sitting-room and took a seat near to Mr. Gross. The latter talked incoherently in his sleep. Once he muttered, "Ma, ma, don't leave me—yes, I come soon—oh, poor ma, und I

can't do nodding for you—iff only Phillip was here." Then he shifted his position uneasily and awoke.

"Oh, Phillip, I'm so glad you come," he said with mingled joy and sadness; "haf you seen ma? How is she, is she getting better?" and he looked beseechingly into the sober face of the youth.

Phillip assured him that the doctor was doing all that he could, and that he must not despair; "but, uncle, we must always be prepared for the worst. God alone knows when her time has come. No matter what happens, I will stay with you, I have promised."

Tears ran down the old man's cheeks, and his young friend turned away to conceal his own.

"Yes, yes, I know. You haf seen her. Her last thoughts will be of me. Iff she dies I will soon follow."

"Oh, you must not despair," urged Phillip; "she may recover and live many years yet." But his tone lacked conviction, and the old man felt that the situation was hopeless.

After a while he turned and said, "Go tell Clara to bring back dat bottle of wine, she must haf put it away to keep it cool."

"No," Phillip answered, "I took it away while you slept, by the doctor's orders."

At any other time old Peter would have flared up in great anger, but now he only groaned and reclined more deeply in his chair.

"I suppose I must obey now, because I can't help myself," he lamented; "Oh, iff only ma was here!"

But "ma" would never come to humor or wait on him again. These two, who had breasted the storms of life together, true and faithful to one another

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through adversity and toil, from poverty to wealth, should never more look into each other's kindly eyes or press the friendly hand. On the third day after the attack, Mrs. Gross yielded up the spirit, and soon our young friends and a large circle of mourners followed her bier to the last resting place. Mr. Gross was too ill to leave his bed. "I'm coming, ma, I'm coming soon," he wept as they carried her remains through the doorway.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GOOD FRIEND GONE FOREVER.



SHORT holiday vacation had begun, and Phillip, greatly assisted by Rosa and her mother, undertook to cheer up the old man; and, indeed, after the first few days, he took matters philosophically and appeared to be resigned, although it was apparent his thoughts constantly dwelt on his loss. Something had gone out of his life, which left it incomplete.

When school began again, Phillip continued his studies. It was the old man's wish, and, as he said, "Clara will dake care of me wen you are away."

In fact, he preferred to have the rest away at times, because Clara would then usually obey his orders, and he could find temporary forgetfulness in an extra bottle of his favorite wine.

Toward spring it became apparent that he was failing rapidly; at times he would talk cheerfully, then again he would sit for hours in a state bordering on torpor.

One evening he said to Phillip, "I want you to shtop in at Lawyer Orton's office to-morrow, und dell him to come up here; I want to make my will. Anna," to his son's wife sitting near, "Adolph need not worry,

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he will get nearly all; aber I want to do something for Phillip. He has been a better friend to me dan I haf been to him."

"Oh, father, don't think that I will find fault. While we hope you may live many years yet, it is best to be prepared for the worst, and whatever you do for Phillip will meet my approval."

After a time Adolph came also; but the old gentleman said nothing to him about a will. His son had his usual dose of spirits and was very talkative and humorous.

"That Sammy, he's a brick. What do you think he done to-day? Oh, that's all right, Sammy," addressing the latter, who flushed deeply, "a good action deserves praise." Then turning again to the rest, "He saved me a clean hundred dollars. I sold Hinterschmidt in Buffalo a Barrel of '47 'Niersteiner,' and that scoundrel Ortmann was filling it with my best 'Hohheimer,' when Sammy discovered it and told me of it. I tell you there was music for a while!"

"How that boy has caught onto the business so quick is more than I can tell. When old Meyer leaves, and that won't be long, I'm going to give him a lift to the front in great shape."

All were pleased at the words of praise for Sam; but the latter only looked modestly at the floor, casting now and then a furtive glance at Rosa, to read, if possible, in her bright eyes, how she took it.

It was late when they parted that night. Phillip and Sam, as usual, assisted the old gentleman to his bed, and left him with a cheerful "Good night, uncle."

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In the morning when they arose, a little later than usual, they took breakfast and proceeded to say good-bye to their old friend, who usually lay in bed until nearly noon, before going to their respective labors.

He did not move when they approached the bedside, and Phillip stepped nearer to see whether he was asleep.

In a moment he sank to his knees and began to weep. Sam looked and saw what Phillip had seen: Their good, kind old friend cold and still, his glassy eyes turned to the ceiling, his lips blue and motionless—and he, too, wept for the friend he had lost.

Soon Phillip slowly arose, and, still weeping, tenderly closed the lids, and went to call Clara. He left her and Sam in charge of the dead and departed to break the sad news to the son and his family.

I will not dwell on the sacred duties that ended with depositing the mortal remains in the grave, or the grief that filled the hearts of those who had loved him. In spite of his failings, he had been a noble, large-hearted man, generous and charitable; and very, very many had learned to love him.

After the funeral, Adolph announced that he would give up his down town house, which he had only rented, and move into the old home.

“You two boys can board here as before, but you will have to pay board. That is the best way to learn to make your way; learn to earn and pay as you go.”

“Phillip,” he continued, addressing himself to the latter, “I know, of course, that you were living here free, at the request of my father, and that he was paying your tuition at school; and you can continue

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to do so until the present term closes; then you will have to find work. I have not the inducement to burden myself with giving you a fine college education, as father seemed to have," and he smiled grimly.

Mrs. Gross wanted to intercede in Phillip's behalf, but her husband cut her short. He had given his "orders, and so it shall be carried out."

Phillip flushed deeply because the manner, more than the words, of Mr. Gross gave him to understand that the latter had not forgiven the election he made at the time of their first meeting, and that he considered him a burden which he would throw off as soon as possible.

He said nothing, but his mind was made up in a moment. He would not stay longer than was necessary to pack his small belongings, would say good-bye to his teachers and schoolmates, and then commence his long-planned journey to the West.

Sam entered the room while he was packing, and, seeing him thus engaged, asked in surprise:

"Why, Phil, what are you doing? What are you packing your satchel for?"

"Sam," Phillip very deliberately answered, straightening up, "I'm going to start for the West. I have no right to trespass on these people's bounty. It was different while our old friend was alive," and the tears came to his eyes at the recollection of the generous friend he had lost.

"Oh, Phil, stay until your term is out. Mrs. Gross and Rosa will be so sorry to have you go—just as if you had been thrown out," pleaded Sam.

"Yes, I know; Mrs. Gross and Rosa will be sorry to have me go, and so will you; and I hate to leave you all. But it is spring now and I have all summer before me to find a suitable location and employment. I want to get into the country, and this is the best time to start; besides," he added while the heat was returning to his face, "I do not want the charity of Adolph Gross."

"Then I'll go with you, Phil, I can't bear to have you leave me," and before Phillip could reply, Sam rushed out of the room to tell Mr. Gross of their determination.

When he reached the sitting-room he found that the new master of the house had started down town, and Mrs. Gross had retired to arrange her room. Rosa alone remained. She was sitting in a chair near an open window, dreamily looking out toward the street.

She turned as Sam entered so hastily and looked at him with some surprise. The latter, when he found the others gone, stopped suddenly near the door, turning his hat, which he held in both hands, round and round by the brim, while his red face showed strong confusion.

"Were you looking for papa? He has just started down town," she said.

"Yes, I—I had something to tell him," he stammered.

"I don't think he will be back until late; but you can tell him in the morning."

"No, I must tell him to-day. Maybe I will find him in the office."

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"I hardly think you will, Sam," and her voice and look indicated that she knew it was a different desire that took him down town at that hour of the day than attending to business. "But is it so important? What is it, may I know?" and she looked at him so sweetly that Sam was all the more confused.

Finally he blurted out, "Phillip is going to go out west without staying the term out, and I—I have made up my mind to—to go with him."

Rosa jumped up from her chair and her face was as red as his. "Phillip is going away, and you—you are going with him?" she exclaimed in confusion and astonishment, as though she could not grasp his meaning.

"Yes, he says he has no right to remain any longer, and spring is the best time to start."

"And you—why do you want to leave us?" she asked anxiously, while the color receded from her face.

"I—I don't want to let him go alone, I would miss him so much," he answered falteringly, while endeavoring to suppress the emotion which the thought of parting brought up.

Slowly she sat down in her chair. What was it that made her heart beat so, and made her suddenly feel so forlorn! And Sammy could not understand why, all at once, he felt his desire to go with Phillip desert him.

"We will miss you, too, very much," she finally ventured to say without looking at him.

Instantly Sam started towards her, but stopped after taking a few steps. "I will miss you more than

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all,"—he checked himself; then continued, "Oh, I don't know what to do!"

"Then stay with us," came the quick, half-pleading response.

"May I be your—your friend?" he asked breathlessly, "Oh, I like you so much!" and he approached closer to her chair while the blood rushed to his brain.

"Yes, and don't go away," came softly from the sweetest lips Sammy had ever seen.

Awkwardly he seized her hand. He was going to kiss it, but he didn't dare. The emotions of his heart tumbled over each other. One moment she raised her glance to his—that settled it! A hope, a rich joy thrilled him. Go away! A yoke of steers could not have pulled him away from Philadelphia!

After a moment of awkward silence he let go her hand, and started for the door to go to see Phillip, when Mrs. Gross entered. His flushed countenance apprised her of something unusual having occurred, and, in answer to her inquiry, Sam informed her that Phillip was going away and would not wait until the term was out.

She was very sorry, and at once accompanied him to his friend's room and endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, but without avail. She could not help but recognize the force of Phillip's reasons, and finally sadly left him to complete the letter he was writing to his parents.

When she reached the sitting-room she found Rosa in tears. After a little motherly coaxing she admitted that she felt bad because the boys were going away.

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"The boys?" exclaimed Mrs. Gross in surprise, "Why Sam did not say anything about his going too; did he tell you he was going with Phillip?"

Rosa energetically nodded her head, still battling with her tears.

Just then Sam came back, and Mrs. Gross greeted him with:

"Sam, you surely are not going away too, are you?"

"No, ma'am, I have made up my mind to stay," was his ready reply.

A less keen observer than her mother would have thought it strange to see how quickly that reply caused Rosa's tears to cease. But "mamma" had been young herself one day, and that not so very long ago; and she had long seen the growth of youthful affection between these two without fear for her little one. Young Dornbush gave promise of becoming a trusty man, even though the old gentleman had not lived long enough to "make a man off him" in his way, and she had no foolish pride of wealth or position. Her own experience led her to prize manly virtues in a husband as the only guarantee to a wife's happiness.

She therefore did not remark upon what she had just observed, though she knew she had found the key to Sam's previous flustered condition.

In a short time Phillip came down stairs, satchel in hand.

Mrs. Gross jumped up. "What, Phillip, you are surely not going to-day, now?" she exclaimed in great surprise, and on his answering that he had come to say good-bye, she besought him with such earnest-

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ness, seconded by the others, that he yielded and consented to spend the evening with them and another night in the house where, after all, he had seen so many of his happiest days.

All evening they sat together in the cozy room where old Peter Gross had been wont to pass his waking hours during the last few years of his life, and talked over the past. Phillip also told them as much as he could of his plans for the future. He would write as soon as he had a place where he would remain long enough to receive an answer. His intention was to travel leisurely, and mostly on foot, to be thereby better enabled to observe the country through which he would pass. Sam urged him to accept some of his savings as a loan, but this he refused to do. He had some money left, and could earn more when he needed it.

At ten o'clock Mr. Gross returned, feeling very jovial. He had attended to their former home, and arranged to have the furniture moved up the next day. Then he had gone down town and evidently stimulated to his usual extent.

When he heard of Phillip's quick resolve, he was surprised, and half regretted that he had been so abrupt in the matter; but the young man was pleasant about it, thinking it best to show no annoyance and thus part more like friends; and insisted that, since he always intended to go out west anyway, he thought it better to go now when he had the best months in the year for traveling before him.

The next morning he went back to the school to say good-bye to teachers and schoolmates; and he was

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happy to see, in this moment of parting, how many warm friends he had made. They crowded around him and expressed their regret at his going away, in a manner that showed their sincerity; and he carried with him the good wishes of them all.

Then he returned to the house and bade farewell to Mrs. Gross and Rosa; both kissed him and wept as he left them. Adolph Gross was indisposed and had not yet arisen, so Phillip's last recollection of him must remain that of the evening before when he was in his friendliest mood. Sam accompanied him for some distance; then after a tearful embrace the two friends parted, not to meet again until after many years; Sam returned to his work and Bertram started for the great West.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WOODS OF WISCONSIN.



NE quiet frosty morning, late in November, 1860, two men were driving ox teams, attached to homemade sleighs heavily laden with logs, over a rough country road blazed through a vast stretch of hardwood forest. The moist breath of the tugging oxen rose like steam in the frosty air and decked them with hoary down. The squeaking of the sleighs and crunching of the heavy cowhide boots of the two drivers, accompanied now and then by words of encouragement or direction to the animals, was at the moment all that could be heard. Both men seemed occupied with their own thoughts.

Presently they approached a steep ascent and the foremost load stopped until the other, but a few paces behind, had come up. Without a word, as though repeating an oft recurring act, the driver of the rear team unhitched his oxen, drove them by the other and hitched to the front end of the heavy pole. Immediately the first load, now drawn by the four powerful beasts, began the ascent. When the summit was reached, the oxen were returned for the other load. As soon as both loads had been drawn up the hill, and



"Two men were driving ox-teams"

each yoke hitched to its previous load, they again started. Soon after a sharp decline was reached, and the drivers could be seen moving to the rear of the runners of their respective sleighs and tripping down the brake so that its sharp iron point could dig into the compact roadbed. When the descent had been made, the brakes were again raised and tipped forward to rest upon the runner. Scarcely a word had been exchanged by the men during these proceedings; and the promptness and almost mechanical manner in which they had performed the little manoeuvres showed that they were well accustomed to the work.

But now there lay a long stretch of comparatively smooth road before them, and the rear driver, leaving his team to follow in the wake of the other, with a few quick paces placed himself at the side of his companion, and broke the silence that had lasted for several miles, with the words: "I can't believe it, sure I can't! They cannot be such fools!"

The speaker was a rather tall, wiry built young man, about twenty-eight years of age. His companion was several years his junior but of nearly equal height. Both men were dressed in the coarse garb of the backwoods farmer, with a coonskin cap on the head and heavy cowhide boots on the feet, and showed by their weather-bronzed faces, their horny hands and vigorous movements, that they were accustomed to hard outdoor work. A light brown mustache, now covered with white frost, could not conceal the grave expression of the mouth of the younger as he now turned to answer his companion.

"And yet, Jack, it will come, incredible as it may seem. They are blind, simply blind. A desperate struggle will follow, and it may be a long one; but the northern soldiers will continue to pour forth from city, village and farms long after the resources of the south have been exhausted, and the result will be that they will lose the right to keep their slaves even in the states where it is now not disputed. Mark my words: Sooner or later the crime of slavery will bring about its own punishment to this nation, and I fear it will take the form of the miseries of a civil war. But I tell you," he added after a pause, and his eyes blazed, "before that war is ended slavery will be blotted out in the United States. If they rebel and make war against our government, as surely as Lincoln lives to be inaugurated next March, as surely will he free the slaves!"

"Yes, Phil, and that is just what they are afraid he will do any way, so they may think it's best to take time by the forelock and move first."

They are our two old friends, Phillip Bertram and Jack O'Donnell, whom, after a lapse of nearly nine years, we find discussing the probabilities of civil war, up in the woods of Wisconsin. Nor is it difficult to recognize them again. Both have developed into splendid types of young manhood—active, powerful and courageous; but the outline of countenance and its expression remains the same, albeit more fixed and clear cut.

The reader may ask, why do we find them here, and why have you not told us of their experiences in this interval of nine years. Well, I'll explain: When

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I began to write I thought it an easy matter to bring all the incidents in the life of my hero into a small volume; now I find it would take several of them. Already have I taken up more of my readers' time in telling of his boyhood days than I ought, so that it leaves me insufficient space to relate much of his life after he arrived at manhood's estate. And yet, there would be so much to tell! As briefly, therefore, as may be, I will account for his presence where we now find him and his friend.

When Phillip left Philadelphia in the spring of 1851, he at first intended to take a more northerly direction; but after a few days' journey concluded to strike out straight westward. He would make his first stopping place in Ohio if he could find employment. Thus, with his bundle slung on a stick over his shoulder and another stout stick in his hand, he marched until wearied, day after day, sometimes following a railroad track, sometimes a highway, and sometimes, under directions of some settler, striking out across country to make a short cut to some place he wished to see. At the small towns or villages he passed, he always got directions as to the best course to take. Sometimes he would stop when labor offered to work for a week or two, to replenish his funds. Sometimes he would travel a stretch by rail, again by boat, little caring if it brought him out of his course; but the greater part of the trip was made on foot. When he finally reached Pittsburg it was July. He remained three days in that city, then resumed his journey.

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It was near the the end of August when one evening he stopped at a small village not far from Medina, Ohio. The hot months had told on him and he was getting tired of tramping. That same evening a farmer enquired of the proprietor of the little hotel where he was stopping if he knew of any hands he could hire to work, as the apples were ripening fast and he needed help. Phillip, overhearing the question and the negative answer of the landlord, spoke up: "I am willing to work for a while if you will try me."

"You!" eyeing him closely, "Well, how much do you want?"

"I don't know whether I can do your work, nor what my labor would be worth."

"Well, I'll try you and pay what I consider you are worth. Can you come right along?"

"Yes, on those terms for one week; then we will agree on wages if we can."

"Sharp, eh! All right, let it go at that. Get your duds and we'll drive home."

After a week's trial Phillip hired out to him until the following spring, and got his first acquaintance with farm labor and farm life. He learned much which was of great value to him in after years. His employer was a bright, keen Yankee, who thoroughly understood his business, and Phillip was an apt scholar. In the spring, although reluctantly, as he had learned to like the family and they were loath to have him go, he resumed his journey. He had concluded to head for Milwaukee, where so many of his countrymen had gone, and then undertake to do whatever

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opportunity offered. His employer advised him to go to Cleveland and there take the boat around the Great Lakes to Milwaukee. This was much to our friend's taste, as it was the cheapest and quickest course for him. At Cleveland he found ready employment as deck hand, and "worked his passage" in that way to Milwaukee.

In those early days farmers drove fifty and sixty miles with their ox-teams through timber, over corduroy roads and frozen swamps, to market their farm products in Milwaukee, or exchange them for clothing and other necessities of life. It was not difficult, therefore, at the stopping places where they usually put up, to gain information about the surrounding country. The "prairie farmers" seemed to be the most prosperous and about the only ones in need of hired help. To one of these, living on what is still known as "Rock Prairie," Phillip hired out. His term was for one year, but he stayed nearly three, and probably would not have left then had it not been for the fact that in the second winter his old friend Jack O'Donnell unexpectedly "dropped in."

Mrs. O'Donnell, who had been gradually failing for some time, died in the late summer and left her little possessions all to her grandson. Her savings were much more than she had ever admitted, and the shanty and small lot sold at a good price, so that the total inheritance amounted to over sixteen hundred dollars. Jack promptly resigned his position and went to join his old friend in the West.

That winter they looked about and finally purchased a tract of 320 acres of unimproved timber

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land. Phillip's savings for nearly three years and Jack's whole inheritance just covered the purchase price, but it left Phillip considerably in debt to Jack. Next season they again worked out to get means for a start. In the fall they built a log house and stable, bought a yoke of oxen and started to clear their land. They "batched" together, lived economically and worked "like slaves."

"Jack," Phillip often said, "this land will repay all our labor; if we can pull through it will make us both wealthy men in time."

"Yes, but, Phil, we'd a got there quicker if we had bought prairie."

"May be," the other would answer. "but the prairie is so monotonous; give me the forest with its hills and valleys, and I can be happy."

And they worked and prospered. One day Phillip received a letter from his sister Eda. It was full of exciting news. Father and mother were well. Mr. Baldwin had resigned as consul, owing to ill-health, and expected to be relieved from duty soon. Then they were coming to America. And Mr. Baldwin had sold his house in Detroit and might locate in Milwaukee, where he had a brother living. At any rate, they would go there on a visit first. And then, with her parents' consent, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin had formally adopted her as their daughter. The letter was full of tender thoughts of the parents she must leave, and a warm affectionate heart breathed from every line.

Of course such news set Jack as well as Phillip afire. Eagerly they discussed the subject, speculated

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on the chances, and waited impatiently for the next letter. Nor was it long in coming. Three months after the Baldwins arrived in Milwaukee, and Phillip prepared to go to see his sister. Jack was bound to go with him. So they arranged to have their stock taken care of, and, with their bundles on their backs, started out on a November morning for Milwaukee. For young men like these two it was but a few days' journey, and on the afternoon of the second day they were only nine miles from the city. Here, however, something happened to delay them.

A man was chopping cordwood near the roadway, and was, just as our friends came up, lustily swinging his ax, cutting down an old burr oak.

"Good afternoon!" Phillip cheerily called out as he stopped, "about how far is it to Milwaukee?"

The ax came down and was left to stick where it struck, while the chopper turned around to face his questioner with "Well, just about"—and he stopped and stared at the man standing before him—"nine miles," he finally concluded, still looking steadily at Phillip. The latter was looking with like intensity at the woodchopper.

"Who are you?" came from the one.

"Phillip Bertram," was the quick response, "and you are Joseph Winter!"

How joyously they first clasped hands, then following their impulses, embraced like brothers. The memories of the long past childhood took possession of them. "Come, come quick," Joseph almost shouted, clutching Bertram by the arm, "Oh, how glad they'll all be to see you."

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Our friends accompanied him to his home but a short distance away. The old folks and the other Winter boys, now all married and living near by, were sent for. Of course, the new-comers had to spend the remainder of the day and the night with them; and it was not until toward morning, when much had been told and all were tired out, that they retired to rest. Next day Phillip and Jack resumed their journey.

As may be imagined, the young man's meeting with his sister and the Baldwins was a touching one. Jack stood just inside the door and for a time appeared forgotten. At length, Eda noticed him standing there, fumbling his hat. "Phillip, is that your friend?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, walked up to Jack, saying, "Of course, you are his good friend Jack O'Donnell. I believe I would have known you from my brother's description if I had met you on the street. I'm so glad you came with him," and feelingly she shook his hand and led him forward to be introduced to her foster parents.

It was a happy few days they all spent together. Eda had developed into a splendid young woman, self-possessed and sensible. A sweet womanly charm, like perfume the rose, seemed to envelop her. Jack was "smitten" past redemption, and it was probably the only time in his life when he felt the crushing power of bashfulness. However, Eda, with great tact, constantly came to his aid; and such is the potency of true affection, that at the end of a week, when the young men left, she needs must admit to

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herself that he was the nicest young man she had ever met. Well, we'll see what came of it later.

That winter and next spring Phillip taught the district school. His education was not great, but it was more than any of his neighbors could boast; and sufficed.

Nor was the life of the young men *all* work and no play. That would, indeed, have been unnatural. Every fall came the "husking bees," where every red ear meant a kiss from the girl the lucky finder liked the best. Then at eleven o'clock came the lunch, to be followed a little later by the dance on the barn floor, where the rustic's squeeking fiddle and the "caller off" held sway. There also were the winter dances at the little village hall; the singing school evenings, when the church choir of twenty or more rehearsed for the holiday festivals; there were also many "coon hunts" when the hounds' baying made the woods re-echo nearly all night; and not to be forgotten the spelling-bees at the district schoolhouses.

Did you ever attend an old-fashioned country spelling-bee, kind reader? Well, if you didn't, you missed one of the good things of life. Some of you, no doubt, have. And don't you remember what a great old time we always had! Some of the older boys would hitch to the big bob sleigh with its box filled with straw and plenty of blankets. In we all piled, boys and girls—closely we snuggled up, to keep warm, of course—at the neighbors we'd stop to pick up enough for a full load, and away we'd go amidst shouts and song over the frosty sparkling snow, the horses jingling the bells and the driver happy with

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his best girl at his side. Then when we got to the schoolhouse, and other loads came, and the fire was started, what a happy joyous crowd it would be, the schoolma'am—we usually had a schoolma'am—just as giddy as the rest of us. Then came the “spelling down” where we all stood in a row and every one that missed had to sit down, amidst the laughter of the others. And what work some would make of the spelling! Then, you know, there were always some who seemed to know every word in the dictionary and couldn't be spelled down, till the schoolma'am “floored” them with some such jumble of consonants as “Phthisic.” And after we had gone through this once or twice or oftener, then came the popcorn, nuts and the like, and some sweet cider—and sometimes hard. And the ride home! I can hear the shouting yet, though it's thirty years ago since I was one of them, and “Come, come away, the school bell now is ringing,” still echoes in memory's refrain.

Ah, those were great days! What did we care for the cold or occasional tip-over into the soft snow?

Yes, indeed, our hero and his friend enjoyed the sports of country life as much as any, and many a charmer's eyes grew brighter and smile more inviting when she looked upon the comely youths.

But somehow Phillip remained heart-whole. An image lurked in heart and memory which made him immune to Cupid's darts. A sweet little childish face, with blue eyes and rosy lips, seemed to smile from the stars as of a summer evening he would sit dreamily resting after a hard day's labor, and hovered about him in his dreams. How often he had

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thought of her in the years gone by! Dear, sweet little Bessie, would he ever see her again! Was she living, or had her spirit already fled to some twinkling star on high!

Often had he made inquiries about Dr. Lawrence. Gone from Boston years ago, no one seemed to know his whereabouts. But the memory of the child he had held in his arms, with hers clasped about his neck and her cheek to his, as the hour of parting came, years ago in New York City, ever revived afresh with each recurring awakening of spring. And as for Jack, well, since Eda's image had come into his life, his fate was sealed.

At the time we find our friends driving their teams to the neighboring village, the election was just over. After a hard fought bitter campaign, the "clown," the "rail splitter," as the south then contemptuously called him, the "martyr," the "immortal" Lincoln, as the whole nation *now* calls him, had been elected to the presidency. The rumbling of war could already be heard, as of distant thunder, and the question of war or no war was the uppermost subject of discussion throughout the north. Northerners, familiar with their latent resources, were reluctant to believe in the possibility of the south attempting to secede. It seemed so foolish; and yet, as the results showed, it took four years of struggle and a legion of lives to conquer them. The south underestimated the latent resources and stubborn persistence of the north, and the north underestimated the bravery of the men they were called upon to fight.

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The conversation between our friends ceased for a time and they quietly walked on, side by side. After a while Jack spoke up: "Phil, if war should come what will we do?"

"Well, Jack, let us wait till we reach the bridge before we cross it; we cannot do more than our duty, and we will not do less," was the quiet response.

"True for you, old man, an' if it's fighting they want we'll be in it, we will."

Presently they arrived at the village and, driving through the crude sawmill on the other side, unloaded their logs and drove to the little hostelry to rest and feed their beasts.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MASS MEETING IN GLAUBER'S HALL.

HEN the young men entered the little room that served as office and bar-room, the landlord, a round-faced jovial German about fifty-five years of age, emerged from an adjoining room and greeted them heartily.

"Well," he said, after shaking hands, "I am awful glad to see you dis day, because, you see, dere is an old couple chust come ofer from Chermany dat is shtopping here, und I don't know wat to do mit dem."

"Sure, why do you want to do anything with them them at all?" Jack inquired, laughing.

"And didn't I tell you, dey ain't got no place to go to. Dhey come ofer to find deir boy Ferdinand und keep house for him, und you know he got killt a year ago wen he was chopping down trees. It's too bad, und so I tought—but wy don't you sit down?" and he quickly placed chairs for the young men at one of the tables and occupied one himself.

"Katreena," he called to his wife in the adjoining room, "come in und bring us some beer wile I talk mit de boys about old man Bauernfeind und his woman."

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"Yes, Gottlieb," Katreena cheerily answered, as she complied with the request. "May be dey can help out."

"Und so I tought," the landlord resumed his conversation of before, "if you boys had room for de old couple und could keep dem, I tink dey will be well wort deir keep."

"What do you think of that, Jack!" Phillip exclaimed. "Here was I wondering half the way to town what to do about the farm, in case war broke out, and wishing I had some one here to care for it if we had to leave, and here is Gottlieb with his old couple come as though snowed down from the heavens. Of course," he continued, turning to the landlord, "we'll take care of them, and they would have to have been brought up altogether differently from what I believe they were if they don't earn their living. Bring them in and let us get acquainted."

The landlord and his wife were overjoyed; an act of charity had been accomplished and a load taken from their shoulders at the same time. The old couple were brought in and proved to be still quite active and of average intelligence. When the boys left the village, several hours later, after the arrival of the bi-weekly mail, their new housemates were safely loaded on one of the sleighs, accompanied by all their bags and baggage.

Phillip had received a letter from Eda, as well as his weekly newspaper, the Illinois Staats Zeitung, and both furnished news and subject for discussion on the way home. The paper gave a clear and comprehensive statement of the political situation, while

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Eda's letter brought the news of the feeling in Milwaukee. "Mr. Baldwin," she wrote, "who keeps well informed, says there is no doubt whatever in his mind that the Southern States will attempt to secede even before the inauguration, and that would surely be followed by war. Oh, I hope not, because even from a selfish standpoint it would be terrible. I know you and Jack, and know that nothing could keep you from joining the army. And I could not even say to you 'Don't go!'" She was a warm-hearted, patriotic girl, and when Phillip finished reading her letter aloud, winding up with sending her love "to you and Jack," that emotional Irishman was wiping his eyes with the back of his big woolen mitten.

"Read that again, Phil," he finally said, but instead, his friend handed him the letter to read as long and as often as he liked.

After a time Jack said, "Say, Phil, don't you think she would write to me if you asked her?"

"Can't say, why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Well"—from Jack, and then a pause.

"Say, Phil," came a little later, "don't you think Eda is an awful *good* girl?"

"Sure she is," was the prompt reply; "she's a dear, good girl, with lots of good sense to boot. I'm glad she is my sister."

"So am I!" came fervently from the other.

A long silence followed. At last Phillip rather abruptly said to his companion, "A penny for your thoughts, Jack." The latter was startled and deep red suffused his bronzed face.

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"Well, I was just thinking of telling you and asking your advice. I believe I am in love with Eda," and he flushed still more and paused.

"Well," Phillip very dryly answered, "I don't believe anything about it, I *know* it!"

"And you would not oppose a coarse, uneducated Irishman aspiring to the hand of such a sister as that?" his friend asked, half anxiously, half hopefully.

"Oppose you, Jack, old boy?" Phillip warmly answered, throwing his right arm around the strong shoulders of his friend, "Of all the men under the sun that I know, there is not one whom I would sooner choose as husband for my sister. Haven't I known you for years; and do you suppose I haven't found out what a great, rich, living kernel of manhood is concealed in this rough old shell!"

Jack seized the speaker's other hand and sat silent, while strong emotions surged within him. At length he asked: "Phillip, and do you think she'll have me—I mean bye and bye, when we have our farm cleared and a good home for her?"

"Well, that I don't know; but I do know Eda is a true-hearted, sensible woman who will find the true from the false, and if you love her you may well hope."

Just then they arrived at their home, both young men jumped from the sleigh, and as soon as Jack struck the ground he gave a shout so tremendous that it reverberated through the forest for miles around them. The old people were frightened and Phillip exclaimed, "What did you do that for?"

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"Well, if I hadn't I'd a-busted," was the happy reply.

The old people soon became accustomed to their simple duties. Bauernfeind assisted in taking care of the live stock, and did the house chores, while his wife proved to be a good cook, having served in the family of a "Gutsbesitzer" when a young girl. Being newcomers, they were able to give much later news of the situation of affairs in Germany than Phillip possessed, and he questioned them at great length during the long winter evenings.

Mr. Baldwin had, soon after Eda's letter, sent a specific request that Phillip and Jack spend the Christmas holidays with his family, as he was desirous of discussing certain phases of public affairs with him, especially some relating to his countrymen; and the young men accepted. Milwaukee could now be reached by railroad from a village but nine miles distant from our friends' farm, but the trip was roundabout and expensive. Besides, they promised themselves to give Winters a call, and, therefore, preferred to make the trip on foot. Again, as the first time, they shouldered their bundles and started out. After stopping with their old friends for three days, they arrived in Milwaukee toward noon, on December 20th, 1860.

Mr. Baldwin had purchased a commodious house on Prospect Avenue, and our friends were made royally welcome. The now elderly couple were taking life easy, after the fashion of many others in good circumstances, who thought best to retire from active labors. Eda was the picture of health, and her hand-

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some, laughing face mirrored her happy soul. Jack could not keep his eyes from following her every movement—he was entranced, enchanted; such overmastering feelings swayed him, he wanted to shout again for joy—or weep for joy—he couldn't tell which—he felt like flying with the clouds—he could whip single-handed a whole army—indeed, he couldn't have described just how he felt—never had he experienced such a feeling as that one shy look and faint squeeze of the hand awoke in him at the moment she bade him welcome.

All afternoon they sat conversing. Mr. Baldwin questioned Phillip long on the general attitude and sentiment among the Germans in relation to slavery and secession, and the latter gave as much information as his knowledge of the German character and his observations enabled him. Little did they dream that, at the moment they were conversing, a resolution of secession had already passed the general assembly of South Carolina, and was soon to be flashed over the wires to startle and alarm the north, and awake the south to speedy action.

After supper Phillip and Jack took a long walk about the city. Even in those days it was a thriving place, and if I remember correctly, had a population of about sixty thousand. There were many places of amusement, and of every variety, scattered about the city; and the sound of revelry could often be distinctly heard through the closed doors. The snow was about twelve inches deep out in the country, but here it was beaten hard by the many teams and pedestrians constantly passing over it.

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After walking about for several hours, our friends had bent their footsteps in the direction of Mr. Baldwin's home, when, on passing what appeared to be a large saloon, Jack proposed that they go in to get a glass of beer before retiring for the night. Phillip accepted and led the way.

As he opened the door a strange spectacle met his gaze. Word had gone around, that afternoon, among the factories and workshops, that a great German orator would address his countrymen at Glauber's Hall, on Third Street, in the evening. All were invited and a good time promised. The orator, in fact, was but an emissary from the South, of whom many had been sent north to arouse opposition to the government and a sentiment favorable to the Southern cause. A large crowd had responded—all Germans or German-Americans, and all belonging to the poorer classes. They were seated around the tables drinking their "shoppens" of beer and smoking strong tobacco. The speaker had mounted a small platform erected at the upper end of the large room, and had addressed them in oily, smooth terms, seasoned with much flattery, and calculated to put them in a susceptible frame of mind. After being cheered several times and awaking loud laughter at another by relating a droll story, he grew bolder, and gradually and almost imperceptibly began to drift into his well-prepared arguments in favor of the right of secession and the extension of slavery.

For some little time there had been murmurs of disapproval, and the speaker would have taken warning but for the fact that the sound of his own voice

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made the rumbling inaudible to him. At the moment Phillip opened the door at the other end of the room, he had just reached his climax, and also, as the result showed, the height of audacity, in that audience. In thundering voice he proclaimed the right of secession and the right to hold the "black dogs" as slaves.

This was more than his hearers would bear. "Never!" came from a hoarse throat on the left. "By hell, no!" shouted a brawny blacksmith on the right, springing to his feet. "Put him out," "Kill the dog," "*Nieder mit ihm*," came from all parts of the room, and a dozen jumped from their seats to seize the offender.

Phillip saw the aroused condition of his countrymen and knew that prompt action alone might save them from going too far. Quick as thought he started to the front, with ready force pushing aside those impeding his way, and, ere the foremost had reached the speaker, he stood at his side and, with his right hand outstretched, shouted "*Halt, Landsleute!*"

What was it! Was it the voice of the speaker—the suddenness and daring of the act; was it the steely glitter of the eye or the force of determination portrayed by face and bearing; or was it the combined effect of the whole: The crowd stopped, all sound ceased instantly, and every eye was fixed with both astonishment and admiration upon the courageous young man. "Who is he?" was the mental question of each; "He is a German, because he speaks our language; he is not rich, because his clothes are coarse and plain like ours." But already his voice could he heard again. Warm, clear, deliberate and incisive



“ ‘Halt, Landsleute!’ ”

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came his words, and a trace of disdain could be felt ringing in them :

"Would you soil your hands on the skunk because he has insulted your honor? Such as he can neither traduce German character nor inoculate moral poison into German blood. Let him speak, and, if need be, I will answer him"; then, turning to the speaker, who stood pale and cowering at his side, he added, "Proceed, sir, finish your speech, but I warn you that liberty of speech and license of speech are two distinctly different things, and that *my* countrymen will never be traitors!"

But the orator had had enough. He realized that he had escaped a most dangerous situation which his own rashness had provoked; so that, stammering a few excuses to the effect that he had not really meant that they should go against their government, and the like, he took advantage of the proprietor's protecting lead and escaped through the side door.

Phillip had hardly moved his position. With lips firmly compressed and scorn and contempt in his looks, he had listened to the speaker's but half coherent excuses. But, as the last trace of the fellow disappeared, he slowly turned and faced the eyes of all bent on him with varied expressions. And, as he looked at the swarthy, honest faces of these sons of toil that had just spurned treason, a happy smile illumined his features.

Presently some one muttered, "Answer." It was quickly taken up by others, until lusty and loud came the call for Phillip to "Answer" the previous speak-

er's arguments. He waved them to silence, then again, as before, he addressed them in German.

"Answer him?" "Aye, I could do so fully, absolutely, and to you convincingly, in just three words: 'Ihr seid Deutsche!' " He paused, that his meaning might percolate into their minds. Then, as if to assist them, or in explanation, he continued: "Treason, rebellion, revolution against a *just* government is a plant that has never grown on German soil! Love of country, loyalty to government, obedience to its authority are the only blossoms the German heart cherishes, and they are the blossoms of a plant springing from the seed of God's Fourth Commandment: 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may go well with thee and thy days be long upon earth.'

"For generations *obedience* has been the clarifying fire that has made the Teuton the peer of any of God's creatures, able to conquer himself and command others. *Obedience* to the parent, to the just authority of the government, next to obedience to the One on High, has been the strengthening tonic of the moral man. It flows in the German's veins by inheritance, he absorbs it in his mother's milk, it is the food of his youth, and manhood, and old age. It fosters patriotism in his heart, it brings to him strength and self-reliance."

The longer he spoke, the slower and more impressive became his words. A dead silence reigned, every eye was fixed on the speaker, and the breath of the listeners came bated and repressed.

"For many generations has the German fought terrific struggles, and the most terrible were those that

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appeared little upon the surface. His character has become set and firm, his force tremendous! His next war will prove it; with irresistible strength and unquestioning obedience to his leaders, he will simply *seize* victory, and will add such lustre to his name, the world o'er, that instead of 'Dutchman' being applied to him in contempt, it will be looked upon forever after as a badge of honor."

How their eyes sparkled and their bosoms thrilled as they heard these prophetic words; and it was only eleven years later that the German nation won such remarkable victories over the French, and gained its splendid recognition and standing in the world.

"Are you answered? Do you know now why secession, why rebellion is wrong?" he suddenly asked in clarion tones. "Your heart, your blood cries back the answer! If war should come, which may God forbid, do you know where you will stand—for the Union, or against it—for your new Heimath or against her? Again let your heart and blood answer while you sing with me a little song."

Up to now the silence had remained unbroken; the audience was spellbound; each seemed to hear drop from the speaker's lips the very words which echoed his own thoughts. As now he ceased speaking—the intense fire of his aroused soul burning into their own, his magnificent form erect, his whole presence commanding, compelling admiration—and began in a strong, rich baritone to sing that song which above all others stirs the latent fires of patriotism in the German's heart:

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“Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwert Geklirr und Wogenprall,”

he got as far as the chorus of the first stanza before the audience awoke sufficiently to become capable of joining in the song; but when they finally did, and when the spell was fully broken, it seemed as though ten thousand lusty throats vere vying to outdo each other, so great was the desire to give relief to the pent up feelings. One fellow accidentally poked his elbow through a window, and it was afterward generally claimed and believed, that it was caused by the awful shouts of hurrah that arose, when, after the last verse had been sung, the big blacksmith mounted a table, and, swinging his hat, shouted, “Wir sind fuer Freiheit und Union!” (We are for Freedom and the Union!) “Hip, hip, hurrah—h—h!”

While the blacksmith was leading the hurrahs, Phillip had opportunity to slip out through the side door, where Jack, who had been an amazed spectator of the whole brief occurrence, joined him as soon as he found his friend had left the place.

“Phil,” he said, as they hurried along, “I never heard a better speech in my life! What did you say to them, anyway?”

“I can’t tell you now, but I fear it was enough to make several more widows than there might have been, in case we should have war,” Phillip answered soberly.

The noise of the singing and shouting in the hall had penetrated to the outside and must have been heard, like the rumbling of thunder, several blocks

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away. Our friends met a policeman running to investigate the disturbance, and two reporters for the daily papers followed closely at his heels. They paid no attention, however, and proceeded swiftly on their way.

Next morning, while the family were seated at the breakfast table, a newsboy brought the *Morning Sentinel*. Mr. Baldwin adjusted his glasses to glance at the headlines.

"What's this!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the extra large display type at the head of the first column, "SOUTH CAROLINA HAS SECEDED FROM THE UNION. *Ordinance of secession passed by its legislature. Other states expected soon to follow!*" There, it has come; I knew it, I knew it, and war will follow also." Then, as he caught sight of another headline, "And here, THE GERMANS ARE LOYAL. *Remarkable scene at Glauber's Hall last night!*" Phillip touched Jack's elbow to enjoin his silence. "Of course they are loyal, who ever doubted it!" Mr. Baldwin interrupted himself; then a moment later, "but really this must have been something unusual, listen: 'A most remarkable scene was enacted at Glauber's Hall last night. While one of these southern emissaries, who are everywhere attempting to dissuade our citizens from loyalty to the Union, was addressing a large body of German laborers, and had aroused their ire by his seditious harangue to the point where a dozen hands were outstretched to seize him and throw him from the hall, a young man, stranger to them all, suddenly forced his way to the side of the speaker and with one word stopped the uproar, enabled the speaker to escape, and

then addressed a few words to the audience that held them spellbound until he started them to sing the 'Wacht am Rhein.' He is described as about twenty-six years of age, strong, athletic of build, with eyes and voice of extraordinary power and penetration; and it was not alone what he said, because few could give a coherent statement of it, but the absolute conviction of their truth which his words compelled, and his unaccountable personal influence which stirred his hearers to unfathomed depths. The pent up feelings found relief in the song, and in the tremendous hurrahs which John Maurer, the big blacksmith, evoked when he jumped on the table and shouted, 'We are all for Liberty and the Union.' During the hurrahing the young man disappeared, and we regret that his name could not be learned. The reporters arrived in time to hear the shouting, which, in fact, could be easily heard several blocks away; but too late to get sight of the stranger. If this is a fair sample of our foreign born elements, we can rest assured that if war comes it will find us a united North!"

As he concluded reading, Mr. Baldwin cast a sharp, quick glance at Phillip; but seeing no sign of disturbance on his face, as his guest sat quietly sipping his coffee, he made no further inquiries at the time. The conversation then drifted to the subject of the secession of South Carolina, and more or less gloom rested on them all during the remainder of the meal.

After breakfast Mr. Baldwin called Phillip to the library and questioned him in relation to the occurrence at Glauber's Hall. Of course, the latter freely admitted his part of the performance, but insisted

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that the matter was greatly exaggerated—except the hearty loyalty of the crowd—and requested that he might be saved the notoriety which the disclosure of his name would bring.

Mr. Baldwin then consulted him as to the timberlands in his section of the state, as he desired to buy some for an investment; and it was arranged that, on his return home, Phillip would ascertain the best bargains in his vicinity. The following summer he would personally inspect the land and, if suited, would purchase.

Our friends extended their visit until shortly after New Year and then reluctantly returned to their home.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPERT WITNESS.



HEY arrived at their neighboring village in the afternoon of the second day, very tired from their long tramp through the deep, soft snow, and concluded to rest for an hour at Gottlieb Brauer's. The old fellow greeted them heartily and served up the best he had. Old man Bauernfeind had been to town the day before and reported everything safe at home, so that our friends felt relieved on that score and were in no hurry.

After a little while Ebenezer Newton, the Justice of the Peace, and proprietor of the only "store" in the village, dropped in. He was a typical "York-Stater," who had settled there some ten years before, and had done well. He was tall and lean, with a tuft of gray whiskers on his chin and a good-natured twinkle in his eye; he was shrewd, but honest always, and had won the confidence of the hundreds of Germans who settled in and about the village. After shaking hands he sat down at the table near our friends and the landlord, and commenced to question the former about the news from Milwaukee. When

AN EXPERT WITNESS

the subject was temporarily exhausted, Phillip asked what the news at home was.

"Oh, not much," Ebenezer replied, "the parson preached a powerful sermon on New Year's day about the duty of patriots, and Bill Denton and Frank Peters had a fight"—

"Yes," quickly broke in Gottlieb, "und Shquire Newton he violated the Constitution of de United Shtates!" and a broad grin covered his whole face.

Without giving the squire a chance to make denial, he continued: "You know Denton und Peters, dey was always great frients; well, before Gristmas dey got to quarreling about deir oxen; Bill claimed he had de best und Frank he claimed he had, so to settle de ting dey agreed dat Bill should get hiss oxen und hitch onto de load of logs wat Frank had left at de mill de day before because dare was no room to drive up to de blace ware to unload dat day, und Frank he allowed dat if Bill's oxen could haul dat load out of de deep shnow—it had shnowed und drifted a good deal since de day before—den Bill's team was de best. Well, Bill went und got his oxens, und Frank went und shlipped a chain around one runner and shpiked de ends to de shlabs so dat ten yokes of oxens couldn't move it, und covered it all mit shnow. Dare was a whole crowd round, but nobody give it away. So Bill he come back mit his oxen, und he 'lowed it was pretty hard pulling dat load out of so much shnow, but *hiss* oxens could do it. He hitched dem up and shouted, 'Go lang Shpot—gee! gee! Brindle—wo—hah dare—go lang dare!' und he tried de wip, but de oxen couldn't move it more dan a few

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inches; und Bill he was getting red in de face und mad at de oxens. Pretty soon de crowd couldn't hold back any longer und shouted mit laughter. Den Bill was mad, but they laughed so hard he began to sushpect some tricks. So he went round de load und kicked de shnow away—den all to oncet he saw de chain, und, mitout a wort, he went up to ware Frank was shtanding laughing, und hit him shtraight in de face. Den Frank had Bill arrested und Bill called for a churey trial. Well, de new schoolteacher, he defended Bill, und de conshtable, he was de prosecuting lawyer. Dey tried de case in de back end of de shtore for a wile, but he shtore was coldern'n a barn, so dey adjourned to de shquire's parlor. De shquire sat at de center of de table, und Bill und Frank were near de opposite ends mit deir homemade lawyers. Bill, he told hiss shtory und Frank kept saying every little wile, 'Dat ain't so,' 'Don't you believe dat, shquire,' until Bill got made und wanted to lick him, und de shquire rapped for order. Den de lamp was brought in because it was gittin' dark."

"But, say, ain't you gittin' dry, I am?" and without waiting for an answer Gottlieb got up and refilled the glasses—then continued:

"Pretty soon it was Frank's turn to tell hiss side, und de shquire had a hard time to keep order. All to oncet Bill says, says Bill: 'You're a liar und I can lick you,' und bodh jumped up und at it dey went, de schoolmaster pulling back on de one und de conshtable on de odher, wile de chairs tumbled in ewery direction. The shquire, he grabbed de lamp und hiss papers und yelled, 'Let dem fight it ouet, let dem

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fight it ouet!" Chust den Bill got Frank down und den deir two lawyers pulled Bill off und kept dem apart.'

"Den de shquire came back to de table, set down de lamp, fixed his glasses shtraight on his big nose, und looked at de time. 'Chentlemen of de churey,' he say to dem solemnly, 'de dignity of dis court has been outraged! You are discharged from de furdher consideration of dis case; I will decide it myself!' Den, turning to de defendant, he said, 'You got licked, sir, und you ought to got licked because you are guilty! I find you One Dollar und Costs. It is supper time now und you can go home, but to-morrow you come und pay up. De Court is adjourned.'"

Old Gottlieb related this amidst much merriment, nor would be permit the squire to interrupt him.

"Well," said Phillip, with mock gravity, when the landlord had concluded, "I see your point: The squire's action was certainly high handed, because right of trial by jury cannot lawfully be denied us; but did Frank pay up next day?"

"Yes," smiled the squire, "he came in and apologized and I remitted the fine."

"Well, that settles it! But say, squire, did I ever tell you about Gottlieb's testimony as an expert witness over at Fort Akron last summer, while you were east?"

"Now look here, Phil, don't give de shquire anodher one on me, or I can't get efen at all."

"Let's hear it," the other urged, and Phillip began:

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"Last year, while you were visiting in the east, we had a regular temperance wave sweep over this county. There were lecturers here from another state, and great virtuous sentiment aroused. Complaint was made for the least violation of the excise laws and many arrests followed. At Fork Akron the teetotalers were in the majority and the village board granted no license; while at Jauer, where the Germans largely predominate, all got licenses who applied.

"Well, the wave of reform struck Jauer, also, but it was impossible to convict there; no matter what the testimony, the jury's verdict was sure to be "not guilty." Then they tried a different course; warrants were sworn out before a justice at Fort Akron, and a number of convictions followed. One of the last to be arrested before the reform wave subsided was Gottlieb's old friend, Adam Geiger, on complaint of selling intoxicating drink to a minor. Old Billy Rooney, you know him, a fine old lawyer, was still district attorney—and his heart was not wholly with these prosecutions; but he did his duty. Rooney knew he could prove the sale of lager beer to the minor, and he got it into his head that his friend, old Gottlieb here, who everybody knows has the biggest experience with drinking beer of any of them, had best be subpoenaed as a witness for the state, to prove, what Rooney supposed everybody knew to be the fact, that lager beer was intoxicating.

"Old Adam got young Dan Weymer to defend him.

"Well, when the trial came, the state proved beyond question that the defendant had sold lager beer to the

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minor, and it only remained to prove that it is intoxicating to secure a conviction. So Mr. Rooney called Gottlieb to the stand and had him sworn.

‘What is your name?’ asked Rooney.

‘You know dat well enough, wat for you ask?’ retorted the witness.

‘Of course I do, Gottlieb,’ the other answered soothingly, ‘but you know in court we must tell everything, so that the judge may know, too. Your name is Gottlieb Brauer, isn’t it?’

‘I guess so,’ smiled Gottlieb.

‘Your Honor, I object, that is a leading question’—came from the defendant’s attorney.”

“The Court”: ‘You must not ask leading questions, Mr. District Attorney.’

‘Mr. Rooney, to witness’: ‘Where do you live?’

“Gottlieb”: ‘Don’t chu know? How did you find me?’

‘Yes, yes, but just answer, Gottlieb, as though I didn’t know anything.’

‘Guess dat’s true,’ “was the quick reply, while the jury laughed, and the justice called for order.”

‘Now then, Gottlieb,’ “Mr. Rooney proceeded, joining in the laugh at his expense,” ‘we understand each other. How old are you?’

‘Pretty near fifty-sefen.’

‘Where were you born?’

‘In Chermany, of course!’

‘How long have you lived in this country?’

‘Well, let me see, we landed in ’42.’

‘And you lived here ever since?’

‘In Wisconsin? No, if I lif here since ’45.’

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‘What is your business?’

‘Don’t chu know?’

‘Now, Gottlieb, go right on and answer my questions.’

‘Well, I run a hotel und keep a saloon.’

‘Where?’

‘Over in Cheffers.’

‘How long have you been in the saloon business?’

‘Chust twelf years last May.’

‘What do you sell in your saloon?’

‘Oh’—“smiling”—‘pop, soda water, tzigars, und so.’

‘Don’t you sell whisky?’

‘Yes.’

‘And wine?’

‘Yes.’

‘And lager beer?’

‘Oh, yes.’

‘How long have you sold lager beer?’

‘All my life pretty near.’

‘You mean as long as you have been in the saloon business?’

‘No, wen I was in Chermany yet I helpt my fadher who had a Gasthaus.’

‘You drink beer yourself, don’t you?’

‘Yes, sir!’

‘How long have you drank beer?’

‘All my life.’

‘How often do you drink it?’

‘Efery day.’

‘How much do you drink a day?’

‘Oh, I don’t know—nefer kept drack.’

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‘Well, about how much?’

‘Dat depends on de drade. Wen de drade is poor I don’t take only a little.’

‘Well, how much do you take when it is poor, and how much when it is good?’

‘Oh, wen dare ain’t much doin’ I takes—maybe dwenty—maybe less, maybe more.’

‘And when the trade is good?’

‘Well, maybe forty or fifty—maybe it’s more—you see I don’t drink dem great bigg schooners.’

‘But’—and Phillip turned to Gottlieb, who sat quietly tipped back in his chair, a comical grin on his face—“that last was not quite true, was it Gottlieb?”

‘Well, I meant not all de time,” was the easy rejoinder.

‘Well, to proceed. Mr. Rooney looked pleased and the jury smiled. Here was a witness who knew all about beer, sure!’

‘Now, Gottlieb, tell this jury whether lager beer is intoxicating or not.’

‘No, sir!’

‘Eh? I asked you whether from your experience lager beer was intoxicating—would make a man drunk?’

‘No, sir!’ “again came the answer, prompt and certain.”

‘Mr. Brauer,’ “says Rooney, slowly and impressively,” ‘you have stated that you drink sometimes forty or fifty glasses a day’—

‘Yes, sir, I tink I have dranked as much as double dat,’ “the witness interrupted proudly.”

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‘Forty or fifty glasses a day and sometimes double that, and do you say it never made you drunk?’

‘No, sir, neffer!’

“The justice glared at the witness over his spectacles; the jury was amazed; and Mr. Rooney dumb-founded. Then he gathered himself for a final assault to save his case. Slowly he raised his long finger, and pointing it at the witness, close to his face, he very solemnly and impressively asked”:

‘Mr. Gottlieb Brauer, do you mean to tell this jury under oath, that lager beer is not intoxicating—that one cannot get drunk on it?’

Gottlieb scratched his head, turned toward the jury and rather irritably said, ‘Well, maybe—iff a man make a *hogg* of himself.’

Squire Newton roared and asked Gottlieb how many beers a man could take a day without “making a hog of himself.”

But the landlord wouldn’t answer; he got up good-naturedly, saying, “I suppose I’ll nefer hear the last of dat now you got hold of it,” and proceeded to take another “snitt.”

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK MAKES A TRADE.



UR friends worked hard the remainder of the winter; they enlarged their clearing, hauled logs to the mill to be cut into lumber, and prepared to build a larger house in the spring. The old log dwelling would do as store room for the many appliances which accumulate on a farm, and a part of it could be used for a hen house. An addition to the log stable was also completed before spring. Twice a week they received news from the outside world and were thus kept informed of political events. Lincoln had been inaugurated, and many of the southern states had seceded, when finally spring arrived. All news reached them somewhat delayed, and they heard of President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers at the same time they learned of the first shot fired on Fort Sumter.

"Shall we enlist?" Jack at once asked. But Phillip shook his head: "Not yet, and never, unless we are needed." But the next Sunday, after church services, a mass meeting was held at the little village, and many announced their readiness to volunteer. No action was taken, however, for want of a leader.

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The next important news came a few days later, and was to the effect that nearly 300,000 had responded to the president's call for 75,000, and a wave of enthusiasm swept the community. Soon came news of the seizure by many of the southern states of the government arsenals, mints, custom houses, etc., within their borders, and finally the news of small battles at Big Bethel, Booneville, Carthage, and other places.

All doubt had vanished—it meant war! Phillip delivered a patriotic address and asked that all single men be organized into a company and drilled by one of the many German veterans among them. An old sergeant was found, familiar with military tactics, who was willing to undertake it. Forty-seven able-bodied young men enrolled. In spite of all resistance Phillip was chosen captain and Jack sergeant. Evening after evening they met on the village green and drilled during that spring and early summer, to be ready when duty called.

During the same period they dug their cellar, hauled stones and sand, built the foundation walls with the aid of old man Bauernfeind, who had some experience as a stone mason in Germany; and finally erected a neat and roomy frame house. There are always some men skilled in carpenter work in every such community, and neighbors help each other; so that when completed our friends could rejoice at the small outlay in cash which it had cost them.

Mr. Baldwin was expected to come soon, and he had arranged to bring his wife and Eda with him—to Jack's intense delight. The young men were to meet

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them at the nearest railway station, about nine miles away.

One day, while they were putting a coat of cheap paint on the house, Jack suggested that if they only had a team of horses and a light spring wagon it would be so much nicer to bring their friends home with than a yoke of oxen and a heavy wagon. He knew of a second-hand wagon that would do nicely if it was fixed up a little, and Old Slater had just broken in his colts that winter and might be induced to trade his old span of horses for some cows, or something else. Jack had evidently thought considerable on the subject—I'll leave the reader to guess the cause.

"Well," Phillip said, "I don't know but what you are right. How much will the spring wagon cost?"

"Probably twenty dollars, and three or four more for paint."

"All right, we are nearly through painting and you can finish alone while I go over and have a talk with Mr. Slater."

"No, no, Phil, let me go—what do you know of a horse trade, or of a horse, anyhow?" Jack eagerly exclaimed.

"Not much, I confess, though I have handled some in Ohio."

"Well, let me go anyway, I've driven lots of horses in New York when I was on the force."

"Undoubtedly, and stopped a runaway team now and then; but you know about as much of a horse's faults and qualities as Gottlieb Brauer knows of music. But then go ahead and try your luck, and

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don't forget that you are dealing with a shrewd Yankee." So saying Phillip resumed painting, and Jack started off to Slater's.

When Phillip had finished painting he found he had time to go to town before supper, to get the mail. So he changed his clothes, as was his habit, and started. On his return, two hours later, he found Jack awaiting him, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Well, I got them," he shouted gleefully as soon as Phillip was within hearing distance. "And they're all right, too, sound as a silver dollar!"

"So-o," Phillip rejoined as he came up. "I'm glad of it. What did you put up for them?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Jack, "that's the best of the whole deal; he wanted a hundred and fifty dollars for the team and I finally traded him the yoke of steers we broke last winter and the old brindle cow that kicks so."

"Did you tell him she kicks?"

"Did I tell him she kicks? Hear the innocent! No, you bet I didn't; we don't tell such things in horse trading. He asked whether she was gentle and I told him anybody almost could milk her. And so they can, ha, ha—but that is as close as anybody but old Bauernfeind can get to it—'almost,' yes, that's it." And Jack laughed loud as his imagination pictured to him old Slater's troubles when he would try to milk her.

"Jack, I don't like that a bit; it isn't honest, horse trade or no horse trade. If those horses are worth what the old gentleman asked for them you beat him

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shamefully and ought to make it right. Where did you put them?"

"Over in the new stable, and they are as gentle as lambs."

Phillip started to inspect the new acquisitions; but the moment he clapped eyes on them he emitted a long-drawn low whistle and suppressed a smile.

"That is a fine team," he said dryly; "did Slater say how old they were?"

"Well, the bay is some over seven and the black, I think, a little older," answered Jack, unconsciously quoting Slater.

"H'm! Look at these teeth; did you examine them before you made the bargain? No?"

"Yes," he continued as he looked the black also in the mouth, "that's true as gospel, 'the bay is *some* past seven and the black a little older.' These gray hair in the mane will need dyeing some, I fear," he added, musingly. "Rather in poor flesh, too—look as though they had just come out of a cooper shop."

"Well, the old man was short on grain, but a little extra feeding will put them in fine trim," Jack interrupted.

By this time Phillip was examining the horses' legs. "Hello, what are these bunches?"

"Oh, that's where the colts kicked them last winter when they were all out in the yard together."

"Strange, strange, what curious things do happen; both horses kicked on both legs and almost on the same spots—if you hadn't told me how it happened I should have called them wind galls," Phillip rejoined without the trace of a smile. "And these lit-

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tle elevations here near the knee—yes, the bay has got them, too—I wonder what they mean?” he asked, with grave innocence.

“Well, sure enough—I hadn’t seen that, but I guess it’ll go away with good feeding; you see they are run down by poor feeding.”

“I suppose you are right—I was afraid they might be spavins. How are they on the wind?”

“All right, I guess—they puffed a little when I brought them home, ’cause I walked them pretty fast, as I was afraid the old man might change his mind.”

“Well, let’s find out what treasures we really have got. You lead one and I’ll take the other and we’ll trot them around the yard for a few minutes.”

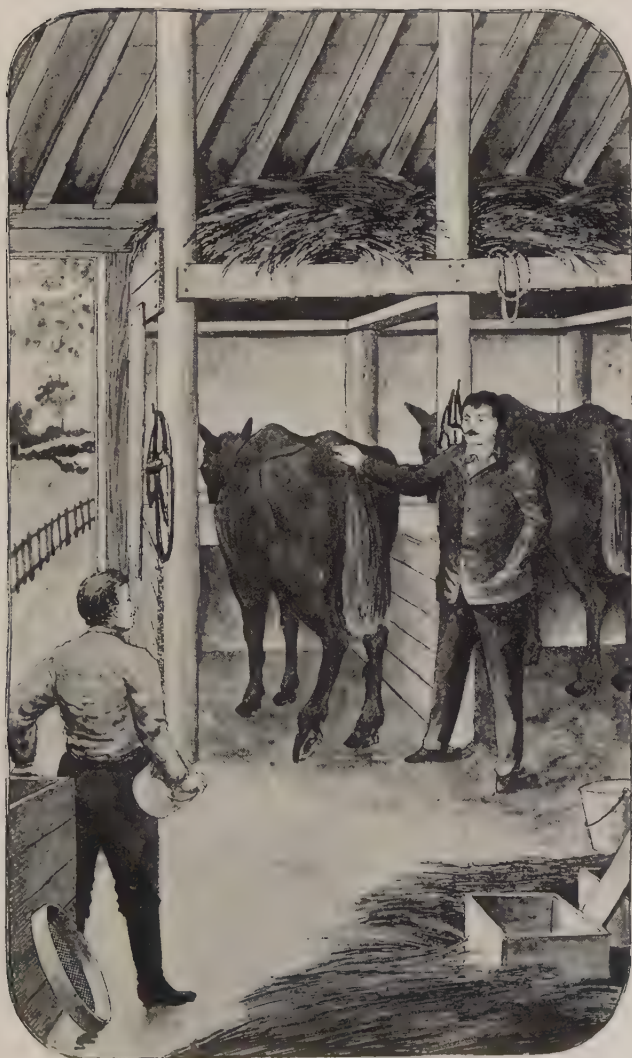
Jack, still unsuspecting, did as requested and for about two minutes they led them on a brisk trot around the large yard. When they were again in the stalls both horses puffed like steam engines and their flanks undulated like a billowy sea.

“They do seem to breathe hard—but Slater said they always did that when he fed them on dusty hay,” Jack remarked.

“You don’t think they’ve got the heaves?” Phillip queried, with assumed anxiety.

“Heaves! I should think not,” Jack answered, convincingly. He didn’t care to admit his ignorance of the meaning of the term.

Phillip was again examining the leg of one of the horses: “Well, this might have been a ring bone at some time”—



“ ‘You don’t think they’ve got the heaves?’ ”

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"Oh, no," Jack interrupted; "Old Slater said such a mark sometimes comes from getting caught in a rope—that might rub the hair off."

Finally Phillip closed his examination and together they started for the house. On the way Jack anxiously asked whether Phillip still insisted on his giving Slater another cow for the one that kicked. "Oh, no, I think he'll be satisfied in time," the latter rejoined, as he turned away to conceal a smile.

Next day Jack bought the spring wagon and repaired and painted it, and on the following Sunday afternoon he prepared to drive to town in style. Phillip excused himself with having letters to write, and anxiously awaited the result.

About one o'clock he saw the team slowly coming back, but Jack was not driving it; it was the village constable who occupied the seat.

"Hello, what's up; where's Jack?" he cried, as the latter drove up.

"In the lockup," was the laconic reply; "better get in and we'll drive back and bail him out."

"Bail him out I will, but we'll walk."

"Might as well—we'll get there quicker," the other replied.

So they unhitched, put up the horses and started for the village. On the way the constable related that when Jack drove into town he drove up the front street, looking as proud as a peacock. When he got near the tavern, where a lot of the boys were waiting for church time, he stopped.

"Hello, Jack," one of them shouted, "wher'd you get them cripples?"

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"Cripples, you call them?" Jack flashed back, hot in an instant, as he jumped out to tie up, "I want you to understand they cost more than all you own in the world."

"What did you give for them?" another asked.

"I traded a yoke of two-year-olds and a fine cow for them, and they're dirt cheap at that."

The crowd shouted, and Jack kept getting more and more angry, until finally he yelled at them to know the reason of their laughter.

"Bill Denton, who is always putting his foot in it, spoke up: 'Oh, we are all so tickled that we got such a good horseman among us, haw, haw, haw! We, us fellows, who don't know anything about horses, we'd a thought them the most ancient, heavy, ring-boned, spavined, wind galled carcasses ever delivered to a glue fac—,' but, before he had time to finish the word, Jack went for him like lightning and in less time than it takes to tell it he had knocked Bill insensible. I got there just in time to see the finish," the constable concluded his statement, "and so I arrested him. I'd a come to get you sooner, but we had a hard job to bring Bill to."

When they reached the village they first went to see Denton, who had by that time fully recovered, and was little the worse for his thrashing, except that he had a badly swollen face. He admitted that he merited the chastisement and was not at all anxious to have Jack punished. Together they proceeded to the lockup, where they found Jack crestfallen. Before any of the visitors had time to say a word, he addressed Denton with, "Bill, I want to beg your par-

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don—I'm ashamed of myself." Denton at once extended his hand, saying, "Shake, old fellow, 'nough said; I was to blame."

No complaint being lodged, Jack was released and went home with Phillip. As soon as they were out of town, he stopped and looked at the latter for a moment, then continuing walking said, "Phillip, why didn't you tell me of the condition of those horses when I brought them home?"

"I'll tell you, Jack; it was for several reasons: First, it was too late, as Old Slater would never have taken them back; second, you wanted to beat the old man in the trade by putting a worthless cow on him, or you wouldn't have been so anxious not to let me go instead of yourself, which made the result but just retribution; and, third, it is always a wholesome lesson to get the conceit knocked out of us a little."

Jack was silent for a long time, pondering over his friend's words; but, when they arrived at the gate, he said emphatically: "Phil, I'll never try to beat a man again as long as I live, nor I ain't going to let one beat me again, neither!"

July was drawing nearer and our young friends were impatiently awaiting the day fixed for the arrival of the Baldwins. Jack worked over the horses every moment of his spare time, until they began to shine like polished. But he couldn't manage to conceal the protruding ribs and bony backs, although he fairly gorged them with corn and oats and the best of hay. However, they were much improved in appearance by the first day of July, at which time the guests were expected. The spare room was fixed up to the

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best advantage for the ladies, and our friends vacated their own for Mr. Baldwin.

Monday, July 1st, at length came, and a beautiful day it was; the air balmy, the grasses luxuriant in their richest green, the wild flowers smiling in the forest and along the road-sides, and the birds singing joyously from a thousand leafy branches.

The station was nine miles away and the train due at ten o'clock. The horses must necessarily be driven on a walk most of the time, but an early start offset the slow pace, so that our friends arrived a full hour before the train. At length the whistle was heard in the distance, the rumbling sound increased in volume and a moment later the train thundered into the station. Eagerly they scanned the windows and watched the doors until they saw Mr. Baldwin emerge, closely followed by Mrs. Baldwin and Eda.

After a most joyful greeting, and securing of the baggage, they started on the return trip—Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin occupying the rear seat, while Eda took her place between her brother and Jack, in the front. The country was so bright, the sight so new to the city-bred ladies, especially to Eda, who thought she had never seen anything so lovely, that, amidst questioning and answering and exclamation at sight of each new discovery, the return trip seemed shorter than Jack could have imagined. And when Eda, overflowing with happiness, praised the glossy appearance of the horses and asked him to drive slower—albeit they rarely left a walk—because they would get all out of breath, he was so delighted that even Phillip's

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sidelong glance and tantalizing smile could not annoy him.

When they reached home it was after twelve, and a splendid German dinner, prepared by the old lady Bauernfeind, awaited them.

After doing it hearty justice the guests were anxious to view our friends' possessions, and with pardonable pride and many explanations they showed them some of the results of their hard labors. A comfortable house, surrounded by a large, neatly kept yard, and large, well-filled log barns and stables, were, of course, the main features. Then a large herd of cattle—cows, oxen, heavy steers and younger stock—came in for praise; a flock of chickens, a dozen geese and waddling ducks followed them about the rear yard, and an old turkey gobbler tried to exhibit the pride his masters felt by strutting about with tail spread into a massive fan and his head thrown back until his wattles were crimson with imprisoned blood.

Old Bauernfeind was so happy that every moment he could get the ear of one of the guests, he would run over with fulsome praise of the young men: How they had saved him and his "old woman" from want, and how hard they worked, and how *everybody* liked them, and how good-hearted they were, etc. Nor were the lady guests reticent with expressions of approval. Mr. Baldwin alone was not effusive; only once he remarked to his wife: "Mamma, do you remember the time when I remarked of a little German lad that he had 'American pluck,' that we wanted such timber and spirit to help build up America and make

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it great?" and she answered, with a nod, "Yes, Richard, I remember it well."

After a time, as the day had grown quite warm, the two elder people retired to the house to rest, while Eda, who insisted on going into the woods, gladly accepted the company of Phillip and Jack.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE *HAD* TO SHOUT.



MUST now digress to give the reader a fair understanding of the location and condition of the farm. It had been bought in the first place with a view to an eventual division between them; and in making their clearings they kept this end in view as much as possible. As already related, the farm consisted of three hundred and twenty acres, two quarter sections, the northeast quarters of one section and the southeast quarter of another. A highway ran east and west directly between the two, to the little village of Newtonville, one and three-quarter miles to the east, on the banks of Wood river. The river was but a small stream that received its supply from large marshes and small creeks, and finally discharged into Rock River. Another highway had been cut north and south through the forest on the east line of our friends' land, but was hardly fit for passage as yet. Commencing near the middle of the west end of the quarter section north of the main highway, a strip of tamarack, some thirty rods wide and gradually spreading as it crossed the road, bordered a small creek which wound its way southeasterly through the north quarter section,

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crossed the road about 160 rods west of the house, and then ran nearly straight south for two miles, being finally lost in a large marsh, which was also bordered with tamarack trees. The marsh was always flooded by the melting snow and rains in the spring and was then a favorite resort for millions of wild ducks and geese. Both of the quarter sections of our friends sloped gently toward this creek and tamarack, the north quarter having a little more dry land than the other and being, therefore, slightly more valuable.

The first clearing was made in the northeast corner of the south quarter and the buildings erected thereon. The first little log house was close to the stable and other small sheds, but the new house was a little farther removed and faced the old highway on the north and the new one on the east. The clearing was gradually enlarged, first to the west and south; and afterwards a like space was cleared across the road on the north quarter extending north and westward.

The mode of procedure was like this: The trees were cut down, the best logs reserved for the mill to be sold or made into lumber; a little cordwood was also made—sufficient for their own use and some friends in the village. The railroad was too far away, and, while the company used wood exclusively at that time, it obtained its supply so cheaply from the settlers near by that it did not pay our friends to haul it so far—the more so, since they had no horses, until now. Consequently the greater part of the beautiful timber, consisting of maple, red and white oak, elm, basswood, black walnut, butternut, with scattering

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hickory, ironwood and the like, had to be "logged up" and burned. After this was accomplished, grass seed was scattered on the mellow soil, which soon grew and formed splendid pasture for the cattle. Pasturing was useful in another way: It compacted the soil, kept down the new shoots and aided to early rot the roots so that the stumps could be removed. After a year or two of pasturing all loose stumps were removed and the land plowed—two powerful yoke of oxen to each plow—the torn up roots gathered and burned, and the field planted to corn; and this was subsequently followed by rye, wheat or oats. Potatoes at first were raised right among the stumps in the virgin soil, but later generally on cultivated land. Each season had its labor; whatever could be done in winter, in the way of clearing, must not be reserved for the summer.

All this was, of course, herculean toil; but what think you, kind reader, caused these magnificent farms to spring up throughout all Southern Wisconsin until it has become a very paradise for agriculture? Nothing but the hardest kind of labor, coupled with many privations. Those who have not lived to see it, or better still, take part, will never be able to realize the tremendous hardships these early pioneers had to contend with, and many such readers of this book will scan these lines with impatience, or skip through them as "uninteresting." Therefore, but a word more on this subject and I will leave it.

At this time in our friends' history they had cleared nearly sixty acres and were considered among the most prosperous in the community. They had a surplus of general farm products and were beginning

to make money from the sale of cattle. To-day the herd was on the newly cleared land across the road, which was fenced in, like the remainder, with a heavy rail fence. The cattle, after receiving water at a well near the house, had wandered away to other parts of the pasture, and Phillip proposed that they cross over to show Eda their new clearing.

When they reached it, but few of the cattle could be seen, and Jack, upon looking around, discovered a break in the fence where they had evidently thrown down the rails with their horns, and some of them passed over into the woods. He suggested that they were probably up on the north end where the timber was lighter and forest grass more plentiful, and proposed to go and bring them back. But Phillip said, no, he would go, and Jack should go ahead with Eda—he would soon join them.

Phillip smiled to himself as they left him, while he slowly went in the other direction.

Side by side Eda and Jack strolled along. The giant forest trees cast a dense shade about them, and only a glimmer of sunshine now and then forced its way through the thick foliage. Under their feet the thick leaves yielded like a heavy velvet carpet, and modest forest plants bowed to them at every footstep. The startled “brrr” of a partridge, as it left its favorite scratching place, and the occasional “oo-hoo” of a distant owl were the only sounds that could be heard. Deeper and deeper grew the shade and the warm moist air seemed to enthrall the senses of the wanderers. At length Eda broke the silence:

"Oh, Jack, this is beautiful; I feel as though I were in the presence of angels and God were near by," she half whispered.

Jack, although he had long since been converted from his prepossession in favor of the prairie to love of the forest, this day saw its beauties as never before. With a heart overflowing with indefinable emotion and love bordering on idolatry for the fair being at his side, he could only stammer a subdued "Y-e-s."

Presently Eda roused herself: "If indeed we are in such good company, let us be gay," she exclaimed. "Oh, what a beautiful flower! See over there—let's get it."

"That is a 'lady slipper'," Jack said, "and fits you to perfection," he gallantly added.

"Oh, no, I hope not—I was not raised in China," she laughingly answered; and as her eyes espied a new flower: "Look, Jack! Why, it looks like a violet—it must be a real forest violet—I did not know they ever blossomed so late."

"In this dense shade they blossom all the summer. And look, Eda, this is 'bleeding heart,' and this is 'heart's ease,' which will you have?"

"Both, Jack, because they ever grow together," she answered meaningly.

Thus talking, picking flowers, and now and then lapsing into silence, they walked along until they reached the borders of the tamarack, when Eda said, "Let's sit down on this log and wait for Phil. I wonder where he can be so long."

"I suppose," Jack replied, "he had difficulty in finding the cattle or in bringing them back; and I

know he wouldn't give up, because they are more difficult to find in the evening. I believe I can hear a cowbell in the distance now"—he added, listening—"he must have found them."

Silence followed; Eda had seated herself on the moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree and was looking dreamily at the thick undergrowth of the tamarack swamp. Her light bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, held there by the pale blue ribbon about her neck, and her beautiful auburn hair, released from restraint, crowded in clinging waves over her snowy forehead and kissed her rosy cheeks. She was a picture of loveliness. An expression at once so tender and indicative of self-reliance and strength rested on her countenance, that Jack stood silently before her, unable to lift his eyes from her face. She raised them for a moment and saw a look that brought a quick blush to her cheeks.

"Oh, isn't that a fern—over there?" pointing to the edge of the tamarack. "Why, what a large one—won't you get it for me?"

Jack looked slowly in the direction indicated, then mechanically went and got it. He laid it in her lap, seized her hands, and suddenly knelt down before her and sought her eyes.

"Eda," he began, "I cannot stand it longer, I cannot! I must tell you what is in my heart. I love you so immeasurably it makes me almost crazy. Tell me, oh, please tell me can I have even the smallest hope ever to win your love in return? You are so good, so pure, so strong, you would ennoble any companion, and, though I am uncouth now, with your love to look

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forward to, earth will be a paradise and I will not disgrace it." He bowed his head as he uttered the last earnest words, kneeling like a penitent sinner at the judgment throne.

Tears, sweet tears of joy and love welled up to Eda's eyes. Her head drooped forward until her lips almost touched his hair, as she whispered in his ears, "Jack, dear Jack, I'll never learn to love you more than now." He glanced up, saw her eyes beaming with love, and caught the meaning of her words, and up he jumped, this wild Irish lover, to his feet, and gave such a terrific shout that the old giant trees shook the owls and whippoorwills from their branches, and Eda turned pale and looked about in alarm for the cause of such an eruption. Before she could realize anything she was seized by two strong arms, lifted bodily from her seat and pressed to a manly breast, whose owner almost smothered her with kisses. As suddenly she was released and replaced on the log. Once more Jack knelt before her, now looking almost pale, he took her hand and earnestly asked, "Is it true, Eda, *do you love me?*" and when she nodded her head the tears commenced to roll down his cheeks, he kissed her hand and muttered, "This is too much, too much happiness—may I shout once more?" And, before she could answer, his voice again awakened the echoes in the distant woods.

"Oh, dear, dear Eda, it would have killed me if I couldn't have shouted," he said, as he now quietly sat down beside her and placed his arm about her. "In the wildest dreams of my life I never imagined I could be so happy."

"Hello! Hello-o!" some one called in the distance. "Helo-o-o!" it sounded again nearer, and in a moment Phillip came rushing by where the lovers were seated. Suddenly he saw them sitting on the log, Eda's head pillowed on Jack's breast, and Jack's arm around her waist, and they saw him.

He stopped short and looked at them, steadily maintaining their position. Then a broad smile lit up his face, while he muttered to himself, "Well, I might have known it, Jack *had* to shout or burst when that came about." He approached the couple and they ran to meet him and embraced him together.

"Oh, you dear Phillip, I know you stayed away so long purposely," Eda whispered; "Phil, it's all your doing, I'd never dared believe it if you hadn't bid me hope," Jack shouted.

"Well, well, children," the young man replied, "it's all right, but next time don't scare a fellow to death with your unearthly yells—why, I thought some dreadful accident had surely happened, and ran all the way from the clearing."

"But what made you stay so long—did you have trouble with the cattle?"

"Oh, no, I sat on the fence dreaming, and hoping you two would get lost and *find each other*," Phillip answered laughingly.

Beautiful as the forest still was, and sweet the perfume in the air, the lovers must hasten home, Eda to pour the story of her happiness into the willing ear of her foster mother, Jack to speak with beating heart to Mr. Baldwin. Phillip remained, and seating himself upon the fallen tree so recently the witness

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of unfathomable joy, thought of the future, with the silent dread of war uppermost in his heart. He hated war, he loved peace. Discord of any kind, enmity and bitterness were like poison to him. The older he grew, the more charitable toward the faults of his fellow beings he became. Why could not right and justice prevail without blows, without struggles, without wars? Why must men kill each other to force still others to see and in mind and heart learn, what *is right!*

He felt that war would surely come—that any moment duty might call him to leave his pleasant home, the nursery of his ambitions and of his hopes for the future; and that he must then leave it all, perhaps never to see it again: And his heart grew sad and heavy. How he had labored and struggled since he left the shores of the Fatherland! And what would be the final fruit of his labors? A grave perhaps in some distant valley, unknown and uncared for!

Suddenly, as if from the vapors of that grave, there seemed to arise before him the vision of father and mother—he saw them at the moment of parting, when mother strained him to her heart and anointed him with her tears, when father blessed him and bade him be true to his God, for, as he added in unbounded faith, “Gott verlaesst die Seinen nie!”—and Phillip, slipping down from his seat, in the deep shade and dead silence of the forest, with his folded hands resting upon one of its fallen monarchs, knelt and prayed. When he arose a smile hovered on his lips, new cheer was in his heart, and with elastic step he sought his home.

That was a happy week for them all, but more particularly for Eda and Jack. All day they would roam the forest, exploring every hidden nook and telling each other of their past lives. Often they revisited the spot where they had plighted their troth, and lived over again the joy of those happy moments. To the hour of their death, not long ago, it was ever sacred to them; and though both now sleep beneath the sod, their children will not forget. Not one of the old witnesses to their happiness has felt the woodman's axe, unless old age and storm first broke them down; and the survivors still whisper the story to the young shoots that take their place. A tract of about ten acres, dense and shady as of yore, protected from cattle and trespassers, surrounds the spot to this day.

Thursday, July 4th, they all spent in the village, celebrating the national holiday, and though Phillip, in response to unanimous call, made a patriotic speech, Jack remained the hero of the day, because it became known that he had won that charming girl, Phillip's sister.

During the week Mr. Baldwin and Phillip visited the tracts of land the latter had selected as the most promising for investment, and by Saturday night the deals had been concluded and purchases made. The following Monday the guests returned to their home in Milwaukee. It was a sad parting—for who could foretell what the future had in store with the lowering clouds of war before them. Each day made the coming of the storm more certain, and gloomy and sad indeed was the final farewell. Jack promised Eda, with tears in his eyes, that he would not volunteer

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until it became a duty to his country, and Phillip was to say when that time had come. Then, indeed, she would not hold him back. All still hoped, or made believe they hoped, the storm would pass.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WAR.

 ABOUT two weeks later came the news that Congress had voted \$250,000,000 to pay the expenses of putting down the Rebellion, and authorized the call for 500,000 volunteers; and that the Confederate States had issued a call for an equal number of men. Almost simultaneously came the news of the Battle of Bull Run and the Unionists' defeat. Excitement ran high—the more enthusiastic of the young men of the village company were for enlisting at once; but the cooler heads held them in check for a time.

Day by day the feeling grew more and more intense—Jack, with many others, chafed at being held back, but Phillip restrained them. “It is not necessary, boys, as yet; when the time comes we will move—till then be patient,” were his orders. But they would not be patient. The patriotism their captain had himself slowly fanned into flame, got beyond his control. One hot-headed fellow went so far as to call Phillip a coward, for which he was promptly knocked down by Jack. Finally some could be held back no longer, and the company broke up. At least one-half left for various posts of enlistment. The re-

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mainder waited with Phillip and Jack until September, when news of repeated disaster to the Union forces had made every patriot's duty clear; then all left to join the army. Phillip and Jack, with a number of others, went to Chicago and enlisted there as privates in Company — of Illinois Volunteers. Before going they secured their crops, sold a large part of their stock and left the remainder in charge of old Bauernfeind, hoping, at least, that inside of a year they would return. It was decreed otherwise, as the result showed.

Kind reader, do not expect me to trace the war record of either of them on these pages; for the story of their lives the next three years, of the hardships through which they passed, the battles which they fought, is a confused mass in my mind. How often have I seen the two old veterans sitting together of an evening, at the fireside, and live over again, so to speak, their thrilling adventures of the war. I have heard them describe this battle and that and quarrel in a friendly way over some unimportant detail; I have heard them tell of tight places they were in when nothing short of a miracle seemed able to save them; then I have heard them tell of comrades whose bravery at some time saved their lives; and I have seen them weep at the recollection that at roll call dear voices never again responded. Their record in the main was no different from that of hundreds of thousands of brave lads—and let us tell the truth, on both sides—whose courage, heroism and daring has made the name “American,” whether of the north or

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of the south, when worthily borne, equal to the title of "Prince."

This whole war, in which were enlisted on the Union side alone more than two and one-half million of men, of whom about one million were constantly in the service, was the most obstinately and bravely fought of any war recorded in modern history. Measured by the losses in killed and wounded, as battles always are, it showed such stupendous courage and daring, and utter disregard of death in the determination to conquer, that it leaves all other wars of modern times far behind. The losses of the victor and conquered are given as approximating one million men.

In song and story have been immortalized the sublime courage of the Guards of Inkermann, the Ninety-third Highlanders, the famous charge of the Light Brigade, the terrible fighting and losses at Mars La Tour and Gravelotte; but think of it, in our civil war there were more than one hundred regiments, each of which in some one battle suffered a greater loss than the British at Inkermann, than any regiment under Wellington, Blucher or Napoleon at Waterloo, or any regiment in the Franco-Prussian war! "No European regiment," says Adjutant Charles Richardson, to whom I am indebted for these condensed figures, "in any recent struggle suffered such loss as at Gettysburg befell the One Hundred and First Pennsylvania, which lost 76 per cent., or the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, which lost 72 per cent.; such as at the second battle of Manasses befell the One Hundred and First New York, which lost 74 per cent.;

or the Twenty-First Georgia, which lost 76 per cent. At Cold Harbor the Twenty-First Massachusetts lost 70 per cent., and the Tenth Tennessee at Chickamauga lost 68 per cent.; at Shiloh the Ninth Illinois lost 69 per cent., and the Sixth Mississippi 70 per cent.; while at Antietam the First Texas met the appalling loss of 82 per cent." And so the list continues until "more than 152 regiments are found to have lost to exceed 50 per cent., and more than 500 Union regiments that suffered a greater loss in killed and wounded than that which befell the Light Brigade at Balaklava (and nobody blundered either), which was only 36.7 per cent."

With such a record of a whole army, can you doubt but that Phillip and Jack also did their duty? Jack served to the close of the war and returned as Colonel. Phillip was disabled in May, 1863, and brevetted Lieutenant Colonel for bravery in his last battle. Perhaps I ought to tell more, but I will not now—not in this book. Let the following brief mention of facts suffice:

Jack was wounded twice and that in quick succession: The first time by a bayonet thrust in the left arm, at the time he was taken prisoner, and the next by a bullet which passed through the muscles of the leg, while escaping from his captors a day later. He and six others had been out on a foraging expedition and were resting in the shade of a tree with their booty. Nothing had been seen of the enemy for several days and the party, feeling secure, had stacked their muskets against a tree, and were eating their dinner. Suddenly, from the neighboring bushes, a

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squad of Confederate soldiers emerged and ordered them to surrender. Jack, always impetuous, reached for his musket, but would have been pinioned to the tree by the bayonet of one of the enemy had not a comrade diverted the thrust. As it was he received a painful, but not dangerous flesh wound in the forearm. Nothing better remained to be done than to surrender, as their captors far outnumbered them and had them at their mercy.

All day they marched and when night came camped in a ravine bordered by wooded hills. The prisoners were closely guarded by two sentinels, while the others slept. Before morning a thunder shower made sleep impossible, and the soldiers stood about their camp fire, paying little attention to the prisoners and their guards. Now and then one of the guards would walk up to the fire to warm himself, keeping a sharp lookout, however, in the direction of the prisoners, while the other gloomily paced the soaked ground. Jack determined to escape whether his companions followed or not. Taking advantage of a moment when the guard's head was turned, and willing to risk a bullet from the one at the fire, he made a dash for liberty, into the darkness. An instant later a shot rang out, and Jack felt a sting in his leg; though it seemed not to have deprived him of its use. Quickly changing his course in the pitchy darkness, he heard the shots of the others, but they did not come in his direction. He kept blindly on till he became aware that he had reached the hillside, when he stopped to regain breath. He felt of his leg and found warm blood oozing from



"He made a dash for liberty, into the darkness."

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a wound near the thigh. Removing his coat, he took off his shirt and tore it in strips for a bandage. This he tightly bound around his leg and succeeded in staunching the flow of blood. Then he slowly commenced the ascent of the hill.

As he reached the top, after half an hour's climbing, the storm broke up and the retreating clouds showed dawn at hand. He sat down to rest, and as daylight came, he could distinctly see the smoke of his captors' camp fire in the distant valley. He knew the direction he had been brought and about where the Federal forces must be. Slowly and laboriously he made his way to the Union lines, arriving there on the third day—having had no food during the whole dreary march and suffering tortures from the fever produced by his wound. But one month thereafter he was again in the ranks. In all the battles in which he took part, and in one of which his whole company was shattered, the second lieutenant, captain and sergeant killed, he escaped without a scratch. His very first promotion was from the ranks to second lieutenant, and further advancement followed in time.

Neither will I here give our hero's war record any extended notice. Those who have followed the development of his character and know his cool, deliberate, fearless nature and devotion to duty, the fact that from the ranks he rose to captaincy and was finally, when disabled, brevetted lieutenant colonel, will be sufficiently satisfied that his record, too, was a proud one. Let me, therefore, revert only to the closing scene of his activity as a soldier.

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It will be remembered that when General Grant in the spring of 1863, determined to capture Vicksburg, and after desperate efforts to reach the south side of that "Gibraltar of the West" finally succeeded in the last days of April, it was his intention to capture Grand Gulf and make it the base of his operations. On the 29th, after an engagement lasting five hours, the attempt was abandoned. During the night Grant's army moved farther south, and crossed to the east shore in the morning, landing at Bruinsburgh. Before proceeding against Vicksburg it was necessary to clear away the danger of attack from the rear. Without an instant delay, he, therefore, ordered General McClernand to proceed against Port Gibson. McClernand met the enemy about eight miles from the city, and drove them back. In the morning he again came upon them only four miles distant, strongly entrenched in two highways running along the summit of hills bordered on both sides by impassable ravines. Bertram was at that time captain of a company under Osterhaus.

Hoovey's, Carr's and Smith's divisions were ordered to attack the right wing, while Osterhaus proceeded against the left. A desperate battle ensued, and had it not been for the timely support of Logan's division, the result might have been different. On the arrival of these reinforcements the attack became so terrific and irresistible that the enemy fled in disorder bordering on rout. A thousand prisoners were made, and five cannons captured, but the Union loss in killed and wounded was eight hundred and fifty.

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Bertram and his company were in the front ranks, and he had unusually distinguished himself by his wonderful coolness and daring. Just as the enemy were breaking up in disorder, and our soldiers saw that theirs was the victory, he was seen to sway from side to side—the sword falling from his grasp, the uplifted hand sinking helplessly to his side—and the next moment reel and fall forward on his face. A dozen comrades rushed to his assistance; but he pointed with feeble hand to the enemy, and they understood. Two remained, however, and carried him, now insensible, to the rear. With the other wounded he was taken to the camp hospital and examined. The surgeon found that he had been shot in the breast, the bullet passing through the left lobe of the lung and lodging in the muscles of the back. “Not necessarily fatal, but likely to be,” was the verdict.

After quickly dressing the wound, the surgeon hurried on to others that needed his help. Next morning he came again, and, seeing Phillip looking intelligently at him, exclaimed cheerily, “What, not dead yet! Then you have a chance for life. I must examine your wound again.”

“If you can stand it to have the bullet cut out it will increase your chances of recovery—the wound can then heal both ways. The bullet lies so near the outer surface it ought to be removed,” he said, after a short examination.

“Then I will stand it,” was Phillip’s weak answer.

Another surgeon was called to assist. Quickly the incision was made and the bullet removed. But, before the wound could be washed and dressed, uncon-

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consciousness had mercifully come to the patient's relief. "It's best so," the surgeon muttered as they finished their work, "he will feel better when he comes to."

And there our hero lay for two long, weary months. When the fever, caused by his wound, began to subside and he seemed on the fair road to recovery, a new complication set in: He was attacked by Southern or "swamp" fever. The nursing could not be of the best, although heroic women, following in the train of war's devastating sweep like ministering angels, worked untiringly for the relief of the victims. The number was too great to do justice to them all. Day upon day new sufferers arrived, while a few returned to duty and many more were conveyed to a silent, an eternal resting place.

At length Vicksburg surrendered! On the Fourth day of July the victorious Union hosts marched into the city and the Star Spangled Banner of Liberty waved from the citadel. The Mississippi was open to the north, and when Port Hudson fell a few days later, that great highway of commerce was ours to the Gulf.

Many of the invalids were now sent north in transports, some to Memphis, some to St. Louis and some to Chicago. Phillip, whose iron constitution had battled for weeks with the consuming fever, was again beginning to recover; and, although he was considered still too feeble to be removed, he begged so earnestly to be taken along that consent was finally given, and, with the others, he was loaded on a transport and carried up the river. He felt as though the nearer

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he could be to his forest home in the cool climate of the north, the more certain would be his recovery.

At St. Louis, those destined for Chicago were transferred to coaches on the Illinois Central railroad and carried the remainder of the distance by rail. And what a lot of armless, legless, maimed cripples they were! Pale and wan, the ravages of privation, wound and disease had stamped themselves on every countenance. The weaker ones were lying on cots and straw mattresses longing for the coming time of quiet and rest. At length they arrived at Chicago and were conveyed to the hospitals. With a sigh of relief our hero felt the motion of being carried cease. The trip had been too much for him—a moment he lay staring at the high ceiling, then he became unconscious.

How long he remained in that condition he did not know until after many days. But all the time he seemed so happy—ministering angels seemed to surround him. Often he could hear his mother's voice talking soothingly to him as in his childhood; then again his father spoke—strong, earnest words of admonition—thrilling, convincing, and full of paternal love. He saw Eda and Jack sitting in the forest with his arm about her waist, and they ran toward him again for the brotherly embrace; again Grandma O'Donnell was scolding his chum and lamenting that he would bring her to an early grave; and Sammy, and good old Peter Gross! How often he heard the old gentleman's cheerful voice ringing in his ears.. But there was one vision which seemed to be with him by day and by night, to hover over him, to ten-

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derly caress him, too soothe his moments of restlessness and irritability—so wonderfully lovely, so sweet and tender—he could not understand it; he was puzzled; he thought of little Bessie, and again she was with him, and he seemed to feel her small arms about his neck and felt her sweet childish kiss upon his lips; but this was not Bessie, although she seemed like her; was it an angel or mortal—oh, who could it be? In sheer desperation at his inability to solve the mystery, he gave up the attempt and yielded himself unquestioningly to its sweet influence. At length he thought he awoke, but seemed so weak, oh, so weak and tired, he could not open his eyes. One effort he *would* make—and when he looked up the room seemed in semi-darkness. He thought he heard a quick movement at his bedside and the whispered words, full of infinite gratitude, “Thank God!” and again he closed his eyes and slept.

CHAPTER XX.

DOCTOR LAWRENCE AND BESSIE.



CHILLY, drizzling rain was falling on the day of Phillip's arrival in Chicago. In a substantial brick residence, on Ada street, a physician might have been seen slowly pacing up and down his study. His hands were folded behind him, his head bent as if in deep thought. Of medium height, with broad forehead running well back to reach a fair circle of silvered hair, rather thin, pale cheeks, furrowed and clean shaven, a round chin, mobile and expressive lips partly covered by a curling moustache, with deep set, thoughtful looking eyes—he looked the student and worker that he was.

“Why dream of bygone days?” he muttered, stopping in his walk, “they can never come back.” He paused, but in a moment added, “If only our little girl will meet her happiness. I must work on until I meet *her* beyond the shores.” He picked up his medicine case, examined the phials, added to the contents of some from the shelves of a large cupboard, then, putting on his raincoat and hat, left the house.

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It was our old acquaintance, Doctor Lawrence, whom we last saw nearly eighteen years ago at Castle Garden in New York, the father of Phillip's dream-child Bessie. When he left New York he went to Boston, as he had intended, and resumed his practice. His wife's health, however, which had been much improved by the trip to Europe, took a turn for the worse, and he concluded to try a milder climate. He went to Memphis and remained there two years. At first Mrs. Lawrence's health seemed to improve, but soon again took a turn for the worse, and she died just when her husband's practice had assumed its largest proportions. His grief was great—nor could he bear to remain in the city where death's angel had taken her from him. He took his child, then between seven and eight years of age, and removed to Chicago. At the same time he wrote to his widowed sister at Buffalo, offering her a home and praying her to keep house for him and help him bring up his little girl. She gladly complied with his request, and soon learned to love the child as her own.

Dr. Lawrence now threw himself with almost fierce energy into practice; to forget the pain in his own heart he devoted himself unsparingly to the alleviation of the sufferings of others, with the result that his practice grew to enormous proportions and his income rose in accordance. He had neither time nor inclination to look for secure loans, but bought real estate, as offering at least a safe means of investment. The rapid growth of the city, however, soon made his property double and quadruple in value, so

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that, at the time when we again meet him, he was considered a moderately wealthy man.

When the war broke out and the city hospitals became crowded with the wounded and sick, and it became difficult to obtain sufficient medical attendance, he determined to give up his practice and devote himself gratuitously to the relief of the disabled soldiers. Thus it is that we find him, pacing the floor, his thoughts still dwelling on the loss of his dear one, then resolutely putting them aside and making his way to one of the hospitals.

Arrived there, he was informed of the large number of new patients just received. Other physicians were already active; wounds were being dressed and medicines administered. Neatly attired nurses moved quietly from cot to cot, attending to the wants of the sufferers. Presently one of them approached with quick and silent step and said in a low voice, "Doctor, please come with me, Doctor Pierce wishes to see you."

Following the nurse, he found Doctor Pierce bending over one of the patients, holding a small mirror to the slightly parted lips. As Doctor Lawrence came up, he turned, saying: "Just alive, and that is all. He must have been unconscious ever since his arrival, an hour ago."

Together they examined his wound, which had started bleeding afresh, dressed it, and then applied restoratives to the sick man. After a time his breathing became more perceptible, and he opened his eyes: "This is terrible boys, terrible, but we must obey orders." "Yes," he added, "we'll do it if we

die." Then a look of pleasure glided over his pale and haggard face. "Yes, yes, I knew you'd say that, we'll win or die together," and then he mumbled incoherently, while his eyes had that vacant look which showed delirium.

"The trip was too much for the poor fellow," Doctor Lawrence quietly said, taking the patient's temperature. "He has evidently had the Southern fever and has relapsed. His wound alone is bad enough, and this relapse is likely to carry him off." He then counseled Doctor Pierce how to best treat his patient, and was about to leave to look to the others when something in the young soldier's countenance arrested his attention. "Strange," he said, turning partly toward his companion while his eyes still rested on the patient, "his face seems familiar, as though I had at some time met him. Do you know who he is, have you seen the lists?"

"No," the other answered, "I hardly ever look at them and today I have been too busy."

After several hours of the most trying labor, Doctor Lawrence returned to take another look at the young man; then he turned toward the secretary's office and asked to see the list of new arrivals. Carefully he ran his eyes over the long rows of names, until, near the end, he saw that of "Captain Phillip Bertram." He quickly returned the roll to the secretary and went back to the delirious soldier. "Yes, yes, it must be he—poor boy to thus find you again!" Long he gazed at him, endeavoring to think what he could do to make his last hours easier. Finally he turned

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away quickly and with hasty step started for his home.

He let himself into the house and went straight to the family sitting-room where he found his sister and daughter Bessie. Both arose and the latter instantly ran to him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him repeatedly.

"There, there, that will do," he said, affectionately, as he gently unclasped her hands and started to remove his raincoat, helped by his sister.

"What is it papa?" Bessie asked anxiously, as she noticed an unusually grave look in his eyes.

"Sit down my dear, here close to me; you too, Aggie, bring your chair to the fireplace, this east wind is chilly and damp; I want to tell you a little story."

"Some years ago," he began speaking in slow monotone, when they had complied with his request and Bessie's hand was clasped in his own, "a man whom you both know took his sick wife to Europe hoping that its famous baths and the change of climate might affect a cure. They took with them their little child, the treasure of their hearts, and they remained as long as their means would permit. Their hopes were partially realized, at least there was great improvement in the wife's condition. But the sea was tempestuous and mother and child were largely confined to their little room. One day that disease, dreaded most of all on a crowded ship, smallpox, broke out and spread to such an extent that the ship's physician was unable alone to care for the afflicted. The man I am speaking of was a

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physician of some experience, and humanity demanded that he join in the care of the sick. On that same ship there was a little German boy about ten or eleven years of age whom poverty had compelled to leave home and parents and who was going to America to make his own living. A warm attachment seemed to spring up between the child and the boy and they were inseparable companions. One day the child was taken sick—it soon developed into a dangerous fever—the mother by this time lay prostrate in her berth—the father could not constantly remain with his child, but the little boy did!”

His voice was unsteady and he stopped for a moment. Bessie’s hand had long before begun to tremble in his, while she earnestly watched his face, and Aunt Aggie was listening with rapt attention.

“The little boy’s devotion contributed much to save the child’s life.”

Again he paused for an instant in which Bessie exclaimed “Oh papa, it was Phillip.”

“Ah, I thought you had forgotten him,” he resumed with a sad smile as he glanced at her excited face.

“Oh papa!” she answered as she looked reproachfully at him.

“Yes dear, I know your affectionate little heart; you have never forgotten that boy. For years your little childish prayers included him. But pray for him again my child, he needs it most now.”

“Papa,” Bessie exclaimed as she sprang to her feet and stood before him, a deep pallor suddenly overspreading her face, “you have seen him again! He is injured?”

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"Yes, but come, dear, don't excite yourself, sit down, yes on my lap if you will—" as she seated herself on his knee while he passed his arm about her—"Why, how you tremble!"

"That man, Aggie," he resumed, addressing his sister, "was myself, and the child was our Bessie. The little boy's name was Phillip Bertram. I have never seen or heard of him again until I saw him today among the wounded soldiers in the hospital—dying." His voice shook with emotion as he ended, and his daughter was weeping on his breast.

"I thought," he began again, "that perhaps you two would be willing that I have him brought here, to give him the only chance for life, or at least make his last hours easier."

Bessie sprang to her feet, her tears vanishing while sorrow and hope struggled for supremacy: "Oh, do, dear papa, do, Aunt Aggie and I will nurse him to life!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Again he made her sit down; and then he told them of the patient's condition. There was some risk in removing him, but less now while the delirium lasted than later; and then, absolute quiet was his only chance for life. He would also employ an assistant to be at hand in case the sick man should become violent.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHILLIP AND BESSIE.



ROOM was prepared and all the arrangements made that night. In the morning the stricken soldier, tenderly covered and protected, was carried by two stalwart fellows to the doctor's house.

In a room of semi-darkness, on a bed soft and yielding, they laid him. But he knew it not. As well might he have lain on the sun baked earth, with the hot Southern rays scorching his body; he would not have felt the difference—the fever was burning within.

How Bessie at first gazed at those drawn features; how she sought for a semblance to the sturdy little boy of her memory, for whom she had so often prayed even to the present day, in the tall wasted form of the stricken soldier before her! He looked at her, he spoke, but his look showed no intelligence, his mutterings were incoherent. All day they sat silently at the bedside, Bessie on one side, Aunt Aggie on the other, and at night they took turns sleeping on a couch near the bed. They dressed his wound and bathed his fevered body, and soothed him in his excited moments. There was no danger of his becoming violent, his strength was too nearly ex-

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hausted. For two weeks he hovered on the brink of eternity; often Bessie bent over him with beating heart to listen whether he still breathed. Sometimes he spoke in a whisper, she would catch a name, "mother," "Jack." Once she was sure he said "Bessie," and she started back amazed, thinking he had recognized her, but no, the next word showed his mind was wandering. But how her heart beat! What was coming over her, she seemed only at ease when near him, soothing him with gentle caressing hand—and how quickly he would become quiet under her touch.

The weeks slowly passed and the little flame of life was still burning, though feeble. Of late Bessie had often knelt at his bedside when alone, prayed for him, held, carressed, kissed his hand, and once quickly, gently, the fevered lips; and how the rich blood mounted to her cheeks, as she looked to see whether any one had seen her, though she knew no one else was present!

One afternoon, while Aunt Aggie had gone out on an errand, and Bessie was kneeling at the bedside, as she often did when alone, earnestly watching the oft changing expression of his face, she saw him slowly open his eyes. The vacant look had gone, intelligence reigned again! "Thank God" she whispered as an overwhelming joy came over her. Breathlessly she gazed at him for a moment, saw him slowly close his eyes, and soon his regular breathing showed that he had fallen into a deep, health-giving sleep. Unable to restrain her emotions, and fearing to disturb the sleeper, she hastened from the

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room where her presence was not now needed, and met her father just returning from his labors. She threw herself upon his breast, and wept passionately. Startled and fearing the worst, he carried her to the sofa and sat down with her on his lap, her arms still around his neck.

"What is it my little girl" he asked tenderly. "Is he dead?"

But she only shook her head, still unable to speak. "Oh I am so glad," she finally whispered, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. "He will live, he opened his eyes for a moment and I saw he was again in his right mind, then he closed them slowly and fell asleep."

"Then my little girl's sacrifice was not in vain, and she has paid her debt of gratitude. But now, dear, go to your room, sleep and rest, you are all worn out; I will stay with Phillip until Aunt Aggie returns."

Obediently she went, and a happier maiden never gave thanks to God with more grateful heart than Bessie did before she slept.

That night Dr. Lawrence occupied the couch in the sick room, to be at hand when the patient awoke. But he did not awake; all night and all the following day and succeeding night he slept on without awakening. The ghastly pallor that at first succeeded the fever tinted color of the face, was slowly giving way to a more natural appearance. The expression became calm and peaceful, the breathing regular and stronger. It was plainly perceptible that nature was working a great change for the better during that long sleep.

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The second morning, when he finally awoke, Dr. Lawrence was alone in the room with him. He opened his eyes and slowly turned them about; the doctor, who had been watching him, came closer to the bedside. "Where am I?" Phillip inquired feebly, almost in a whisper.

"You are in good hands, Captain. I will tell you all you may know for the present, but you must be wholly silent; absolute quiet and rest alone will save your life," Dr. Lawrence answered in a low soothing voice. "I am an old acquaintance of yours, Dr. Lawrence;" he stopped as he saw the light in the sick man's eyes grow in intensity. "If it excites you I must stop," he said, feeling for the pulse.

"Please tell me more," Phillip pleaded, "it will not harm me."

"Soon after you arrived at the Chicago hospital," the doctor continued, with his hand on the sick man's pulse, "I discovered who you were and had you brought to my house. My little girl and her Aunt Agnes, my sister, have nursed you and will take care of you yet. This is all you may know now; be patient and all will be well."

"Doctor," Phillip whispered, "your little girl—is it—Bessie?" "Yes, Phillip," the doctor replied, for the first time addressing him by the old familiar name, while a happy smile crept to his face, "it is Bessie."

"And Mrs.—Lawrence?" Phillip whispered again, looking earnestly at the kindly face before him.

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"Is in heaven," was the quiet answer. "But now no more for today. I will send my sister and Bessie, but you must ask no questions."

So saying he took his departure, while Phillip, as he slowly realized how in his hour of deepest darkness a Protecting Hand had safely led him, let the silent tears force their way through the fallen lids and roll down upon his pillow. A few moments later he fell again into light slumber.

When he awoke he saw the outlines of a slight form standing near the bed, with one hand resting on the covering and the other pressed to her left side. He could not at first discern the features, but gradually, as his eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, he saw before him the vision of his dreams, the sweet face that had hovered over and about him in the hours of his delirium, the gentle presence that had soothed his restless moments. "Bessie" he muttered, and what a world of feeling was expressed in that one word, what a light of happiness shone in those deeply sunken eyes!

"Hush," she said softly, as she approached closer, "papa says you must not speak," and she sat down on a chair near his side and held his wasted hand.

Silently they sat there, until those happy earnest eyes, that seemed to devour her very soul, brought the crimson blood to her cheeks and made her droop her own. But she did not let go his hand, and the tremble of his received its response in the quick pulsation of hers. Long they sat there, unconscious of the flight of time. Mrs Hill, coming in an hour later, found them still in the same position, except

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that the girl's head had fallen forward on the bedding—both had fallen asleep.

Slow, slow was Phillip's recovery. His strong constitution had been tested to its utmost. For weeks, aye months, it had fought a prolonged desperate battle with the forces of death, and when it had finally conquered, he was weaker than a child. Most tenderly his friends cared for him, and their loving devotion did not abate.

About three weeks from the time when he first came to consciousness, he was permitted to sit up a little while during the day; gradually, as he gained more in strength, the length and frequency of the periods were increased. At such times Bessie was his constant companion. Little by little she related all that had transpired in her short life, and Phillip, in turn, unfolded the story of his, until each seemed to see the other's very soul mirrored before them.

One day, while Phillip was still quite weak, and soon after he was first permitted to sit up and use the sofa, padded with pillows, as a resting place, he startled her while she was sitting a short distance from him reading for his entertainment, by saying rather abruptly:

"Bessie, come here to me, please."

Quickly she laid down her book and stood before him. "What can I do for you Phillip?" she asked anxiously.

"Much, dear, put your arms around my neck and kiss me."

As he uttered these words in a voice low, gentle and vibrating with emotion, he looked confidently at

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her. "Come," he repeated as she started, then paused, half commanding, half beseechingly; and the next moment, with fleeting breath and crimson face she clasped her hands gently about his neck, kissed him in rapid succession three times upon the lips, and sank convulsively weeping upon her knees before him, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh, I love, I love you so, and you commanded me," she moaned between her sobs.

Slowly and feebly he bent forward, gently he laid his right hand on her hair. "Look at me darling!"

She obeyed, and what she saw no pen has ever described—the boundless love of a great human heart. "Oh!" burst from her lips as her feelings were swept from shame to immeasurable joy, and the next instant her hands again clasped his neck and passionate kisses rained on his lips and eyes. Again she sunk on her knees before him, this time unable to withdraw her eyes from the countenance before her, so grand and overwhelming was the happiness it expressed.

"Did you think sweet one," he said slowly, tenderly, almost reverently, as she kissed his pale hand, "that *I* did not love *you*? Oh, girl, my love for you is my life, my soul! I have always loved you! In my dreams and in my waking hours you have been near me. How many temptations has your sweet childish image helped me to resist! Love you darling?" he exclaimed, as his eyes shone with the power and strength of his great love, "*I will always love you!*"



" 'Look at me, darling!' "

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Hardly knowing what she was doing, supreme happiness lighting up her face, she sprang to her feet and danced around the room: "Oh, Phillip, darling Phillip!" she exclaimed, as she rushed back to the young man who watched her in amazement, scarcely able to believe that this impetuous child was the modest little maid who had nursed him so sedately and tenderly during the long weeks gone by, "darling Phillip, I am so happy!" Then, as she noticed a growing pallor on his face, she said in sudden alarm: "Oh, dearest, you must lie down!" and quickly she was transformed again into the gentle nurse. Tenderly she helped him to a reclining position on the couch on which he had been sitting, and placed the soft pillows under his head. Then, wholly exceeding her duty as a nurse, she knelt at his side, placed one hand on the prostrate man's cheek and pillowed her face against the other.

How long they remained in this position, exchanging sweet words of love, probably neither could tell; but papa's footsteps in the hallway finally caused Bessie to jump up and run to meet him.

With radiant face she sprang to his arms, and hid her blushes on his breast. Papa smiled and stroked her head; "So he has found you out?" he asked smiling. "Hm, h-m," came the answer, but with such a completely happy and satisfied inflection, that he smiled again.

With his arm around her waist, father and daughter entered the room. Dr. Lawrence went straight up to Bertram, took his hand and said gaily,

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"Well, my son, your recovery is positively assured now."

"It was long ago," the latter answered, as Bessie helped him to resume a sitting position. "We have only put the seal to it," he added smiling.

And that was all there was said upon the subject by either of these two men. The father was entrusting the only remaining treasure of his life, the child of his heart, to a young man born in poverty and obscurity, reared in want and adversity, amidst toil, privations and temptations, even now poor in worldly possessions, and with an uncertain future before him: The young man taking as his of right the hand of the girl that loved him. Neither for a moment thought of the other's worldly position, wealth or honors; nor did it for a moment strike them as extraordinary that the daughter of an American born gentleman of refinement, education, wealth and influence, who might have made her choice from the elect of the land, should joyously unite her life to one she had first known as a little "greenhorn" German boy in search of a living.

And such is the true American's character! He looks not to worldly wealth or honors; it is the internal not the external qualification of a man which recommends him. And here were two Americans, the one springing from the blue blood of old Boston the other from the stern old Teutonic race. Both were true Americans.

CHAPTER XXII.

HAPPY, HAPPY, DAYS.



DAY or two later, as Phillip was leaning back on the sofa in his usual position, with Bessie near by, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh Bessie, how wrong of me, how thoughtless and selfish! Won't you write to Eda for me, dear?"

"Eda?" Bessie exclaimed, a quick pallor overspreading her face; but instantly it vanished and her eyes asked forgiveness.

"Jealous so soon, sweetheart?" he said smiling; "but I am not sorry. Yes, you guessed correctly, Eda is my sister. Who told you I had a sister?"

"Papa and I have often talked about you and he told me you had a sister in Germany," she answered.

"Yes but she is in America now, in Milwaukee, and she no doubt is mourning for me as dead."

Bessie sprang to her feet. "Oh, I will write to her at once; but you must not reproach yourself, you were too feeble to think much before," she exclaimed.

"Yes and too selfish in my own happiness," he added.

Hastily she ran upstairs to her room to bring pen and ink, then seating herself at the table in the

center of the room, with the tip of the penholder on her lip, asked, "Well what shall I write?"

"Tell her that I am well and happy, or happy and will soon be well; and ask her what news she has of Jack, Jack is her betrothed and my friend," he answered and explained.

Bessie wrote while Phillip watched the constantly changing expression of her countenance.

"There," she said with a happy laugh, after a short time, "that will do; shall I read it to you?" and without waiting for a reply began:

"DEAREST SISTER:

Do not be surprised that I address you thus. Though I'm not your sister yet, I will be—soon. Phillip is going to marry me, he must, he must, and he wants to! He is well and happy with us, that is he is not quite well yet. He was wounded and had a hard fever, but now he is able to sit up again. He wants you to know, so that you will not feel worried about him; and oh, we both want to see you so much! Won't you come to see us? You can telegraph and papa will meet you at the station. Come, please do come! I *must* see you! My heart is so full of happiness, he is such a darling of a man. I must tell you all.

With a thousand kisses,

Your loving sister,

BESSIE LAWRENCE.

P. S. Oh, yes! Phillip wants to know what news you have of Jack—he says he is *your* sweetheart.

BESSIE.

HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS

Phillip kissed her as she came to his side for approval. "What a treasure of a frank open heart you have," was his only comment.

"But, dearest, you have not put down the address; if she could come or wanted to write she would not even know where a letter would reach us."

"Why sure, what a little goose I am!" and she hastily added another postscript, giving her address. Then she sealed it and rushed out to deposit it in the mail box near by.

No telegram came, but late in the afternoon of the second day the door bell was heard to ring. "It is Eda," Bessie exclaimed excitedly, as she bounded to her feet and rushed into the hall. A moment later two happy girls were folded in each other's arms. There was no need of an introduction here, one look and each knew the truth.

The meeting between the sister and the brother mourned as dead, the sisterly love that quickly sprang to life between the two young girls and the confidences they poured into each other's ears, the endless happy conversations between them all,—let us pass them by. It was all of deep meaning and importance to the participants at the time, but will interest the reader less. Jack was still at the front and Eda heard from him as often as could be expected with the poor mail communication of that time. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were well, and Old Bauernfeind on Phillip's farm was developing into quite a genius as manager. He had hired some old Germans during the last few years and had successfully cropped the whole farm. The news from the

old home across the sea announced no change, except that Phillip's father had retired from teaching and "little Fritzie," now a grown up young man, was his successor.

After a visit of several weeks, Eda returned to her home, having Bessie's promise of a return visit the next summer.

One day, a few weeks later, while Phillip was sitting in an easy chair, dreamily watching Bessie at some needle work, he interrupted the current of her thoughts by saying, "Bessie,"—there was always a world of kindest affection in his voice when he uttered that name; years later I have often heard him, when he was old and gray and she the cheeriest, plumpest little grandmother you ever saw, and I well remember how it always sounded like a caress,— "Bessie," he said, "I wish you would learn to speak German."

Bessie looked up in pleased surprise. "Why, Phillip," she answered, coloring, "I do speak German, mamma taught me some when I was a little girl, and then I studied it in school."

"You little darling," he paused; "But what induced you to?" he asked joyfully.

"Oh, I don't know," she truthfully answered and again she colored. "But why did you wish it?"

"Well, dear," he said slowly and thoughtfully, "because I want our children to learn it."

A still richer dye for a moment suffused her cheeks as she cast down her eyes; but the next moment she looked up and said with almost equal gravity, "And so do I."

HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS

"You see," continued Phillip still engrossed with his previous thoughts, without for a moment realizing that it might be a delicate subject to the blue-eyed, rosy-lipped, modest little maiden before him, "It is not that I wish them to cling to their father's nationality—no, I would sooner be an American than belong to any other nation under the sun; but there is so much of the best in the stern old German character which is intimately connected with the German language, its songs, its traditions, and which I fear will be forever lost to our descendants when they lose the knowledge of their parent tongue, that I want them to cling to it as long as they can. The change will come soon enough in spite of all we can do. This wonderful nation absorbs the characteristics of all others and moulds them into a splendid new one of its own. But," earnestly, "I do believe those of the race I spring from will do it more good than harm."

Just then Bessie suddenly very much disconcerted him by asking demurely, while a mischievous twinkle lurked in her eye, "Is it true, Phillip, that the Germans whip their wives?"

"Yes, darling," he answered when he had recovered himself, "and I would advise you never to marry one," he added, smiling goodhumoredly. "But some Germans also love their wives and treasure them as their heart's idol," he continued relapsing into his usual gravity. "There are brutes among men of every nationality; coarse, degenerate, evil beings; but we must not measure a nation by its scum or

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criminals, else they would all be murderers because a few such are found among them."

One day later, when they were again sitting in much the same relative position, Bessie, looking up from her work, asked, "Phillip, when we get married where are we going to live?"

"Why yes, dear," he exclaimed, "I ought to have told you. We will live on the farm, of course. As soon as I am well enough I am going back, and when the war is over, Jack and I will put up another house and we'll divide the land. He and Eda will no doubt want to get married and we'll live right close together." He said this all as though it was a matter perfectly settled and agreed upon.

Bessie looked up and said half poutingly, half reproachfully: "Now Phillip, you have been thinking that all out by yourself and never even consulted me!"

"True, darling, and I ought not to have done so; for you have as much right to determine the matter as I have, you are as much concerned. Forgive me, it has become my habit always to think far ahead and weigh circumstances and influences in my mind. But if my determination does not please you we will change it."

"No, no, dear," she quickly answered, entirely consoled. "It suits me perfectly. The country with its green woods, its hills and valleys and streams and birds and flowers, it is where I would most desire to live. And papa must give up his practice and come to live with us," she added determinedly.

HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS

Steadily Phillip's health improved; and when the beautiful autumn days came he could often be seen slowly pacing the long veranda, or searching for some delayed blossom in the flower beds upon the lawn. Bessie was as gay and happy as a bird. All day long her songs echoed through the house—sometimes in German, sometimes in English. The news from the seat of war made the final Union victory a certainty, and it became only a question of time when the Confederate armies must surrender or be annihilated. Cheerfulness and activity pervaded the whole North.

Winter came and went, with an early spring following in its wake. Phillip's health was nearly recovered, and as he grew more and more into his natural proportions, and his features resumed their rounded contour and healthy color, chastened in expression by his past sufferings and present great happiness, Bessie fairly worshipped him. He was her ideal, she could not have wished him otherwise.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE OLD "HEIMATH."



REGRET that I must now draw my narrative to a close and skip over a long period of eventful years. The record of the life of a man of the stamp of Col. Bertram cannot be successfully crowded into a book of ordinary dimensions. Kindly, therefore, let it suffice that I give you a last glance at Phillip and Bessie as we find them many years later, and then drop the curtain.

In the spring Phillip returned to his farm and resumed its management. By fall he had to a large extent recovered his health and former vigorous energy; but it would take several years to remove the last traces of his long illness. Another winter came, and the war still raged; yet closer and closer the net was drawn, until finally in April, Lee's surrender set the country wild with joy. The backbone of the rebellion was broken. The South sued for peace. Soon the victorious hosts, those who survived the terrible struggle, returned to the embrace of their dear ones and resumed the avocations of peace.

Phillip and Bessie, and Jack and Eda were married on the same day, in the month of June, at the farm, under the spreading branches, in the balmy atmosphere of the primeval forest. Doctor Lawrence,

IN THE OLD "HEIMATH"

Aunt Aggie, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and a host of friends from the village and surrounding country were the guests.

Bessie's father insisted that she and Phillip take a trip to Germany immediately after the marriage, for he realized the longing that must be in Phillip's heart to see his parents and the old home once more, and he believed the trip would finally fully restore his health. His services being no longer necessary at the hospital, he placed his Chicago property in the hands of a trusty agent and came to live on the farm to help Jack in planning and superintending the erection of his home and other buildings, and make the necessary enlargements upon Phillip's during the latter's absence. Jack and Eda occupied the old home until their new one was completed, and were very happy.

It was a grand day in yon little village across the sea, when one bright morning "der Amerikaner und die junge Amerikanerin" appeared in its midst. Joyous tears flowed in abundance; but the sight that touched our Bessie the most was to see the mother's tender love and the father's beaming pride as they looked again and again upon their stalwart son.

What a meeting it had been, what a greeting, what glad joy filled the whole village, what welcome hands stretched forth to grasp their own! What manner of people were these who could share so generously in the happiness of another! Poor in worldly possessions indeed they were. It was apparent everywhere. But such whole-hearted joy at the happiness of another Bessie had never seen.

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It was not until late in the evening, that she could be for a moment alone with her husband. "Phillip," she said in hushed earnestness as she placed herself before him and reached up to put her little hands on his shoulders, "I have never appreciated you until this day! I have seen the stock you came from, can read and understand your very heart, can grasp the grandeur of your soul!" And her look of unbounded pride and devotion made the choking lumps come to his throat for the thousandth time that day. He clasped her in his arms and whispered, "My Bessie!"

A year later they returned to their own sweet home in America. On the day of parting, as the old father and mother, Phillip's brothers, and the inhabitants of the whole village were assembled to do honor to the departing guests and bid them farewell, the old man arose and solemnly blessed them: "Do you remember, my son," he then said, "what you told mother and me twenty years ago when you begged us to let you go? Oh, a thousand times have we thought how prophetic were your words: 'The day will come when you will bless the hour you let me go.' Aye a thousand times have we blessed it; had it not been for you, want and poverty would have held us in their grip; and you, God knows what might have become of you! Today you leave us again," he continued, his voice growing firmer as he mastered his emotion, "but this time we have no fear torturing our hearts; and though we know we will not meet you until in the great hereafter, happiness takes the sting from the sorrow of parting."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LAST LOOK.

HIRTY-THREE years have passed. In a spacious room, facing the north and east, a man is sitting at a desk engaged in writing. Now and then he knots his eyebrows in thought for a moment while his pen rests, then he resumes writing. He is powerfully built and well nourished; his hair, what remains of it, encircling a large bald spot uniting with a broad round forehead, is iron gray; a white moustache, almost military in appearance, tends to cast an expression of severity into an otherwise kindly face. Two bluish gray eyes, deep set and expressive, still show the lingering fire that once could blaze with controlling power.

A short distance from him, in an easy chair, sits an old lady reading nursery stories. Every few moments she smiles and her blue eyes glisten through her gold mounted glasses, as childhood memories are brought back afresh by the pages before her. She is plump, and a look of goodnatured kindness is stamped on her features. Her hair is likewise gray, but the lips and cheeks still show traces of their rich color in youth.

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"There," the old gentleman exclaimed at last in a rugged, strong voice somewhat filled with impatience, as he folded up the paper on which he had been writing and pushed back his chair to face the old lady, "I think they will agree to that and then it will be an end of their dispute. I don't see why men can't make up their own differences and not trouble me!"

"But papa, dear," she replied as she lowered her book and looked up at him with a kindly smile, "I do believe if the whole country didn't come in to pour all their woes into your ears and make you settle all their quarrels and 'disputements,' as old Boettcher says, you would be perfectly unhappy. It is the great good you are doing them, and their gratitude, which keeps you in good cheer."

"Yes, and often it is not appreciated, and I get only blame instead of thanks," he answered half surlily.

"To be sure, but more often you get their blessing. Just think," she continued in gentle coaxing voice, "how often you have saved one or another from breaking up the family, and got husband and wife to live together again, peacefully; or saved some one from a litigation that would have taken his farm; and how often you have helped the poor in misfortune or distress, or turned a young man back into the right path."

A more contented expression was creeping over his face as he said, "Yes, but still it bothers me, and they ought not to quarrel. We never did, Bessie, did we?" And there was the same old familiar ring of tender-

A LAST LOOK

ness and suggestion of a caress in the sound of that name as there had been thirty-three years ago.

She got up slowly from her chair, went up to him, put her arm around his neck and sat on his knee, then placing her face directly in front of his said "No, we didn't! you great, good, crusty old bear," and kissed him. A satisfied, happy look and a warm kiss rewarded her.

"Oh but you are heavy 'old woman,' " he exclaimed after a few moments, making a comical grimace of pain, when her generous weight had time to make itself felt.

"And I could return the compliment 'my old man,' " she said laughing as she patted his bald head for a moment and, kissing him again, got up.

Thus we find our old friends Phillip and Bessie after a lapse of thirty-three years, happy as of yore, loving each other with a tenderness that survived the passion of youth and will accompany them to the grave—on the same old farm, in the same old house which Bessie's father caused to be remodeled while they were on their wedding trip.

Oh, were I but able to picture a life so full of usefulness, harmony and love as theirs has been. Never for a moment did either falter in duty. Sorrows and trials were not spared them, for who indeed goes free? but love for each other sustained them and bore their thoughts ever aloft.

Phillip, or Col. Bertram, as his neighbors called him, had held many positions of public trust, local and state; for years he was Justice of the Peace, almost constantly a member of the County Board of

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Supervisors; several times member of the Assembly and three times State Senator; and at all times was he the trusty and trusted adviser of a large circle of neighbors, the arbiter of their disputes, the helper in their days of adversity or hours of distress. He never sought for political or social honors; he preferred the peace of home, and honors came unsought.

Five children had come to bless the loving couple, three stalwart sons, and two daughters. One of the little girls died when but three years of age. All the boys were married and had families and homes of their own. Eda, their daughter and youngest child, was still at home, sought after by many suitors. She resembled both her mother and her father. Some claimed she resembled her aunt and namesake, Eda O'Donnell, the most, but she had the rounded chin, mobile lips and laughing eyes of her mother.

Jack and Eda too had prospered, and lived in happy contentment on the old place. One of their numerous sons had charge of the farm; some of the others were located in the neighborhood; and one was a long time physician in Milwaukee.

Sammy Dornbush and his Rosa had paid several visits to their friends "in the west." Rosa's father had died long ago, but her mother, now old and feeble, was still with them. Doctor Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and many of our other old friends and acquaintances were sleeping in their graves.

"Bessie, come here to me," Phillip asked after he had stood for a long time looking through the window at the distant horizon; "Look," and he placed his arm about her as of old, while with the other hand



‘Look’, and he placed his arm about her’’

A LAST LOOK

he pointed to the scene exposed to their view; "See all these handsome homes; look at the vast extent of clear, rich fields and beautiful meadows and pastures, studded here and there with woodland; see the river in the distance as it sparkles in the sunshine; can you imagine how this all must have looked when I first came here, when heavy forests covered every acre of it? and just think, dear, what great labor it was for human hands to bring about this change! Then it was a wilderness, now it is one of the richest and most fruitful spots on God's footstool, a beautiful new 'Heimath' to these many Germans."

"Bessie," he continued, as his arm tightened about her waist, "I am always sorry after I have grumbled as I did before, and there always comes to me then a vivid realization of the great love of God throughout all the trials of my life, and of the crowning proof of it when He gave you to me as a helpmeet! 'Old woman,' darling, I love you still," he closed with emotion trembling in his voice.

For a moment he was silent; then through the open window, far out over the rich spring scenes of the valley, his still powerful voice, mingling in sweet harmony with Bessie's finer strains, could be heard:

"Ich liebe dich so lang ich leben werde,

"So lang ein Herz in meinem Busen schlaegt;

"So lang ein Gott regiert auf dieser Erde,

"Bis Gottes Engelein maleinst die Toten weckt."

And as they ceased, as if in response to the happy listening old couple, there came from the window of the adjoining room the sound of a piano accompany-

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ing the sweet girlish voice of their daughter, as she sang:

“Im dunklen Haine der Nachtigall
“Hoer ich nur deiner Stimme Schall,
“Die Luefte sausen mir deinen Gruss,
“Die Bluethen hauchen mir deinen Kuss.

“Dein gedenk ich wenn ich erwach,
“Du bist mein Sternlein bei dunkler Nacht;
“Am blauen Himmel seh ich Dein Bild,
“Im Sternenschimmer strahlst Du mir mild.”

THE END.

